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EXTRACTS

FROM PRIVATE JOURNAL-LETTERS

OF

CAPTAIN S. F. DUPONT,

WHILE IN COMMAND OF THE CYANE, DURING
THE WAR WITH MEXICO,
1846-1848.

PRINTED FOR HIS FAMILY.

WILMINGTON, DEL.
FERRIS BROS., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1885.

ERRATA.

Page 28, 15th line, erase comma after "sure," and place it after "enough."

Page 31, 25th line, omit period after "admiration," and place it after "journeys," in the next line.

Page 41, 29th line, for "Bardini," read "Bandini."

Page 44, 8th line, for "administrators," read "Administradores." 17th line, for "hand-gallop," read "hard gallop."

Page 46, 18th line, for "they," read "things."

Page 55, 12th line, for "Mulek Adhel," read "Malek Adhel."

Page 77, 4th line, omit comma after "friends."

Page 83, 4th line, omit commas after "bay" and "itself."

Page 96, 15th line, for "fear may have," read "fear I may have," etc. In last line, the comma after "days" should be an apostrophe, and "provision" should be "provisions."

Page 106, 20th line, place a comma after "Tilghman," and omit comma after "Southwick."

Page 111, last line, insert an asterisk after "satisfactory," and add a foot-note, "See Appendix, No. 1."

Page 113, 2d line, for "in Portsmouth's cabin," read "in the Portsmouth's cabin."

Page 115, 30th line, the comma after "state" should be a semicolon.

Page 116, 1st line, the semicolon after "Arguello" should be a comma.

Page 126, 27th line, for "brougt hare" read "brought are."

Page 144, 13th line, insert "at" before "this change."

Page 167, 3d line, for "fruits" read "fruit."

Page 171, 6th line, for "power" read "powers."

Page 190, in note, for "desirees" read "desires."

Page 198, 16th line, omit comma after "if."

Page 237, 15th line, insert a comma after "queer."

Page 242, 3d line, insert "the" before "inefficiency."

Page 258, 29th line, for "mission" read "Missouri."

Page 286, 10th line, for "Congress's, howing" read "Congress', showing."

Page 287, 21st line, omit commas after "weakened" and "course," and insert one after "day."

Page 293, 21st line, "hidalgos" should have a capital H. (This was the name of the persons mentioned.)

Page 302, the words from "against," in the 11th line, to "wait," in the 14th line, should be enclosed in quotation marks.

Page 310, 18th line, omit comma after "fearing," and insert it after "it."

Page 323, 23d line, omit comma after "stolidity," and insert it after "as."

Page 326, 19th line, omit comma after "stated."

Page 335, the words from "when," in the 20th line, to "flag," in the 21st, should be enclosed in quotation marks.

Page 339, 27th line, for "Benton" read "Burton."

Page 352, 24th line, comma after "doctor" should be a semicolon. Insert "to" after "especially."

Page 354, 11th line, omit comma after "Philadelphia," and insert after "them."

Page 360, 20th line, for "Heywood" read "Heyward."

Page 379, 15th line, the semicolon after "exonerating" should be a comma. 29th line, for "or" read "for."

Page 381, 1st line, for "probably" read "probable."

Page 393, 23d line, for "Diosy Libertad," read "Dios y Libertad."

Page 396, 19th line, for "as" read "for."

Page 397, 28th line, insert "thing" after "only."

Page 402, 18th line, for "moon" read "mood."

Page 410, 12th line, for "Is is" read "It is."

Page 414, 4th line, insert "it" after "and."

Page 422, 20th line, for "Datatura" read "Datura."

Page 431, 21st line, for "Mr. Taylor" read "General Taylor."

Page 435, 5th line, insert "my" after "in."

FOR

My Nephews and Nieces

who have had little opportunity of knowing their uncle, except through his public services and official records, these extracts have been made from his private letters while in command of the Cyane, during the war with Mexico.

They will give some glimpses of the principles, convictions, and traits of character that were the sources of his success, and of the respect, affection, and confidence he inspired.

From a child, his highest ambition was *to do right;* to use the abilities and opportunities given him in the best manner, and be thoroughly efficient in every duty. He valued commendation only as an encouragement to these endeavors, and a pleasure and satisfaction to his parents and friends. Every success was but an incentive to do better; and his highest earthly reward was the approbation of those he loved.

A brief synopsis of the cruise of the Cyane, found among his papers (and given at the request of Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers to the United States Naval Institute), induced a reperusal of the letters of that period, and gave the impulse to the extracts following.

S. M. D. P.

Louviers, March, 1885.

CRUISE OF THE U. S. SHIP CYANE

DURING THE YEARS 1845–48.

From the Papers of her Commander, the late Rear-Admiral S. F. Du Pont.

THE Cyane was commissioned in July, and sailed from Norfolk on the 10th of August, 1845, under Captain Wm. Mervine, destined for the Pacific station. After calling at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, and Callao, she reached Mazatlan, on the west coast of Mexico, in January, 1846, where she found the American squadron, under Commodore Sloat, watching the course of events in that republic.

A few weeks after, a special messenger arrived from the United States, who was conveyed in the Cyane, first to the Sandwich Islands, and thence to Monterey, in Upper California; the ship immediately rejoining the Commodore at Mazatlan on the 30th of April, where she found, in addition, the English rear-admiral with his line-of-battle-ship and two other vessels of his fleet, having, it was supposed, an eye to the movements of the American Commodore.

The Cyane sailed for Monterey again in May, arriving there on the 20th of June. On the 2d of July the flagship Savannah arrived. With these two ships, and the Levant, Captain Page, Commodore Sloat took possession of Monterey and proclaimed American authority in the Territory of California. As Captain Mervine commanded the landing party, his ship had the honor of furnishing and hoisting the first American flag. Two days later, the 9th June, the Portsmouth, Captain Montgomery, took possession of the bay of San Francisco, hoisting the flag at its principal town, Yerba Buena. Through his arrangements it was flying a few days after at Sutter's Fort, on the Sacramento, at Sonoma, and Bodega, all of which was announced on the 14th of July, in a general order by Commodore Sloat.

On the 14th July, the frigate Congress, Commodore Stockton, arrived at Monterey. She was a timely accession to the squadron, for foreign interference was still anticipated by some, and, as if in confirmation of it, on the following day the Collingwood, 80, Rear-Admiral Sir George Seymour, anchored in the harbor, while the Juno frigate was at San Francisco. Whatever might have been the orignal intention, the game was blocked.

Commodore Sloat having relinquished the command of the squadron to Commodore Stockton, the command of the Savannah frigate became vacant, and was assigned to Captain Mervine, who was succeeded in the Cyane by Commander Du Pont, on the 23 July, 1846. The ship was dispatched immediately to San Diego, having first received on board Major Frémont's battalion, which had reached Monterey about ten days after its occupation by the squadron.

The Cyane ran down to San Diego in three days, where she made a prize of the Mexican brig Juanita, just preparing to leave the harbor, on board of which forty thousand percussion caps were found,—an opportune and acceptable seizure. A party of sailors and marines under Lieutenant Rowan were immediately landed, who marched up to the town, took possession, hoisted the flag, and left the marine guard to garrison it. In the evening Major Frémont landed with a portion of his detachment, and the remainder followed the next day. Their object was to procure horses, and to operate in conjunction with Commodore Stockton upon Los Angeles, the capital. All communication was cut off by land, and the launch was sent to San Pedro to report to Commodore Stockton the capture of San Diego. The launch returned with orders for the Cyane to join him at San Pedro. On her way up, the ship made a prize of the Mexican brig Primavera, from San Blas. In the meantime the Commodore had marched on Los Angeles, and General Castro, falling back, had made good his retreat, the California battalion not having been able to procure horses in time to intercept him, as originally planned.

The conquest of California having been thus effected by the squadron, successively under Commodores Sloat and Stockton, the Cyane was despatched to blockade on the west coast of Mexico, and to cruise in the Gulf of California. She sailed from San Pedro on the 24th of August with a limited supply of provisions, leaving behind her marine guard to assist in holding the territory. The ship arrived at San Blas on the 2d day of September, and captured two Mexican vessels entering the harbor with valuable cargoes for the interior of Mexico. A reconnoitring party was sent on shore, which spiked all the guns that could be seen, good, bad, and indifferent, thirty-four in number, and the ship sailed for Mazatlan. Off this port she met the Warren, Captain Hull, blockading and endeavoring to procure funds for the squadron: her boats, under Lieutenants Radford and Renshaw and Acting Master Montgomery, had just cut out the brig Mulek Adhel in handsome style. The Cyane passed on to the bay of La Paz, Lower California, and anchored at dark in the harbor of Pichilingue. Her boats were despatched to the harbor and town of La Paz, six miles higher, where seven Mexican vessels, brigs, schooners, and small craft, laid up for the hurricane season, were made prizes. One of these, a fine Baltimore-built schooner, the Julia, was fitted out, officered and manned, and despatched to Upper California, where, throughout the subsequent difficulties, for more than a year, she rendered important service as one of the squadron.

Arrangements were made with Don Mirando Palacios, the Governor of Lower California, for the neutrality of the province. Water was procured, and such supplies as the place afforded. The Warren came in for water on her way to Upper California, and was supplied from the Cyane with some cordage and canvas which she much required. The Cyane then sailed on the 28th September to scour the Gulf. Coasting along, she visited the port of Loreto, the bay of Mulejé, never before visited by an American vessel, took two or three small craft, and crossed over to Guaymas, entering the inner harbor. The enemy here burnt two gunboats which the ship had been seeking. A Mexican brig, securely moored with chains within pistol-range of the town, was cut out by the boats of the ship, under a sharp fire from artillery and musketry, a large force being stationed in the town. This affair, the particulars of which reached the United States through a published private letter, seemed to be appreciated.

From Guaymas, the Cyane proceeded to Mazatlan, which place she reached in fifty hours, having had a brig in tow half the distance. At Mazatlan, the blockade was established and strictly enforced. Attempts were made to supply the town with flour by means of small vessels, which, by taking advantage of the strong sea breeze, and passing inside of the islands and close to the beach and breakers, would make for the old harbor, which the ship could not cover. The boats, necessarily the smallest, had to cut off this traffic, but while so engaged were always exposed to the fire of the enemy, who brought field artillery and musketry to bear upon them from the surrounding heights. Three vessels were driven into the breakers under these circumstances and their cargoes destroyed. While returning from one of these excursions, some large launches, filled with strong guards of soldiers, put out from the old harbor to intercept the boats. These, though the smallest, under Lieutenant Harrison and Higgins and Acting Master Stenson, formed a line, bore down upon the launches, and opening upon them with musketry, soon drove them back into the breakers and high and dry on the beach. In all these affairs the men and officers showed great gallantry, to which the latter superadded skill and management.

A store-ship was anxiously looked for, but none came; provisions were at a low ebb, and the blockade had to be relinquished. After looking into San Blas a second time, returning off Mazatlan, and crossing over to fill up with water at San José, Lower California, where a man-of-war anchored for the first time, the Cyane had to make the best of her way to San Francisco, where she arrived the first of December, after the shortest passage ever made (seventeen days), her crew on short rations, and at the bleakest season, without stores, but also without a murmur.

Stirring intelligence awaited the Cyane at San Francisco. Since her departure from the coast, in August, a strong reaction in the feelings of the country, and a formidable resistance to American authority in Upper California, had sprung up, for reasons unnecessary to mention. Important positions where garrisons from the squadron had not been left, or where ships could not protect such as were left, had been retaken by the enemy. At San Diego the volunteer force had been driven out; but reinforced by the captain and crew of an American whale-ship, had gallantly regained its post. Captain Talbot, with a guard of ten or twelve men, at Santa Barbara, had been summoned to surrender, but refusing, had marched out with his arms and made good his retreat the whole distance to Monterey, after a most harassing march, having displayed heroic gallantry and endurance. At Los Angeles, the capital, another detachment of the California battalion, surrounded by a large force, with their supplies cut off, had been obliged to embark at San Pedro after an honorable capitulation. The two frigates had immediately gone down on hearing of the loss of the capital, with the intention of retaking it and re-establishing the garrison, but San Pedro was found an unsuitable point to operate from, and the Congress stood for San Diego, while the Savannah was sent north to hold the upper country, for even there, the most friendly portion, the enemy were organizing.

The Savannah, with the Warren, was thus holding the bay of San Francisco. Besides Yerba Buena, the headquarters of the district, they had a force in a small schooner in the straits of Carquinez, under Lieutenant Carter, garrisons at Sonoma on the northern, and at the Pueblo of San José on the southern shore of the bay, respectively under Lieutenants Maury and Pinkney. The Savannah had, moreover, a party of sailors at San Diego, and another at Monterey, where the Congress had also left a detachment, and the Cyane's marines were there. Indeed, the officers and crews of the squadron were scattered over the whole coast. Every ship, too, was short of her complement, but these naval garrisons, popular with the people of the country, who had besides a high estimate of their prowess, held matters in check much more than their numerical strength would seem to justify. About this time, the arrival of the Dale, Captain McKean, was a welcome accession. Leaving her marines at Yerba Buena, she sailed in a few days for Monterey, the garrison there being without the protection of a vessel of war.

The enemy were active. They were driving off the animals; and had captured a lieutenant and six men but a few miles from Yerba Buena, who were foraging after cattle. Inland communication was cut off, provisions were short, store-ships did not arrive, but every man was up and doing.

It may as well be stated in this connection that the movement of the enemy in the upper district was put down so soon as he had concentrated his forces. This he did at the mission of Santa Clara, sixty miles from Yerba Buena, under Sanchez. An expedition, first suggested by Lieutenant Pinkney, commanding at San José, whose position gave him an opportunity of watching the enemy's motions, was organized. It consisted of a party of sailors from the ships, with a piece of artillery under Acting Master De Jongh, some marines from the garrison of Yerba Buena under Lieutenant Tansill, and a party of its spirited citizens under Mr. Smith, all under Captain Marston of the marines. Another force was to march from San José under Captain Webber, while Lieutenant Maddox, raising a mounted party of some seamen of the Congress, three or four marines, enlisted volunteers, and deserters from whale-ships, sixty-five in all, came the whole distance from Monterey, over one hundred miles. It was in the height of the rainy season, the country was flooded around Santa Clara, the bogs and gulches almost impassable, while the streams, which the party from Monterey had to ford, were all swollen, and the roads were in a dreadful condition. The parties, however, came in nearly at the same time, just as the enemy had made a dash at the Yerba Buena force, seizing the moment when their piece of artillery seemed irrecoverably bogged. They were driven back, asked for terms, laid down their arms, and liberated the lieutenant and six men above alluded to. Thus was the upper district quieted.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frémont had broken up his camp at San Juan, some five leagues from Monterey, and commenced his march south. The Cyane's prize, the Julia, Lieutenant Selden, had been placed at his disposition by Captain Mervine, and she had proceeded to Monterey and taken on board a piece of artillery and other articles, which she delivered to the battalion at Santa Barbara. She then followed the coast, to give protection to the marching force, where the road, passing close to the water's edge, was commanded by the impending heights, but which in turn, could be swept by the schooner's gun. This was specially the case at the remarkable pass of the Rincon, where the column had greatly to extend itself, and the whole force could have been raked, and seriously impeded, by a few resolute men. The schooner in performing this service was frequently close to the breakers, and in imminent peril.

The commander-in-chief, Commodore Stockton, was at San Diego. He had succeeded in getting his large frigate into its small and shallow harbor, and was preparing with energy to retake the capital, but under very adverse circumstances—as he was short of provisions, of clothing, and without funds. Animals, too, were very scarce, and the few obtained were only procured at great risk to the parties sent out. Orders were found at San Francisco for the Cyane to join him immediately. Filling up with water, and getting what scanty supplies the place afforded, she proceeded to San Diego (whither the Portsmouth had preceded her), arriving just in time to furnish one hundred and eight men and officers to the expedition under Commodore Stockton and General Kearney, who thus were present at the battles of San Gabriel and the Mesa, fought on the 8th and 9th January, 1847, the particulars of which are too well known to need recapitulation here. This detachment of the crew and officers returned by sea from San Pedro, exulting in their good fortune that after an eventful cruise on the west coast of Mexico, and in the Gulf of California, they should have got back in time to share with their comrades of the squadron in the second and final subjugation of Upper California, as they had previously done in the first. They brought back with them from Los Angeles, as a trophy, a very small brass cannon (three-pounder), which, being mounted on board as a field-piece, was ever afterwards a highly-prized and constant companion in their different expeditions.

From San Diego the Cyane was ordered to Monterey, having received on board General Kearney and staff, and Lieutenant Warner, with the topographical party which had accompanied the General in his great and laborious march through New Mexico to the shores of the Pacific. Mr. Larkin, American consul in California before the occupation, and lately a prisoner of war, also came on board. At Monterey she fell in, unexpectedly, with the Independence, Commodore Shubrick, who had assumed command of the squadron, and the Lexington, Lieutenant-Commanding Bailey; the latter having brought out a large supply of ordnance and ordnance stores, and a fine company of the 3d Artillery, whose encampment on the heights above the town was an interesting sight, as the first harbinger of relief to sailor garrisons, and promising service for the squadron on some new theatre.

The Cyane continued on to San Francisco, with General Kearney and the engineer officers, having got back at Monterey her marine guard, that had been six months out of the ship. On entering the harbor of San Francisco she fell in with the Erie, Lieutenant-Commanding Turner, having Colonel Mason on board, just from Panama.

The Savannah and Warren were ordered to Monterey, the former to prepare for her return home, taking the crews of both, whose terms of service had long expired. The Cyane was thus left in charge of the northern district, and had soon to send her marines and some sailors to Sonoma to protect the inhabitants against Indian depredations.

On the 2d March, 1847, the Columbus, Commodore Biddle, arrived at Monterey, and the latter assumed the command of the squadron. On the 7th March, the first instalment of the New York regiment, Colonel Stevenson, came in, soon followed by the others, and on the 16th the first of the long-looked-for storeships.

On the 9th April the Cyane was ordered to Monterey, and despatched by Commodore Biddle to blockade Mazatlan, which she did until late in June; when she was directed to visit the Sandwich Islands, with an eye to the great whaling fleet, and see if any privateers, likely to molest it, had been heard of, three vessels with Mexican papers having cleared at London, under very suspicious circumstances, for Manilla, the names and description of which had been obtained. The Cyane visited Hilo, in Hawaii, and Honolulu. Her visit seemed appreciated by our hardy and enterprising whalemen; they were informed of the progress of the war, and of there being no danger for their returning ships. The presence of the Cyane was opportune in other respects, and seemed to give general satisfaction.

The ship sailed for Monterey on the 6th September, and reached it on the 26th, where she found the Independence, Commodore Shubrick, who was again in command of the squadron, and preparing with great zeal for active operations on the west coast of Mexico, as the quiet state of Upper California, under the able administration of Colonel Mason, the Governor, rendered his presence in that quarter no longer necessary. He had already despatched the Congress, Captain Lavallette, and Portsmouth, to cruise in the Gulf of California, to be ready to meet him off Cape San Lucas, the moment the season for operations opened.

The squadron had cause to be thankful to Colonel Mason for the liberal interest he took in furthering, in every way in his power, the views of the commander-in-chief, supplying ordnance for fortifications, mortars, shell, etc., and, what proved of the utmost value, the sailor companies were furnished with fine army muskets and accoutrements, in lieu of their old worn-out navy ones, and the still more worthless carbines. He, moreover, gave the squadron the valuable services of Lieutenant Halleck of the Engineers, who embarked on board the flagship.

On the 17th October, 1847, the Independence, Cyane, and Erie, Lieutenant-Commanding Watson, sailed from Monterey. The Southampton, Lieutenant-Commanding Thorburn, had been despatched to San Francisco to bring down ordnance, implements for fortifying, etc. On the 30th October the Congress was fallen in with; she had, with the Portsmouth, bombarded Guaymas, and left the latter to hold it. On communicating with Cape San Lucas, information was received of apprehended disturbances in Lower California, and the ships stood into San José, and anchored. A mounted party of sailors and marines from the Independence was sent over to Todos Santos, on the west coast of the peninsula, where an armed force was said to be organizing. The party returned after a hard ride of five days, had met no body of men, and heard nothing very definite as to a contemplated resistance.

For the better understanding of affairs in Lower California, it may be well to mention that the Portsmouth, as early as March, had been directed to take possession of it; that is, the flag had been hoisted at San José and La Paz, and alcaldes and collectors appointed, but no garrisons were left, there being none to leave. In July, however, the Lexington, Lieutenant-Commanding Bailey, brought down Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, with two companies (not full) of the New York regiment, one hundred and six all told, who garrisoned La Paz, the Lexington remaining in the harbor until relieved by the Dale, Captain Selfridge. After events gave cause to regret these measures, particularly as Lower California was not retained by the treaty. It had remained neutral, unarmed, and the squadron got its supplies freely; but when incited to resistance by the State governments of Sonora and Sinaloa, who granted commissions to Mexican officers to raise forces, sending over arms and bands of Indians, the protection necessary to be given to our small garrisons, and which could not always be afforded, greatly embarrassed and limited the operations of the squadron on the west coast.

At the earnest solicitations of the alcalde and collector of

San José to give countenance to their authority (for an outbreak had not then occurred), the commander-in-chief left another small garrison, consisting of four officers and twenty marines, ten of them, with the lamented Passed Midshipman McLanahan, furnished from the Cyane, all under Lieutenant Heywood, of the Independence. With the work expected on the other coast, even this small force was left with regret; for the two frigates were each over sixty short of their number, and not a marine guard reached even the meagre complement now allowed. This deficiency of marines would have been still more sorely felt throughout all the operations in the Pacific, but for the admirable zeal with which the sea officers made themselves acquainted with the company, and, to some extent, the battalion drill, a zeal which was fully responded to by the seamen themselves, who all became respectable infantry.

On the 8th November, Commodore Shubrick, with the Independence, Congress, and Cyane, sailed for Mazatlan from San José. Mazatlan is a place of more importance than has been generally supposed. It is a well-built town, contains eleven thousand inhabitants, has some princely mercantile establishments, consular residences, a large foreign commerce and internal trade, and has been known to yield three millions of dollars revenue in one year to the Mexican customhouse. Indeed, from Cape Horn to the Columbia river it stands only second to Valparaiso in commercial importance. Of course this is the result of foreign capital and foreign enterprise (not Mexican), and that within a few years. There were cannon in the place, although it was not fortified, but its contiguous islands, projecting points, and commanding eminences rendered it susceptible of quick and easy defense against ships, while its surf-guarded shore was almost certain to limit its attack by boats from the harbor; but even here there were shoals to avoid, and a bar, often rough, to pass, while the channel was overlooked all the way by an elevated ridge, from which a few pieces of artillery could have hurled great destruction. Mazatlan was generally garrisoned by from nine hundred to twelve hundred men; it was within easy reach of reinforcements from States that had not contributed a single quota to the war. It was known, too, that the squadron contemplated taking it.

On the 10th November, in the afternoon, the ships came in sight of it. The position of each had been assigned and marked on a plan of the coast and harbor, furnished the commanders. The wind, however, was moderating, and the commander-in-chief inquired if the ships could take their positions after dark, and being answered in the affirmative, directed them to proceed. The Congress led off in fine style to that bend in the coast outside known as the "old harbor," where, the shore being low, she could command some of the avenues leading from the town, and effectually cover the landing should the surf permit that point to be selected. It was a hazardous anchorage, but an important position, and boldly taken. The flagship stood for another slight bend in the peninsula on which Mazatlan is situated, and where a break in the coast range exposes to view from the westward the most important part of the town, which she brought to bear immediately under her guns. The Cyane kept on to get her station in the new harbor, her light draught enabling her to get sufficiently close to the bar for her eight-inch guns to reach the wharf and cover the landing, should that point be selected. She placed herself in four fathoms of water, where, with a stiff breeze, it often broke. Just before doubling Creston she could see that the frigates had secured their berths. The Independence in her majestic length, just swinging around, showing her gun-deck tier of lights, and her stern almost in the rollers, presented a most imposing spectacle, causing astonishment and dismay in the town, a ship never having anchored there before. The Erie, which had separated from the squadron in a fog, and had not stopped at San José, was found in her station off Creston to repeat signals. H. B. M. brig Spy was the only vessel in the harbor. The manner in which the ships took up their positions and invested the town elicited encomiums from some not given to complimenting the country of the Stars and Stripes.

Early on the morning of 11th November, Mazatlan was summoned to surrender, Captain Lavallette bearing the message from Commodore Shubrick. What passed is not precisely remembered, but the military commandant made no reply, and is said to have torn up the summons. The civil authority was ready to deliver up the town; the garrison was still there, and their course was doubtful. Immediate orders were given to prepare to land, and the hour of twelve fixed upon. The surf outside was too high, and the usual landing place was designated. The boats from the Independence, Congress, and Erie on entering the harbor were joined by those of the Cyane, and this ship had her broadside sprung to cover the disembarking, if necessary.

There were three lines of boats. A division of the Congress, under Lieutenant Livingston, had five pieces of artillery, captured in Upper California, and mounted on board that ship; those of the Independence were under Lieutenant Page, all under the immediate direction of Captain Lavallette, the commander-in-chief, being in advance of all. Passing one or two points, from which most serious opposition might have been made, without seeing a foe, it became probable none would be attempted, yet the heights near the landing, the streets, and the houses with terraces, warned that no precaution should be neglected. The men were on shore in a twinkling, and the companies formed while the artillery was landing; a work of labor, but successfully accomplished. The whole force, about seven hundred and fifty strong, Captain Zeilin, adjutant, marched through the town to the Cuartel, situated on a mound in its rear overlooking the surrounding country, on the walls of which the flag had been hoisted, the Independence saluting with twenty-one guns. There were no laurels reaped, but the capture was not the less important, and it brought home to the impracticable Mexican that his commercial emporium in the west had shared the fate of the one in the east, while the American flag waved over the national palace in his capital, the squadron having just heard of the entrance into it of our glorious army.

Measures were immediately taken for the defence and holding of Mazatlan, and for its municipal government. Captain Lavallette was made governor, and a garrison of four hundred seamen and marines established. A commission, of which Lieutenant Chatard, Purser R. M. Price, and Mr. Thos. Miller were members, arranged with the municipal Junta the terms of occupation. The frigates moved into the harbor. The custom house was opened and organized, and under the control and business experience of Mr. H. W. Greene, Purser of the Independence, assisted by Mr. Speiden, of the Congress, upwards of two hundred thousand dollars, duties, were collected in five months. The commander-in-chief having given an order that the discharging of vessels at points on the coast which had been declared ports of entry since the war, in order to avoid blockades, was contrary to the law of nations, the commerce was fast coming to Mazatlan. Moreover the Lexington, Lieutenant-Commanding Bailey, on her arrival from Upper California, was despatched to blockade the port of San Blas, and the American barque Whitton, chartered and manned, under Lieutenant Chatard, that of Manzanilla. On her way down the Whitton called in at San Blas with the Lexington. An expedition from both ships landed and brought off, from the upper town, a couple of cannon, which completed the armament of the Whitton. At Manzanilla, Lieutenant Chatard landed with fifteen men and spiked five guns; the enemy, two hundred strong, were close in the vicinity.

The Mexican forces, however, had retired but a short distance from Mazatlan, and were intercepting all supplies coming into the town. An expedition of boats with two companies from the Cyane and Independence, under Lieutenant Rowan, pulling up at night through the esteros, some four miles, landed at Ureas, and surprised and drove in an outpost, while another force of seamen from the Independence, Congress, and Cyane (a part of the garrison), under Lieutenant Selden, left the Cuartel at midnight, had a bush fight three miles out, and, forming a junction with the force from the estero, stormed the headquarters of the ex-captain of the port, a piratical German, who, with a detachment of soldiers and a strong band of matriculados (enrolled sailors), was obstructing the roads, cutting off provisions, and robbing the mails. They were routed in all directions, and this blow unexpectedly struck, followed up by bold scouting at night in smaller parties under Lieutenants Lewis, Stanley, McRae, and others, effectually cleared the avenues for the admission of supplies.

This expedition, however, suffered some loss: one man of the Independence was killed, with twenty wounded from the different ships, some very severely.

Mazatlan being liable to a *coup de main* at any time from a large force, the labor on the fortifications was pressed forward under the direction of Lieutenant Halleck (Engineers). This gentleman was also filling the functions of lieutenant-governor, and his services were always freely tendered to the sea officers in their expeditions and scouting parties, in the most important of which he participated. But the breaking of new earth, the strong miasma from the esteros and marismas, the hot sun by day and the scouting by night, soon brought fever among the crews. Those at the outer post in particular, where the works, under the untiring energy of Lieutenant Tilghman, had been prosecuted with the utmost vigor, suffered most. The frigates had over sixty cases each at one time, and the Cyane thirty; the Congress's gun-deck seemed a hospital.

At this very time news reached Mazatlan of an outbreak in Lower California. Lieutenant Heywood, at San José, had repulsed a well-planned attack upon him, and the leader of the Mexicans, a Spaniard by birth, being killed, the enemy was driven back, although he outnumbered the garrison six to one. The Portsmouth was sent over to strengthen that post.

At La Paz, Lieutenant-Colonel Burton had resisted one attempt to dislodge him, but at the last accounts was surrounded and fighting. The Cyane was immediately despatched to his support. Getting on board her men and officers from the Cuartel, her quota of the garrison, but leaving her marines, and with thirty on the sick list, she left Mazatlan on the 2d December, and arrived at La Paz on the 7th. The ship passed up the channel and anchored close to the town; for among her many admirable qualities, though carrying heavy guns, she had a light draught of water. Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, with his command, consisting, as already stated, of two incomplete companies of the New York regiment, had most gallantly repelled two assaults of the enemy, and had dislodged a party that had got into some old works, capturing their flag. Affairs were in a sad condition: the country was in a state of complete resistance, the Mexican forces keeping in awe that portion of the inhabitants who were friendly. Mounted parties of the enemy were still hovering around, the town was abandoned by the inhabitants, many women and children had taken refuge on board the old hulks and small craft anchored in the harbor, the houses of the well-disposed had been sacked, and two handsome residences, one in and the other near the town, the property of the ex-governor, had been burnt and devastated. Lieutenant-Colonel Burton had availed himself to the fullest extent of the means at hand (most inadequate) to entrench and fortify himself, and his military education came into good play.

A day or two after the arrival of the ship, an expedition in the launch and cutter was sent up as far as the shallow waters would admit, to support a company from the post sent out after cattle, and who seemed engaged with the enemy near the Palo, three miles up, but the latter retreated, escaping an ambush laid for him. The launch on another occasion, with her gun, had been sent some fifteen miles up the bay, there to intercept another party, said to be driving down horses. Confidence was thus restored, the enemy gradually disappeared, and the people, trusting in the additional protection to be expected from the ship, as she furnished a detachment to the post whenever an attack was expected, returned to their homes.

Toward the latter part of December, the Dale arrived and remained a few days. This little ship rendered good service in the Gulf, and while holding Guaymas, successively under Commander Selfridge, Lieutenant Yard, and Commander Rubb, some most spirited and daring enterprises, even to the surprising of the enemy's camp, were performed by Lieutenants Craven, Smith, Stanley, and Tansill, both by boats and landing parties.

Intelligence began to reach La Paz that the enemy was daily increasing in numbers in the valley of San José, it affording good support for his animals. The inland communication was cut off, and the reports contradictory. Finally it was ascertained that two officers and three men belonging to the post of San José, while attempting to go to the bay side, had been intercepted and made prisoners, and it was reported that the post itself was short of provisions. To ascertain the actual state of things, Acting Lieutenant McRae went down the coast in a small leaky *balandra*, landed at night, communicated with Lieutenant Heywood, and succeeded in getting on board the sloop again. This was a bold and hazardous enterprise (for the Indians gave no quarter), executed with spirit and intelligence; and this officer, continuing on to Mazatlan, carried the necessary information to the commander-in-chief, who immediately dispatched the Southampton to La Paz, that the Cyane might go to the relief of San José.

It appeared that the enemy, abandoning all hope of effecting anything against La Paz, was concentrating all his forces, estimated from three to five hundred men, with the exception of a detachment at his headquarters at San Antonio, sixty miles from La Paz, around San José, garrisoned by less than forty-five effective men under Lieutenant Heywood, who had successfully and heroically repulsed their repeated attacks; but his provisions were nearly exhausted and his water cut off, while the enemy was drawing hourly more closely the mesh intended to envelop him. The town was abandoned by the inhabitants, most of them driven off by the enemy, others doubtful of the result, fearing to compromise themselves. The Mexican forces occupied the large church and other strong buildings, looped and barricaded, and were arrogant and boastful, scouting the idea of a sloop-of-war bringing relief, saying that one of the frigates would have to come from Mazatlan, and calling upon the post to surrender.

The Cyane was anchored on the 14th February, in the evening. Appearances were in keeping with the worst intelligence. The American flag was flying, it was true, but more than one on board believed it might be a ruse, and that the post had fallen. There was a calm determination to retake it at whatever cost, but daylight was waited for, sailors being unsuited to night attacks on shore.

The valley between the beach and Cuartel was occupied by the enemy, from three to four hundred strong, placed in ambush, and with full knowledge of the ground. One hundred officers, seamen, and marines (only five of the latter), with the small field-piece, under Acting Master Fairfax, were landed, and encountered a spirited resistance all the way up from the different covers; but the enemy was always driven back, and well punished. At one time he concentrated his forces in the village of San Vincente, situated on a mound, through which the column had to pass, giving him a very advantageous position, but a steady advance drove him out here, too, and in good style. The garrison seeing the approach of the Cyane's men under a hot fire, formed, and, driving a detachment of Mexicans out of the town, came out to meet them, and a joyous meeting it was. Of all the services performed by the officers and men during the cruise, this was the most gratifying. They had brought relief to a band of brave men who had done wonders to relieve themselves. But no resolution can long contend with thirst and hunger, and these were close at hand.

The garrison was provisioned and strengthened, the valley immediately around San José was cleared, communication was re-established with the ship, and scouting parties were organized. One of these, twenty-five strong, was surrounded by a large body, but Lieutenant McRae, who was in charge, with a midshipman and a corporal of marines, were so cool in their energy, and the sailors withal so steady, that they extricated themselves without loss, killing five of the enemy; a party from the Cuartel, under Passed Midshipman Stevens, had gone out quickly to their support, when the enemy retreated. An attempt was made to surprise the enemy's camp at Santa Anita, eleven miles out, by a night march, with a hundred men from the ship and garrison, who encircled it at early dawn; but the enemy, getting word through an Indian spy, had suddenly decamped, leaving his fires burning. His forge and armorer were taken. Animals were then brought in, mounted parties of sailors and marines, with a few bold and friendly Californians, were equipped, and in a few days there was not an enemy left from Cape San Lucas to Santiago, a distance of nearly seventy miles. The former inhabitants of San José returned to their homes, the gardeners went to their huertas, the corn was planted, the cane was cut, the smoke from the sugar-mills once more curled over the beautiful valley, and this change from desolation to a smiling and happy population was gratifying to all who witnessed it.

It should be mentioned that Lieutenant-Colonel Burton having gathered in some horses, a mounted party of thirty men under Captain Steele and Lieutenant Scott, accompanied by Lieutenant Halleck (Engineers) and Dr. Perry, surgeon of the regiment, had surprised San Antonio, having a garrison quite equal in number to the party. They liberated five American prisoners, took two Mexican officers, and came near capturing the commander-in-chief. Sergeant Hipwood, a valuable man, was killed. The party were absent only twenty-seven hours, the distance from La Paz to San Antonio being nearly sixty miles. It was a brilliant affair, and highly creditable to all concerned.

In the meantime a reinforcement of two companies reached La Paz from Upper California, and Lieutenant-Colonel Burton immediately took the field, marching upon San Antonio, where he made prisoner of Piñeda, the military chief. An express was sent through to inform him of the ejectment of the enemy from the valley of San José, and that he had fallen back to Todos Santos on the west coast. This intelligence had already reached him, and marching upon Todos Santos, he came suddenly upon the enemy, and, charging gallantly, routed him in all directions. Captain Naglee, with a mounted company, pursued those fugitives who took the coast road to the northward, while the mounted parties from the ship and Cuartel, ranging from Cado Añoto Santiago, intercepted those who were making for the gulf shore. They brought in between sixty and seventy prisoners, including the Gefé Politico and some captains; and thus ended the war in Lower California.

Official notice was then received of the armistice, accompanied with vague rumors that Lower California was not included in the treaty—a sad blow to its very best people, many of whom had committed themselves to the American cause; while the Padre Gabriel, a prisoner of Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, the prime instigator of all the troubles, a dissolute and vindictive priest, was gloating at the idea of early vengeance upon those of his countrymen who had been neutral or friendly to the Americans.

On the 20th April the Southampton arrived from La Paz, bringing down Captain Naglee with a detachment of the New York regiment, one hundred strong, who relieved Lieutenant Heywood and the naval garrison of San José, the latter embarking on board the Cyane and Southampton.

Previously to leaving, the remains of Passed Midshipman T. McLanahan, of the Cyane, who was killed whilst gallantly defending the post, were removed from the corral of the Cuartel, where, from the force of circumstances, they had been deposited during the siege (the enemy firing all the time on the funeral party while the burial service was read), to an eminence between the landing and town, where they were re-interred with military honors, and the grave enclosed by a neat railing. His funeral was attended by the officers and one hundred men from the Cyane, a portion of the garrison under Captain Naglee, Lieutenant Heywood, his late commander, his comrades of the post, and a large concourse of inhabitants, by whom he was held in affectionate remembrance.

The Cyane left San José on the 25th April, and arrived at Mazatlan on the 28th, after an absence of five months from that place, conveying back to the different ships their quotas of the garrison. The crew of the Independence with one impulse asked to cheer Lieutenant Heywood on his stepping on board of his own ship again, which they did most heartily; and well-merited cheers they were.

On the 6th May the Ohio arrived, and Commodore T. Ap C. Jones assumed the command of the squadron. On the 11th May he paid his official visit to the Cyane. As something novel and in keeping with the nature of much of their past service, he was received by the whole crew under arms as infantry, the sea-lieutenants and midshipmen with their companies, the executive officer at their head. The commodore expressed himself as highly pleased, an opinion which he reiterated in a letter directed to be read to the officers and crew. This was very gratifying to all on board, and complimentary to the high condition of the squadron he had found in the Pacific. Not the least acceptable part of this communication, greatly appreciated by the seamen whose terms of service had expired, was the hope expressed by the commander-in-chief that the ship would soon be spared to return home. She had to visit San José once more. On her return, news had been received of the ratification of the treaty of peace by the American Senate, and the ship was ordered to prepare for her return voyage. She sailed from Mazatlan on the 1st June, passing close under the stern of the flagship, which she saluted and cheered, and, squaring away, ran down and exchanged cheers with the Independence. The Congress also cheered the departure of the Cyane, which left her the senior ship on the station. The Cyane on her way down called in at San Blas, which she left on the 7th June. At this port she heard of the final ratification of the treaty of peace by the Mexican Congress. She had thus seen the beginning and the end of the war on the enemy's coast.

The Cyane arrived at Valparaiso after a good passage of forty-six days. Sailing from there on the 7th August, she arrived at Norfolk on the 9th October, making one of the shortest passages on record, having been in commission three years and four months. Notwithstanding her long blockades at anchor, and the defense of harbors, she had sailed sixty-five thousand miles.

In the different affairs in which her crew and officers participated, in the Gulf of California and on the West Coast, San Gabriel, the Mesa, Ureas, siege of San José, San Vincente, etc., she had seventeen of her number killed and wounded. On the other hand, an extraordinary immunity had attended her; but one death from sickness had occurred on board, that of a private marine belonging to another ship, and received on board from the post of San José. In a crew of two hundred and ten souls this was an extraordinary exemption, and was believed to be without precedent. It may be ascribed, under a merciful Providence, to a clean and well-kept ship, a uniform discipline, a contented spirit, and last though not least (for the ship was not without her share of sickness and epidemics), to the unsurpassed skill and ceaseless devotion of her medical officer, Surgeon C. D. Maxwell. The companion of all their expeditions, he watched over officers and men on shore with the same solicitude that he did on board.

The crew were paid off at Norfolk, having preserved to the end their high character by showing no impatience at the delay incident to getting orders from Washington, and to laying up and securing their ship.

Although their term of service had long since expired, not a single offence was committed between the time of their arrival and that of their discharge.

EXTRACTS

FROM PRIVATE JOURNAL-LETTERS,

DURING THE CRUISE OF THE U. S. S. CYANE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, UNDER CAPTAIN DU PONT'S COMMAND.

U. S. Frigate Congress, Monterey, Alta California,
Saturday, July 18th, 1846.

We arrived here on Wednesday, the day after my last date.

We entered the bay in the morning, having discovered the land at daylight. A fog interfered with us for a while, but we finally got hold of Point Pinos,—a sloping and extended headland, fringed to the water's edge with green pines,—and stood up for the town. We discovered the masts of large ships, and soon made out the blue flag of the Savannah; her number was signaled, and ours returned. Immediately after, while still under sail, we saluted the senior Commodore, hauled down the blue pendant, and hoisted the red. Soon after, Hitchcock came on board to indicate the best place to anchor, and from him we learned that we were *too late* to share in the bloodless victory of the capture of Upper California; and sure, enough the American flag was floating in the village.

On hearing of the fight between General Taylor and Arista, Commodore Sloat immediately left Mazatlan and shaped his course for this place. After some hesitation, he decided upon taking possession, which was quietly done, there being neither guns nor men. He issued proclamations and general orders, and we are now fortifying, etc. I am afraid the movement was premature; but the step is taken, and I am for going on and securing the country in every way. The Portsmouth is in possession of the noble bay of San Francisco. Missroon has fortified Yerba Buena, an island in the harbor; and, stranger than all, Frémont has entered the contest, rallied around him a force of desperate men, is now in the valley of San Juan, and I believe is marching after Castro, who retreated from here for the capital, Pueblo de les Angeles. Lieutenant Gillespie, of the marine corps, who came with secret despatches, and was in town yesterday, has joined Frémont.

The Californians are with us, but cannot declare until they ascertain if our government is determined to hold on this time, and not give up again, as did Commodore Jones.

Monterey is a miserable village, with some barracks in it, and a few habitable houses. We have from the squadron about two hundred and fifty men on shore, all the marine guards included. We landed ours yesterday, with fifty seamen armed with carbine and cutlass, under Lieutenant Tilghman, and three passed midshipmen. It is wonderful how the sailors learn to be soldiers when the necessity and the excitement prevail. There is a company from the Savannah who are very expert already, formed squares to receive cavalry with as much accuracy and quickness as a British regiment almost, and their charge at double-quick pace, with a hurrah *a la Cossack*, is really fine. The more I see of the marine corps the more highly I esteem it for its efficiency, and our old officers are lamentably to blame that we are not allowed a double complement in every ship. Lieutenant Zeilin is in his glory, and in conducting the parade this evening was a greater man than Napoleon crossing the Alps.

When I gave him the order to land the guard, they were ready—knapsacks, bags, hammocks, tin pots, etc.—in less than thirty minutes. There is another lieutenant here, Maddox, the handsomest man I have seen this side of Cape Horn. Last night there was an alarm; a cow approached the line of sentinels, and not answering the hail, was shot at, poor thing, but missed. Tilghman says our men were the first under arms, for the discharge of the musket roused the garrison. Would you believe that in two minutes and a half every man was at his post, with loaded gun! Signals are established between shore and ships, and in case the enemy should come too strong for them, of which there is not the slightest chance, we will land with all the crew. The ships were not stripped too bare, for some surmises existed that the English would interfere; and there was a little moment of excitement when day before yesterday, the very day after our arrival, a large sail appeared in the offing, which proved to be the Collingwood, that came up beautifully, and anchored between the Savannah and ourselves. The former played "God save the Queen," answered by the Collingwood with "Hail Columbia." Commodore Sloat afterwards went on board, and informed the admiral of having taken possession of the Territory. He said, "I am sorry for it, but it is no business of mine."

Our commodore called yesterday, and I went with him. Sir George Seymour, the admiral, is a fine old gentleman, one side of his face very handsome, the other very much gashed by a scar, from a wound received in battle. His captain is also a very clever man. They came here to-day and returned the visit, which passed off very pleasantly. They seemed astounded by the size of this frigate, though out of an 80-gun themselves. I was glad to find that we were in every way equal to them in efficiency, and work smarter. They cannot understand how with our democratic institutions we contrive to keep up such strict discipline among our crews. I saw some of their men on shore in their boats smoking, and lieutenants getting into them doing the same thing. Such a thing with us would ruin the reputation of any ship. They are doing everything to increase the loyalty of their seamen, and with great success; but after seeing this ship, a very high specimen, too, I doubt if with equal force they are a match for us. You know I am no braggart, and under their supposed great advancement I thought we might be behindhand, but our good ships, I think, are better than their good ones, and I suppose we have no more bad ones in proportion to theirs.

July 19th, Sunday.

Events are crowding upon us here, and I intend to enter daily the occurrences that may interest you. We had service to-day, and all was quiet. Our scouting corps of cavalry under Purser Fauntleroy, a capital trooper, with Louis McLane, and other officers, sailors, and Californians (Americans), returned to-day from an expedition to San Juan, where Frémont had taken possession a half hour before them. They announced the arrival of Frémont here in an hour or two,—a man for whom I have almost a romantic admiration. After reading all his journeys, I swallowed my dinner, and went on shore. There was a parade of marines and all the sailors, with the Savannah's band, etc., very fine, and showing great proficiency already, though it might as well have been let alone till another day. But you know (worldly speaking)

Sunday, from the absence of all other work, is thought more suitable for the purpose.

While I was standing watching on the back gallery of one of the barracks, through a gorge opening on the bay shore, with green hummocks on each side, horsemen appeared, with rifles glittering, dressed in every costume imaginable, clouds of dust covering the column; one hundred and fifty mounted Western men, fifty of them who left Missouri with Frémont included, with twelve Delaware Indians, his hunters and guides, followed by droves of horses and mules; these occasionally escaping, were immediately followed by a horseman at full gallop, throwing the lasso and bringing the fugitive back. With the display of ships in the harbor, the surrounding scenery, and the beauty of the weather, it made altogether a most thrilling sight, and one which, I do not hesitate to say, produced more emotion and pleasant excitement than I ever remember experiencing.

We then descended, and took a position where they would pass. As they approached, I recognized Gillespie, and near him a small, well-formed young man, with bronzed face, white felt hat, light hunting frock, short rifle across the saddle, and bowie-knife in belt. As he approached, he jumped off his horse, and said, "How are you, Captain Du Pont?" Gillespie had told him, I suppose, I was in the crowd,—for this was Frémont.

We said a few words. I asked him where he was going to camp, and he said on the heights above the village, overlooking the bay and ships, and in a beautiful grove of pines. No description can convey an idea of his men, covered with dust, dressed in buckskins and every other possible garment,—among them, some sailor's blue flannel frocks. They passed along, the most determined-looking band, the brawniest and most sinewy-looking people you can conceive, yet all in order and under the most perfect control by Frémont, who seems to be looked upon by these people somewhat as the Sandwich Islanders considered Cook, as a sort of demigod. I followed them up to their camp, saw them about under the trees, making fires, getting water, slaughtering a bullock. I would not have missed this for anything.

I had some conversation with Captain Frémont, and found him a most pleasant person, mild and modest, and very like Mackenzie in manner,—a fine gray eye in his head, very large, which is the feature that gives him his character. He thanked me for a letter from his wife, which I had sent him by Gillespie. I then asked if Kit Carson was with him, and Godoy. He smiled, and said, "Oh, yes,—they mess with me." I said, "I *must see* them: I want to see the men that recovered those horses in the last expedition"—(the most intrepid and disinterested feat ever performed or recorded in the history of those Western wilds.) Gillespie then led me up to Kit Carson, who was lying down, his head resting against a tree. Up rose a middle-sized man, with the mildest expression, and softest voice, with an American twang. Every one gathered round while I shook hands, officers of the Collingwood included, and I mentioned to Mr. Livingston the feat he had performed. I then asked him many questions, which he was delighted to answer, about the Salt Lake, etc. I never was so glad in my life of having read a book the size of which had frightened everybody off. There is one fellow in the party six feet eight inches high, looks as if he were put together with wire and catgut.

The sun began to dip, and we all descended the gentle slope, which leads to the village and beach, the ships showing most magnificently in the quiet waters of the bay—a sight which these wild men of the West could not turn from, even to get their evening meal ready. Men from the Missouri, who had never seen the sea, saw it first from the Pacific, studded with five heavy ships, four American and one English, floating within them two hundred and twenty thirty-two pounder cannon, with nearly two thousand five hundred men.

As it is Sunday evening, it will not be amiss to change the subject a little. At the request of Mr. Colton I went down for a few minutes to attend the sailors' prayer-meeting in the large store-room. They were at prayers, and one of the men making a most excellent one. So soon as he was done, I stepped in among them and said, "Men, I have come to be witness of what Mr. Colton has already told you I highly approve. You have my entire countenance in this, and anything I can do to increase your interest or your comfort here below, I am ready to grant you. When I came down just now, and saw forty seamen, among our best men in all duties, on their knees, the thought came to my mind that a ship that could present such a sight must prosper."—"God bless you, Captain, and thank you," was the reply.

Thursday, July 23d.

What a profession is ours; changes upon changes! Commodore Sloat goes to Panama in the Levant; this leaves the Savannah vacant, which ship is detained, though kept out here three years. I am ordered to the Cyane, Captain Mervine going to the Savannah. Trapier goes home in the Levant, and probably across the Isthmus, and has promised to take my budget.

I go to sea on Sunday morning. I am bound on the southern coast here, to San Diego, not far, and take on board

Captain Frémont, with one hundred and sixty of his men. He will land there, take horses, which are plentiful, it is said, and endeavor to intercept Castro.

The first lieutenant of the Cyane is very superior, and I think I shall like him much; the ship is in fine order, with a good crew.

United States Ship Cyane, August 4th, 1846.
Port of San Diego, Upper California.

According to orders, I sailed at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning; the time from daylight having been occupied in embarking, by means of all the boats of the squadron, the cavalry battalion of Major Frémont, consisting of one hundred and sixty-five American Arabs of the West, whom I have before described. Fifty-odd of them had been his companions across the Rocky Mountains; the others American settlers in the valley of the Sacramento, who had raised a flag of their own, which was, however, superseded by the hoisting of the American flag by Commodore Sloat, around which they rallied, and suppressed their own. This was a white field, with a grizzly bear looking towards a star, enclosed in a red border, the whole done with poke-berry juice. This party, of course, could not bring their horses, but brought their saddles, packs, etc. Our own number on board is two hundred and ten. You may conceive the condition of our decks, etc., with the addition of this motley group. We were fortunate in getting out of Monterey Bay by six o'clock in the evening. The Collingwood, and an American ship, the Sterling, which sailed a few days before, were two days in sight of the shipping in the harbor after their departure. The wind was fresh, and carrying a very heavy press of sail, we went off at the rate of ten and eleven knots an hour. The weather was thick, however, and we had no observations on Monday, nor yet on Tuesday. Our "land falls," however, by dead reckoning, were excellent. We made the island of San Miguel, discovering a dangerous rock near it, not laid down in our charts. I found the supply of charts in this ship very deficient, and had to rely upon a coarse lithograph of this part of the coast, which I picked up at the Sandwich Islands, where it was printed. This coast is very incorrectly surveyed, and the islands which form what is called the canal of Santa Barbara, have here and there some reefs near them. On Tuesday I made the islands of Clement and Catalina, but here the wind failed gradually as we approached the coast, as I was told it would. I had hoped to have got in on the afternoon of that day. Next morning, however, I made the coast at the point desired. I had got copied on board of the Savannah, through Hitchcock's kindness, a little chart of the port which, though not correct, was of great service. As we approached the land at the distance of two miles, we entered the kelp. It was as remarkable and beautiful a sight as I remember seeing, though to be sailing amidst seaweed with a ship whose keel was sixteen feet below the surface of the water, was not altogether pleasant. No language can convey an idea of this wonderful production of nature. It lay in broad fans over miles of the ocean. The bright sun reflected its striking though grave colors, being all the shades of a beautiful light brown and salmon. Though intent upon watching the points of land and the breakers, I could not keep from exclaiming occasionally at so novel and brilliant a sight. There are several varieties; this is by far the handsomest I had seen. It looked like gigantic ferns, the leaves shaded like the feathers of a pheasant. Our soundings gave us at the time eleven fathoms water, so that these acres of beautiful ocean fans have stems sixty-six feet in length attached to the rocks beneath.

This beautiful little harbor is very difficult of access without previous local knowledge. The wind also was "scant," that is, not quite fair enough. It would have been more prudent to wait for the sea breeze, but I had had a fine run, all were anxious to reach the shore, and it would be a clever thing to land them on the third day, four hundred miles from Monterey, before the fastest couriers could convey to the Pueblo the account of our sailing. I steered by the breakers and colored water, different from my previous cruisings. I could not reach, owing to the wind, the deepest water, and ugly shoals were under my lee. I found the ship going slow, owing to being so near the bottom. More sail was instantly put on, we crossed the bar with six inches to spare, and luffed into the harbor in gallant style, clewing up the sails, and coming to anchor without any accident. There seemed to be a simultaneous expression of surprise and satisfaction among our Western friends. Captain Frémont was standing by my side, and told me he was so excited he could scarcely breathe. It was a thrilling moment, to hear "quarter less three," "quarter less three," repeated o'er and o'er from the chains by the quartermaster,— that is, sixteen and a half feet. But after rounding the outer breakers, it was as smooth as a mill-pond. Had the ship had any pitching motion she would have touched the ground.

We had no sooner anchored than the wind came directly ahead, and we had no sea breeze for two days. We arrived at twelve o'clock, Wednesday, 29th July. I had found comfort and strength in my little "Daily Food," for some days back, and depending upon the continued kindness and protection of God, I found myself sustained.

Captain Frémont said, "I see the captain of a man-of-war must keep his wits about him." Captain Frémont and three or four officers live with me, the others in the wardroom and steerage. The men picked out "soft planks," and were stowed away in the hammock nettings. The first day nearly all were down with the seasickness, for it was quite rough; and we all smiled, remarking it would not take many of Castro's men to dispose of the party then. Jim Stanwix, the Delaware chief, said, "I frightened now, first time in my life." All the Indians suffered much. They were eight in number, fine men, but sad of late from the loss of one of their braves called Crane. Gillespie, after traveling six hundred miles to overtake Captain Frémont, found the latter traveling so fast, that he sent in advance two very fast riders belonging to his party, who overtook the camp a day or two afterwards. Frémont immediately, with a small party, set out to return in advance of his main body. The day he and Gillespie met they both traveled fifty miles, lighted their fires, and, not suspecting anything, for the very first time placed no sentinels, and lay down near their three fires, and under different trees. A Klamet Indian came in the night, with great skill and stealth, and tomahawked Basile Lajeunesse, one of Frémont's favorite men, who had once saved his life. He was instantly killed, and uttered not a groan. A man near him was also killed, but groaned, and this roused Crane, who sprang to his feet with his rifle, took deadly aim, but his cap missed. Too brave to retreat, which he could have done, the Klamet, with the rapidity of lightning (both jumping and dodging and yelling according to their custom), shot three arrows into the brave Delaware, each time making a better shot, the third having gone through his heart. Their bows are powerful, and the arrows, with steel heads, are poisoned. The Klamet in his turn was too brave to run, but stood jumping and yelling until a man by the name of Step killed him with his rifle. It was a complete surprise. Gillespie and Frémont were sleeping at a distance, and it all occurred in a minute.

My orders were to send an officer to wait upon the authorities, and propose to *them* to hoist the flag. If they declined (which they did), to take possession, and defend the place. I despatched Mr. Rowan with the marines; for I did not like his going alone, the town or Presidio being about four miles, generally called five. While he was gone we learned that Andreas Pico (a brother of the Governor of California, Pio Pico), residing at the Pueblo de los Angeles, the capital, one hundred and twenty miles north of this, was here. Soon after a drove of horses, near the beach and hide-houses, were driven off by his orders. On an emphatic demand, however, being made on the *prefet*, they were returned in the evening. Horses are the sinews of war in this country.

Frémont and his men were very impatient to land, but these preliminaries were to take place. So soon, however, as I supposed the flag had been hoisted, I manned all the boats and sent them off. The boats could only take about fifty, and as they pulled up the estuary, they did not return in time for a second trip. The next morning all the rest followed. They commenced at once gathering up horses, but no great numbers were found. He took up his quarters in the town, which contains but few houses, these mostly situated around a large plaza, and one story high. Three hundred, I presume, is the amount of population. Andreas Pico remained at a distance on horseback on the evening Mr. Rowan landed, saw the flag hoisted, and started off for the Pueblo, before learning, however, that we had Frémont's party on board, the first division of which only reached the town after nightfall.

Two days afterwards, while I was up there, Frémont said that he had been warned, if Castro supposed that our marine guard of twenty-five men were the only defenders of the place, he would organize and attempt a night surprise. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. I despatched immediately a messenger to the ship, and at eight o'clock, Lieutenant Rowan, with a hundred men well armed and equipped, came marching into the plaza like regular troops, taking up guard, patrol, and sentinel duties like old soldiers. I was greatly pleased with this performance; eight miles had to be traveled by messenger and men. I kept them up there for three or four days, until all chance of such a thing passed over, and stayed with them myself. Frémont has made a scouting excursion, and taken up about thirty horses; they have now about ninety, less than half they require. I know not if I mentioned in my Monterey letter that he agreed to serve under Commodore Stockton, and his troops had agreed to come under army laws. Commodore S. made him a brevet major, by what authority I know not, and Gillespie a brevet colonel.

The orders were to me, that after landing, the battalion would not move until it heard from him, — that he would despatch a courier from San Pedro. I very soon found that Frémont was very impatient, not accustomed to control or military rule; a personal indignity to revenge on Castro, and an extreme desire to shorten the campaign, having made up his mind to cut across home by New Mexico so soon as it should be over, — all this tended to make him very restive.

Yet you may judge of my surprise, on going to town, to find some movement in the camp among his own especial party, ox carts loading with saddles, and other preparations made for some departure. Gillespie told me he was going after horses; but soon after, Frémont said to me he thought of moving towards the Pueblo. Upon questioning him, I found he would have been off, leaving the valley people behind, who specially agreed to serve with him. In a quiet way, with explicitness, however, I told him of the impropriety of the move; that it would lead to trouble; that after showing him what applied to him in my orders, I could not see how he could disobey them; that he had a military reputation to sustain; that I sympathized in his feelings; that had I been in his place I should not have put myself under the naval commander of the coast, but having done so, he must abide by the act; that the remaining riflemen would be left a rope of sand without him, etc., etc. This succeeded; the orders were countermanded, and the search for horses was made instead of a march on the Pueblo.

On the day after arriving I was called upon in town by the authorities, to say they had determined not to hold their offices under the new order of things, though extremely friendly to the cause. I tried to dissuade them from this. An election was held, but the newly-appointed declined also, so the civil authority is at an end in San Diego; but the small population, its orderly character, and friendliness towards us, have prevented as yet any breach of the peace. There are some very clever people in the town, and we have found it very pleasant. Don Juan Bardini is a member of the Mexican Congress—a Californian—has long been a friend to his province, but after trying in vain to induce Mexico to pay attention to its interests, by doing something for California (his efforts sometimes in the Chambers, sometimes by personal appeals, and interviews with Santa Anna), is now disgusted, and ready for the change. He is employed on the history of the country, has a good house, three grown daughters by a first wife (two married); has now a second wife much younger than himself, and quite handsome. His house has been thrown open to us, and is the resort of the other society of the place. The single daughter, Doña Isidora, plays well on the harp-guitar, and with the ordinary one, they contrive to have music and dancing every night, the "solo diversion" of California. Don Juan, though over sixty, is the most indefatigable and active of the dancers, saying it is "muy inocente." His son-in-law, Don Pedro Carillo, was educated in Boston, and speaks English well. Don Miguel Pedrorena also speaks it fluently. These people are all intelligent, and make it a much more agreeable place than Monterey, where I saw no society whatever.

Until yesterday I have been sleeping in town, coming down to breakfast in the morning, and returning before sundown in the evening, having hired a horse during our stay here, which it would have been cheaper to buy, as you only give fifteen dollars for a good one, and twenty dollars for the very best. I thus ride about eight miles, if not ten, a day, and as all riding means here a gallop, I have found it delightful and healthy. The road lies along the shores of the harbor and Estero. If you were to see me mounted, with my Panama hat, blouse over my uniform coat, rifle across the saddle-bow, revolving pistol on one side, and my sword on the other, you would not recognize your peaceful husband. The day before yesterday the doctor and I started a little earlier than usual, and, with Don Pedro, extended our ride to the mission of San Diego, some six miles beyond the twon. You "débouche" into a valley (the high hills which enclose it being those which surround the harbor), in which the dry bed of a river winds. This river has, curiously enough, become subterranean, and by boring a foot or two you come to the water.

This mission is now a type of the many studded along the coast and interior of California. The buildings were good, picturesquely situated, with a church. But now all is in a mournful state of decay. Miserable naked Indians were around the piazza. We were received most hospitably by the old padre, a Franciscan, a perfect Friar Tuck, who was what sailors term "*two sheets in the wind.*" He sent for some pears, which were regular chokes, and dispatched an Indian for *tunas*, prickly ones, which he brought perfectly green. We looked at the dilapidated church and tattered paintings. The remains of gardens and vineyards were on either hand, and near the latter were the Indians' thatched wigwams. A more miserable, naked set I never saw. Under a dead bush stuck down to keep off the sun lay an object covered with a sheep-skin; a silvery head peeped from under it, laying on the bare ground, the whole shriveled and shrunk to half a man's size. It was an old Indian, one hundred and ten years old. They seemed a *last* connecting link between the human species and the brute creation; indeed, the donkeys around their huts seemed much more natural, and more to be envied. We galloped back as we had come, the air perfectly delicious, and the full moon prolonging the twilight.

Up to 1834 these missions retained much of their ancient wealth, measured in this country by the number of their cattle and horses. That of San Gabriel, near the Pueblo, had over one thousand head of horned cattle, and twenty thousand horses,— all the others in proportion; with large vineyards, and some hard money. Where this wealth has gone puzzles the most intelligent of the Californians. They tell you the hides and tallow have gone to the United States, but where the money has gone which paid for them, no man can tell. In 1834 Mexico sent "administrators" to reside at all the missions. From that day their downfall was complete. This country has been ruined specially since that date. If it could have passed into the hands of the United States then, I believe something wonderful would have come out of it.

Agriculturally, as I told you before, I think it has been overrated. Except the valley of the Sacramento, it suffers so from droughts, though the cattle seem to thrive, and the horses are very superior, particularly here. Their powers of endurance are wonderful. They will travel all day at a hand-gallop, carrying besides the rider a saddle heavier than a half-grown boy. They are never shod, and though they drive cattle through the stoniest ravines, and over crags, you rarely see a splintered hoof. This is owing, I conceive, partly to climate. It would be amusing to see how many of our pampered and sleek-coated nags they could use up in a week. There is not a curry-comb in the country, and I doubt if they have a name for it. They are never stabled; when not used they are turned out to grass. An old mare with a bell is the nucleus for every band of horses. Their sagacity amid a thousand head in finding their bell leader is very great, and a man who finds his mare finds his drove. There are some peculiarities in the breaking of them. They rarely hitch them, but the halter, a small hair rope, is thrown on the ground, and they will stand for hours. To guide them the rein must not be drawn, or they will stop; but pressed on the neck on the opposite side to which you wish them to go. The Californians are perfect centaurs,—are on horseback from infancy almost. To see them chasing the cattle, and throwing the lasso, is really a beautiful sight. It is always done at full speed,—indeed, it cannot be thrown with great accuracy without this. The noose sometimes catches around one, sometimes around both horns, but the animal bolts off then with increased pace, and often jerks the lasso out of the rider's hands; his heavy and murderous rowels are then plunged into his horse's flanks, and he goes off *ventre a terre* in chase of the trailing lasso. As he approaches the end of it, he throws his right foot out of the stirrup, holds on to the left, seizes the high pommel of his saddle, and leans over the right side of his horse, his head barely a foot from the ground, and his right hand within reach of it; up comes the lasso, which he holds on to with a firmer grip, his horse all the time going at the top of his speed. A sudden jerk at a sharp angle takes the animal at a disadvantage; he often trips, stumbles, and falls on his side, making the earth fairly shake. No bull-fight that I ever saw in old Spain could compare with this sight in manly skill, being moreover divested of unnecessary cruelty.

At Sea, August 12th.

The launch returned on Saturday, the 8th, having arrived a half hour after the Congress at San Pedro. I received by her orders to come immediately to the latter place, to bring the Juanita, the brig I had detained, with me, and orders for Major Frémont to march. I was directed not to leave any force behind, in consequence of which the inhabitants of San Diego were in great terror, and were left in a defenceless state. Fortunately Gillespie remains for some days, until his men can get horses, or I know not how I could have got away from the kind people of the village, who should not have been left in that way.

The commodore writes me Castro has left the Pueblo de los Angeles, that he will land and be at Temple's Farm on Wednesday, and to join him with one hundred men; but we have had nothing but calms, and though I sailed on the 9th, have found no winds until just now. The distance is only eighty miles, and we shall be four or five days making it. *En revanche*, I picked up another Mexican brig, so we shall go in with two prizes.

By the Primavera we got some Mexican news. She was forty-one days from San Blas, in a starving condition, and leaking, and I believe rather glad to be taken. The captain, a Frenchman, had his wife on board. We supplied them with all they wanted. There were two passengers, Frenchmen also, now on board here with her crew. We hear Vera Cruz was taken by the squadron in the Gulf. I hope they will now soon be settled here, though I fear we shall spend the next year on this coast. I hope to get in to-morrow.

San Pedro, August 16th.

We arrived yesterday, after a passage tedious beyond measure, though rendered so only because we did not wish the Congress to run off with all the glory; otherwise, more beautiful weather, and a smoother blue ocean with close contact to a remarkable though not picturesque range of coast and mountains, I never saw out of the Mediterranean. I should have enjoyed it exceedingly, in this comfortable, quiet, well-ordered ship, but for the anxiety to get here. Most of this anxiety was for my officers, who are young and enthusiastic, but I felt convinced that Castro would not make a stand, and if he did not, the present plans would not secure him. Had Frémont been given more liberty of action it might have been different, but neither of us were given any discretion, and I had to detain him, as I have told you.

On approaching yesterday, Beale boarded us some miles out, brought an order that I was to remain by the ships, and take care of them, to send up the marines to the Pueblo, thirty miles off. They landed the whole crew (nearly) of the Congress, had had some military reviews, etc., started off for a place called Temple's Farm, from where two hundred were marched back to the ship, the others keeping on. Castro had cleared out, but the Pueblo is taken and the flag hoisted, and the commodore in the Government House.

The authorities as usual declined hoisting the flag themselves, but said they would be glad to see it done by the commodore. While Castro was on the retreat, a dispatch was sent to Major Frémont, which, if delivered at the time it should have been, he could have intercepted him; but it was bungled, and he has got clear, having buried his guns. They say he is by this time across the Colorado. If he was to get off, I hope he was in that direction, and has not passed through San Diego, to wreak his vengeance on the people there. This taking of places without forces to garrison them, I know not the end of, It will interfere with the efficiency of the ships, which for example will not be able to lay in these open roads in a month or two. I have sent my reports to the Pueblo de los Angeles by Dr. Maxwell, and Beale to show him the way, and expect them back to-night, when I may know our future movements.

This is the third Sunday I have been on board this ship. The first we sailed from Monterey with the troops. The second we came out of San Diego. I improved our quiet here to read the service this morning to the crew. I took that I used for the brig. The first lieutenant is the only person, so far as I yet know, who approves of it, or rather who takes any interest in it; and nothing yet in the shape of a response from anybody. Yet I will persevere, and perhaps God will bless the effort. Mr. Colton was left at Monterey, as an alcalde, I know not how much in accordance with his own views, but he could have done much more good by remaining by his charge in the Congress, which this desultory service is calculated to make serious inroads into. I shall go on board this afternoon to see Livingston, and will inquire how the meetings get on. I am gradually doing away with swearing here, which prevailed much more among the officers than in the Congress, though to no great extent compared with former days in the navy. The crew, I think, as a mass, are of a higher standard than the Congress; I have had to punish but two as yet, and I can see that much can be got out of them, if we are left to ourselves, and they be not dismembered by the present operations.

This is a fine large bay. The island of Catalina (large), with a projecting headland into the south-west, protects it in that quarter, and from the north and north-west, but it is open to the south-east, from which quarter it blows from November to April. No ship can lay here with one blowing. There are two ranchos on the beach, which form the only habitation within sight of the ships. Beef seems the staple of the country, and it is very hard getting along in our messes. When out of groceries, they can only be replaced at the Islands or on the leeward coast, Callao and Valparaiso, which places I presume we will not see again. I had some forethought, but not enough. I find things run out on this station, which I never experienced before.

August 17, Monday.

This has been a day of some incident with us,—but I will take things in order. Yesterday afternoon I received orders from the commodore to release the two Mexican brigs I had taken, requiring certain oaths, and so forth, to be taken by crew and captains.

This morning the Warren, Captain Hull, arrived from Monterey, and previously from Mazatlan. He brings the important news that Congress had declared things in a state of war with Mexico, and Mr. Polk's proclamation,—the voting of ten millions, etc. This news has gone up to the commodore at the Pueblo, and must lead to some definite movement on his part. The Columbus is expected from the Islands, and Captain Hull, who dined with me, says he heard the Potomac was on her way out. I cannot imagine the amount of preparation in the action of Congress should have reference alone to so weak a power as Mexico. I am fortunate to be afloat in so fine a ship as this. This news of course seals the fate of California, and she remains to the United States. I am glad for Commodore Sloat's sake, who risked a good deal in taking possession when he did, and to whom all the honor should be given; but it is probable others will get it. The Warren was thirty-seven days from Mazatlan to Monterey, and two or three down here. She brought no letters, the mails having been interrupted through Mexico. A report reached here of the death of Louis Philippe,—I think a dark day for France. My old ship the Warren looks sad and worn; she is really used up, and all on board want to return; they are three years out.

Dr. Maxwell has returned from the Pueblo. He has been looking out for some stores for our messes, and my friend Lawrence, the wardroom steward of the Congress, sends me word through Mr. Schenck that they have found a steward for me, in the person of a prepossessing Frenchman; I have written to secure him. Major Frémont is in chase of Castro, but the latter has three or four days the start, and there is no chance of his being overtaken. He buried his guns in the most ingenious way in the sands, carrying on the carriages much further and leaving thus the wheel tracks to mislead; but the unerring eye of one of the Delaware Indians in Frémont's party detected the trail. So little vestige of such was there, that the acuteness shown is said to have astonished even the riflemen and Western trappers of the company. The Pueblo de los Angeles is larger than Monterey,— there may be a thousand inhabitants,—and is very filthy, and the only thing that recompensates are the vineyards around it, which the Doctor represents as very fine; unfortunately the grapes are not yet ripe, for fruits or vegetables in this country seem scarce beyond conception. Beef, beef, beef! To-day I had a roast, a beefsteak, and a beef stew, with the smallest possible amount of potatoes, which we have to nurse with exceeding care. We slaughter our own bullocks, and it comes to a cent and a half per pound.

I landed to-day to make Mr. Alexander collector of the port of San Pedro. Two ranchos on the top of the bank compose the city. A dead flat plain, more arid and burnt and barren than anything I ever saw, spreads out before you, and goes all the way to the Pueblo. A good many Americans have ranchos and farms. How they contrive to have food for horses and cattle, seems difficult to understand.

Gillespie I learn is still at San Diego. Frémont could not find horses to send him, Castro having driven off all in a large circuit.

I spent two or three hours yesterday on board the frigate. She looks like a deserted castle. The prayer-meetings are broken up, most of the men being away. I wrote you what a sight they presented all kneeling in the store-rooms.

August 19th.

I received orders yesterday from the commodore, still at the Pueblo, to prepare for a cruise and report when I was ready; the Congress having orders to supply us with provisions.

I shall be ready to-morrow night, and have so written to him. I know not our destination; rumor says to the south.

Our marines are to be detained, and I hear are to be ordered off to the north. I am greatly annoyed at this; and I look upon it as not only inconsiderate, but unwise. The Congress is not going to *cruise*, and she could spare hers, while the cruising ships should not be dismembered, for we know not yet what England and France may say. If we go south, that is to the coast of Mexico, we have yet two months of very bad weather to contend with; and to take twenty-five men out of a ship like this is a great inroad into her efficiency, particularly when these are marines, and when bound to an enemy's coast. Excuse this grumbling, my only apology for which is that my station now prohibits any interchange on such topics with those around me. I am aware it is idle. I should do my duty with increased zeal to meet every new emergency; this I hope to do, and place my trust in Him who will order all things for the best.

Off Mazatlan, Mexico, October 13th, 1846.

On the 23d of August I sailed from San Pedro, with orders to proceed to this coast and blockade the port of San Blas, until our provisions became low, and then to return to San Francisco and Upper California; an active, laborious, and trying cruise, but I trust an honorable one. It has kept me so employed, that with the heat, which for intensity and long continuance has been beyond anything I have ever conceived, there has been a long break in my journal letter, which remains still in my portfolio, no opportunity of sending it having offered.

14th October.

If you had heard all we were told of the weather we were to encounter on this coast, and believed one half, you would have supposed that there would not have been enough of the ship left to make a tooth-pick of, a week after our arrival. Certain it is that from July to the end of this month it is, generally speaking, the worst coast in the world. No merchant vessels are insured in those months, and according to an order of the British Admiralty, after the 15th June the British men-of-war must leave the ports on the coast. Still, the Frolic this year has made an exception, and so far we have been very fortunate; some think we may still have the equinox, and I think of running out in a day or two to pass under way the coming in of the new moon; the Frolic's, who have become perfect barometers, recommending it. To finish with this subject of weather at once, I will say that at San Blas we found the worst, and more like that which was described to us before leaving California. In the first place, the heat since we made Cape San Lucas on the 31st August, up to our leaving the Anse de la Paz on the 29th September, has been beyond any description I could give,—91°, 92°, 93°, and 94° by day, 84°, 86°, 88°, and 90° by night; this not for one day, but for weeks. At San Blas it is accompanied with dampness and miasmatic exhalations, which exhaust the strength and oppress the spirits. At this place it is generally the same, but somewhat modified in closeness. In the Gulf of La Paz, the heat was quite as high, but the air altogether purer, and the temperature therefore endurable. The great exposure of our crew, however, in rafting water, cutting wood, etc., in the hot sun, and seeking draughts of air, night and day, to cool themselves, brought on a slight epidemic of influenza, but so soon as we got out, with Dr. Maxwell's usual skill and success, it all disappeared. Every evening at San Blas the highlands became covered with clouds, and lightning and thunder commenced; such crashes of the latter, and such flashes of the former, no part of the world can exhibit. They seem for a second or two to leave you stunned and blinded. The rain then comes in avalanches, as if water-spouts were breaking over your decks. Squalls of wind often accompany this, with now and then a whirlwind. One such night we passed under way in the bay,—enough to make us duly thankful for our wonderful exemption during the whole remainder of our visit. The Warren, that went down the week after we left, had them nearly every night.

On the 1st September, after a very good and pleasant passage, we passed the Tres Marias Islands, and on the 2d anchored at San Blas. I sent a boat to the town, which is small, being the seaport of Tepic, the capital of Guadalaxara, situated thirty leagues in the interior. It is deserted during the "tiempo de las aguas," the inhabitants mostly going to Tepic. The boat established the blockade, and in coming out captured a Mexican sloop, just arriving from Mazatlan, loaded with a valuable cargo for the interior. Its name was the Solita. On the next day I intercepted a brigantine (Mexican), likewise from Mazatlan, and also with a valuable cargo for the interior, consisting mostly of cocos, cottons, spear knives, crockery and glassware, wines, etc. This last vessel was leaking, and in a sinking condition. I had to take out the cargo and send her to the bottom. This encumbered my ship very much, besides bringing cockroaches and other vermin on board, of which we were uncommonly free. I wished the cargo was in Jericho, though I was not sorry to have given an effectual check to the impudence of neutral merchants, mostly Germans, Hamburgers, Italians, Spaniards, and Prussians, shipping goods with the President's proclamation of war staring them in the face, from one port of the enemy to another. Our laws relating to prizes and prize goods are very strict, contained in our naval code, and read monthly at the capstan; yet in the absence of marines, our crew would break into the boxes, though everything in the shape of liquor we placed below. Still I found the ship's company drunk one day, and when ferreted out—would you believe it?—a large pine box, iron hooped, giving no indication of its contents, had been broken into in the night, stowed, too, close to my cabin bulkhead, and found to contain boxes of cologne water, from which many of the crew had got drunk. I punished them well the next day, and broke two or three petty officers concerned. This, and another set, who got drunk while watering ship at La Paz, is all I had to do, and I am more and more convinced that a little prompt and well-timed severity is by far the most humane system of discipline.

After cruising eight days off San Blas, sometimes at anchor, sometimes under sail (having previously sent Lieutenant

Rowan to spike twenty-four guns, which the place contained, thereby rendered susceptible of defence against any force that could be brought against it), I steered off for Mazatlan, taking the Solita in tow, having placed an officer and prize crew on board of her. I found the Warren here on the 9th September. She brought me leave from the commodore to cruise after the gunboats, and take the Julia, a schooner which I had written him about as likely to suit the purposes of the squadron, being a fast Baltimore clipper. On this, I bore away for La Paz, or rather Pichilingué, in Lower California, having spent an hour or two on board the Warren with Captain Hull, whose boats had that morning cut out the Mulek Adhel, another clipper vessel from Baltimore, but owned by the Mexicans there. One thousand soldiers looked on stupefied, and Lieutenant Radford, who had command of the boats, told me he had got the brig aground in bringing her out, and that every one of them could have been killed with perfect ease. So soon as they were outside, the Mexican valor rose, tremendous excitement prevailed (there are ten thousand inhabitants in the place), the American consul was ordered to leave the place, and all the Americans. I found Mr. Bolton, the consul in Mr. Parrot's place, on board the Warren. Mr. Mott and family, Americans, had taken refuge on board the Frolic, not being permitted to get to the Warren.

I found some straggling papers of May and June, and got a glimpse of two New Orleans *Picayunes*, with General Taylor's two admirable despatches detailing the battles of the 8th and 9th of May; but before I could read one of them, the near approach of a south-easter was announced. The barometer was falling, the Frolic getting in her boats, the Warren was doing the same, and in the scuffle I jumped in my boat and made out to my own ship, which I had left under sail in the offing.

We crossed the Gulf of California, with fine weather, light winds, and hot as ever, and made the island of Ceraldo and the Californian coast on the 11th; the former laid down fourteen miles too far to the west on our charts. The island and coast of the peninsula are high, broken, and altogether striking looking land, with fanciful shapes; but on a nearer approach, a more barren, burnt-up soil cannot be imagined, denuded of all verdure. It seems fairly calcined.

We made the island of Espiritu Santo on Sunday, the 13th, sailed round its northern end, and entered the passage formed between it and the main, sailing down towards La Paz; the coast of the peninsula on our right hand, rising high in solid walls with flat table tops to it, from which would rise columns, looking like ancient castles and towers.

We had our little service in the morning. It is what I used to read on board the Perry. I have already told you that I can excite no interest whatever. More impenetrable people I never yet saw. I have seen nothing like scoffing in word or look; it is difficult to make out what the sentiment is, whether irreligious, indifferent, or skeptical. I regret this, though it has probably stimulated me in the discharge of my duty, for I permit nothing that I can at all control to interfere with its discharge. I am gradually checking the swearing, which prevailed very much when I first came on board. The midshipmen I have stopped, but the men are much addicted to it, as a matter of course, where the officers have shown the example. But this is a digression.

We had a hard hunt to find the little harbor of Pichilinqué (I believe an Indian word). The island which forms it lies so close to the main that it is very difficult to make out that it is not a part of it. It was nearly dark, and the weather more threatening than we had had, when I discovered a reddish point of land, which corresponded with a point called Colorado on the chart, the Spanish surveyors having been very apt always in naming headlands, etc., in conformity with their peculiarities or particular features. We dashed in without a pilot, the entrance being very narrow, and anchored just at nightfall. Very thankful was I, and a very different night did I pass than I would have done had we been obliged to remain outside, exposed to the currents, in a gulf very imperfectly known then to us; now we are familiar with it all. Early next morning I sent down the boats under Lieutenant Rowan to La Paz, six miles further down this *anse* or bay, having a good harbor, but with not sufficient depth of water for this ship to approach much nearer than Pichilingué, which is surrounded by high hills, and back on the mainland by higher mountains. The reflection from the glassy waters of the harbor, and from the burnt hillsides, is terrific all the month of September. The only vegetation is the cactus, a species which shoots up a main stem about twelve feet high, larger than my arm; three shoots generally, and sometimes four, spring from this and rise to equal height with the centre one, looking like huge candelabra. Nothing in the shape of human habitation can be seen. Rattlesnakes, jackals, wolves, abound. The surralla, a species of polecat, is also very numerous, and as it is almost always rabid, its damage to cattle is extensive. The waters abound in fish, but the sharks are very numerous, which, towards the close of my visit, spoiled my bathing, that every evening was a luxury beyond description, and enables one to get through nights nearly as hot as the days;

but I saw so many and heard of so many more, that I thought it best to run no further risks. It is only the fearless, reckless indifference of sailors that is a match for all these things. They would roam over the hills, some of them barefooted, picking up whatever came in their way, always coming back to the boats with a huge rattlesnake or two hanging from the end of a stick, often only half dead. These snakes, like those in Upper California, are more sluggish than ours, and rarely sound their rattles, and are therefore more dangerous. In this part of the gulf, about Espiritu Santo and several other places, the pearl fishery is carried on with a good deal of activity by the Indians, whose boats and occupations we did not disturb, though they were dreadfully alarmed. They dive thirty, forty, and fifty feet, go two together, carrying each a stick, which serves to root out the oyster and keep away the sharks, by which they occasionally lose their lives. We lost by accident our launch's gun overboard in thirty-five feet water, and employed two to find it, having a mark near the spot where it fell. They failed in this, though they were of great service. We resorted to our usual method, called "sweeping." The moment the ropes would catch something, they would dive down, but came up for many hours, exclaiming, as they reached the surface, "Piedra." Finally we hooked it sure enough, and they took the ropes down and rove them through the ring, and we soon had it on board. It was well we did recover it, for it stood us in good part, and did much service the following week. They brought a good many pearl oysters alongside. You purchase so many, and take your chance of finding pearls; and the oysters are themselves eatable. It is a sort of lottery; many have small pearls in them. The pearl is in the oyster itself, and is doubtless the result of some unhealthy secretion. The shells are taken for ballast in vessels bound for China, and bring a fair price, being used for all the mother-of-pearl work.

October 15th, Thursday.

The boats returned late at night, having taken nine Mexican merchant vessels, big and small, the Julia among them, on board which I placed Lieutenant Selden, with a prize crew, to watch the others. I had told Lieutenant Rowan to tell the governor that no hostilities would be made, no person or property injured, all provision should be paid for, etc., unless provocation would be given. He said the governor was a gentleman, had no means of defence, and would call to see me the following day. Before breakfast he was on board, with a French gentleman to interpret, his secretary, etc. He breakfasted with me, and everything was arranged in the most satisfactory manner. We were to be supplied with water and all we wanted; and he, assuming the safe keeping of the captured vessels, enabled me to dispatch the Julia, disencumber myself of the Susanna's cargo, and, trans-shipping that of the Solita also to her, send her to the commodore at San Francisco. But for this, I know not what I could have done with the prizes but to burn them, about which I had no orders (only to capture), and had also a great repugnance to the measure. My moderate course turned out a very successful one, for we have now a port to get water at, on an enemy's coast, though other supplies are short. I had a correspondence with the governor, which is highly creditable to him. In such matters the lowest Mexican functionary is an adept, showing always facility of expression and great tact. I do not mean by this the governor is a low functionary; he is an ex-colonel in the Mexican army, afterwards a merchant at

Mazatlan, and now merchant and governor in Lower California. His name is Francisco Palacios Miranda. He complained of the utter destitution Lower California had been left in by Mexico. For two years they had not even been noticed as a portion of her territory; that she was utterly defenceless against the smallest force, etc., etc. I could see there had been a disappointment all around that it had not been included in the proclamation of the two commodores. I know not what advantage it would be to us, except as a make-weight in adjusting a treaty of peace. Still, it ought to have been included, as a matter of humanity.

La Paz is a little town of forty houses, of adobe, with thatched roofs, etc., called, I believe, from a treaty of peace made with the Indians there, by Cortez. The governor's house is a good one, and all are adapted to the climate, but all poor. Adventurers, French and Spaniards, are the leading people. I got to know them all, and though I had seized their vessels, they treated me with great civility. Most of these vessels under Mexican flags are owned by neutrals, very few of the Mexicans having either the means or the enterprise to own ships. They seem not to care to make money, save by gambling, and the masses are the most degraded set you can imagine, and religion at a lower ebb even than in Peru; nor are the foreigners settled among them much better.

After watering ship, getting wood, fitting out the Julia, I was on the eve of sailing, when the Warren arrived from Mazatlan. I waited a day more to supply her with some things, to hear her news, etc. She had failed in getting the money for the squadron, but yet hoped to get it through the Frolic. Mr. Bolton, vice-consul, was still on board of her. He and Captain Hull dined with me on the 28th, and on the evening of that day I sailed in chase of the gunboats, and to establish the blockade of the gulf. The day before had been my birthday, in the week before had been yours. * * * I gathered a pretty shell for you on that day. * * * *

In sailing up the gulf we kept on the eastern or California side. The land of this peninsula, and the islands which lie off it, continue to exhibit the same geographical features,—high, broken, irregular, and altogether striking, if not unique. Spiry pinnacles, round knobs, flat tables, deep saddles,—the fancy could see animals of all kinds, or resemblances to inanimate objects, every hour, as we passed. There are no sunken dangers on that side, and we passed along close to the islands of San José, Catalina, Carmencita, all like the mainland, and barren beyond conception; otherwise they would have reminded me of the Grecian Archipelago. We stopped at Loreto, the site of an ancient mission, now a small town, where the principal resident is an American, by the name of Davis. I took his vessel and another one, but left them under his security.

We passed on to Mulegé, another insignificant place, with another American, called Adams, as the principal resident. One of the gunboats had been there, but hearing of our arrival at La Paz, through a man who left there in a small boat, and who had told dreadful stories about us, they had gone over to Guaymas. There was some verdure on Mulegé, and dates were growing in large quantities. We procured some, which were quite a treat.

I left the same afternoon, and shaped our course for Guaymas, which port is situated on the Mexican side, and nearly at the head of navigation for vessels of this size. On the following morning, the 5th of October, we made the land about Guaymas;

it is generally high and striking, and in a short time we saw what, with their usual though sometimes homely felicity, the Spaniards called the *Tetas de Cabra*, a good landmark for the harbor of Guaymas, or rather for Cape Haro, which forms the entrance. After passing this cape, you sail close to the shore, wind your way between the islands, and finally anchor in the inner harbor, opposite a town situated under high hills, which gradually rise into mountains. The country was more green, the islands covered with verdure, though having still the candelabra cactus, as I have named it. The geological features were also remarkable: caverns were washed into the rocks, and red and white strata, and curious conglomerates, caused altogether expressions of delight from the officers, and seemed to arouse, for a moment, the sailors from their usual indifference or contempt of such scenes and effects. But few vessels ever visit that port, and not a soul of our ship's company had ever been there. We found three vessels lying in the harbor, two neutral vessels, one Ecuador, and the other Peruvian; the third was a Mexican, and anchored in a cove, very near the town. At the other extreme of the town we saw what might be a gunboat, hard aground, dismantled, without mast or gun; and a larger one, also dismantled, was pulling to the same place. My first impulse was to send and capture this last one at once; but reflecting if opposition was made, I would have to fire, and the shot going directly into the town, would kill women and children, I determined to wait quietly, to ask their delivery next day, and then burn them; not believing the governor, or whoever was in charge, would undertake to defend them against the ship.

I observed, however, many more soldiers in the place than I had been led to suppose, for I looked upon it very much as one of the defenceless ports in Lower California. That evening, for it was late when we anchored, I had the neutral vessels boarded and warned of the blockade, and the captain of the Ecuadorian one, a Frenchman, came on board to see me on business. Like most of the neutrals, foreigners, or adventurers on this coast, they dislike us, and generally sympathize with the contemptible people and government among whom they are busy making their fortunes. However, as he was loquacious and consequential, I soon contrived to get all out of him I wanted. I found that the individual who had left La Paz in a boat, the ex-captain of my prize, the Julia, had found his way over to Guaymas a week before, and had given the alarm, by propagating terrible stories, in consequence of which reinforcements had been written for. A battalion of troops of the line had arrived. The place had been put in a state of siege, the populace armed, besides the national guard, amounting to two hundred and fifty men more, with several camp and field pieces, and the two guns taken out of the boats. I saw at once that no respect for the town or inhabitants, or their property, would deter a major or colonel from gaining a little fame for himself at the capital, by making, at all events, a *show* of resistance, if not an effectual one, which could have been made in the hands of any respectable nation. I determined, however, to try and gain my ends by moderate measures; and on the following morning, six o'clock, wrote to the commandante of the place what my previous course had been on the coast where no hostilities had been provoked; that I proposed to follow the same line of conduct toward Guaymas and its inhabitants, but he was aware that vessels and munitions of war formed an exception, and that I would request that he cause to be delivered to me the gunboats and a list of Mexican vessels, about which some arrangement might be made, etc. To this he replied that he had heard of my moderation, and so long as I confined myself to the blockade, no hostilities would be undertaken, but that it would not comport with national or military honor to accede to my proposals about the gun-boats, etc., etc.

I then saw that he felt himself able to defend these against my boats; and well he might, if he had the courage to use his means. I wrote to him immediately, that having declined my request, I had only to inform him that I would take the vessels by force; and that unless he evacuated the town by ten o'clock next morning, I would be reluctantly compelled to open fire upon it from the ship, and the consequences involved would rest with him. I told the lieutenant who took the despatch to ask to see the person who represented the American consul, that through him I might notify the inhabitants of what was pending, though this, I was aware, was the business of the commandante. I got no answer that night; but the next morning a boat, under a flag of truce, came off with a Mexican officer, bearing the answer, accompanied by a deputation of neutral merchants, bringing me a letter of introduction from the Spanish vice-consul, deprecating the course I intended to pursue. The letter of the commandante, well written, as usual, wound up by refusing to do that which alone could save me from firing upon the town, and saying the civilized world would judge between us; and for the first time alluded to the place being unfortified. The merchants, mostly Frenchmen, then stated the short notice they had; the impossibility of getting their goods out of the town; that all the property in the town, houses and all, belonged to foreigners;

that no harm could accrue to the commandante, who wanted a little military glory, and it would be nothing to him if the whole town was destroyed; and finally asking for a delay of a few days. They had previously stated that the town was deserted; that Mrs. Robinson, the American consul's wife, had left at one in the morning.

I said, "I must have the vessels. If the commandante thinks he can defend them, he may be right; I cannot give him more time to gather greater reinforcements. I have done all I could to protect neutral property; these are the consequences of war. If you cannot influence the commandante, I am sorry for it, and regret exceedingly the necessity which compels my action. I thought the commandante, situated as he was, could have given up the vessels with perfect honor, and I made the proposition accordingly. I will show him, I think, that he cannot defend them; but to protect my boats against five hundred men under arms, with six, if not eight, pieces of artillery, they must be covered by the fire of the ship, and the town must suffer. I have only to say that I will delay one hour beyond the time I stated, to make up for the one you lost in coming off. At eleven o'clock I will endeavor to redeem my word to the commandante."

I ought to have mentioned they stated that no delay could add to the strength of the place. They left, apparently downcast and chagrined; but I am by no means convinced that they were friendly, and not in league with the commandante. They landed at half past nine, and immediately after a Mexican flag was planted in one of the gunboats, and both were instantly fired and enveloped in flames. A couple of shells from the ship scattered the people from around them; but I determined not to fire further until the time indicated. I felt surprised, and, shall I say, disappointed, when I saw the enemy doing that for us which I had proposed doing ourselves. I should not have been, had he shown any spirit; and, from their preparations, I gave them credit for some, having dug trenches, etc., near the gunboats, and we must have lost some people before getting possession of them; and so long as he did not burn the brig, there was enough left to satisfy the point of honor. Finding the two shells directed toward the boats fell rather short of them, I hauled the ship still further towards the town, so that she lay aground all the time at low tide. I had a couple of angles measured the following morning, and found we were a few yards over half a mile. At about half past eleven I opened upon the town. A mound divides it into two parts, and back of it, to the right, the public square and barracks were situated; a street debouched from there on the cove, and within pistol-shot of the brig. I had the fire concentrated on this spot, and under the cover of the heavy cannonade from the ship, the launch, with its gun, and the cutter (Alligator) left the ship, with Lieutenants Harrison and Higgins, Midshipmen Crabbe and Lewis, and the boatswain, Mr. Collins, with forty-five seamen. I did not apprehend much danger to them, though I said they must show the people on shore how they would have handled the gunboats. Yet, if resistance were offered, which the burning the gunboats had rendered very doubtful, I knew the boats could only succeed through the rapidity and accuracy of the fire from the ship, which would so startle and disturb the soldiers on shore as to prevent them from coming to the beach in a body, and killing every man like so many sheep. To insure such a fire from the ship, I had to deny the first lieutenant, Mr. Rowan, the usual privilege of commanding such expeditions, and told him I must have his services in the battery. As he did not himself believe any resistance would be made, he did not demur, but he has since been very low-spirited about it. The soundness and propriety of my own judgment were confirmed by the event; nothing saved the boats but the shells, and these were nearly every one aimed by Mr. Rowan himself. I watched every movement on shore with a glass, and would detect the spot or object where I wanted a shot or shell lodged, and no one who had not witnessed it could be expected to believe how every assemblage or gathering of men was immediately dispersed. The boats got alongside without the least molestation; the cable of iron was cut with an axe; the small kedge (anchor) had been dropped on their way to the brig, and the rope was now cheerily pulled upon to draw the brig out. At this time she began to draw in a line with our fire, and if our shells had exploded while over them, they would have been destroyed by us. I stopped for a moment; whether from this cessation, or waiting for a time when they thought them a certain capture, the enemy rushed forward into the debouching streets, from the windows, and with a long *eighteen pounder*, accompanied with three cheers, they opened quite a brisk fire. The eighteen pounder whistled by our stern. We instantly resumed the cannonade; three shells were planted in quick succession near the spot where the gun was in the street: one burst, and though killing no one, made such disaster around as to terrify the whole garrison, including the company of Indians, who had made a *detour* to get behind the brig. The foolish sailors, instead of hauling on the warp, would continually drop it to have a crack at a fellow, as they termed it, and thus prolonged the operation. If we had had the marines, they would have been arranged along the deck to fire, while the men would have hauled at their proper work. It became so hot for them, however, that Lieutenant Harrison, fearing at one moment they would not succeed, and knowing I intended to burn the brig, set fire to her. He however still clung to her, and the boats took her in tow. I had again ceased firing, as after the men got ahead in the boats our shells were literally passing over their heads; but instantly again the enemy resumed upon them. We had to silence them a second time, though greatly at the risk of killing our own people. In a few minutes the brig rounded the point, the flames bursting forth in all directions, and the wind being aft, the black smoke rolled over the boats, under which you could discern the white frocks of the men, making as striking a scene as I ever saw. I despatched another boat to assist in towing her into a cove adjoining the ship, where she was entirely consumed. Our officers and people received a hearty welcome. I could see all along that none had been killed, but I could scarcely believe that none had been hurt. It seems an exaggeration or an absurdity to talk of so much firing with muskets, eighteen pounders, and field-pieces from streets and tops of houses at a musket-shot distance, and that no one had been struck, and had I not seen it I should have myself laughed at the account,—yet so it is. The sides of the vessel were well peppered, her masts, the oars of the boats, etc., and the officers, who were very cool, say the balls flew thick and fast, and whistled by from all directions, whenever any cessation from the ship's fire took place.

So soon as the boats were out of danger I instantly stopped firing from the ship. My object was attained. I immediately wrote a reply to the Spanish vice consul's letter of the morning, stating that all the purposes of my visit there having been obtained, and having shown the Mexican commandante, by the successful cutting out of the brig within pistol-shot of the artillery, that my previous forbearance had arisen from a desire to save the property of neutrals, so far as was consistent with my duty, the inhabitants, if they pleased, could return to their homes and occupations without fear of injury from this ship, unless hostilities should be provoked by the Mexican forces, in which case they would be instantly renewed. I sent this to a boat of the Ecuador brig. I remained all that day and night and all the following. The town was silent as the grave; the flagstaff is removed to a more secure place, and they seemed to apprehend that we were going to land. How they could suppose this, I can hardly imagine. With five hundred men under arms, and their houses and barracks to fight from, we could hardly have landed eighty or ninety.

Notwithstanding the deputation of neutral merchants, three hundred mounted Indians of the Yaca tribe, very warlike and friendly to the Mexicans, marched into the town the following evening. We saw them rising the hills, under clouds of dust, just as the sun was setting. Their arrival produced the first signs of life, and until a late hour we heard the drums and bugles, like the Chinese with their gongs, to frighten us away. Four hundred more troops came the following day from Hermosilia, making twelve hundred soldiers in all. I could not but think it was well we had Mexicans to deal with; there we were, three hundred miles up a gulf, with an enemy's coast on both sides, five miles within one of his closest harbors; surrounded by islands and high peaks and projecting points, on any one of which a well-served gun would have annoyed us terribly, if not driven us off. A boat with fire combustibles, with the land wind blowing right from the town every night, could have set us on fire, or kept our boats busy all the time. During our war with England, the people of Stonington kept off a British frigate and her boats with two guns.

October 20th.

On the 9th October we left Guaymas. The weather there had been delightfully pleasant, and the change of season had evidently taken place, which is marked by the prevailing winds changing from the south to the north. No words can describe the luxury of this strange temperature; not enough to create a feeling of chilliness, but some such sensation as that produced by an ice cream on a sultry day. We were outside at Cape Haro by 12 on Friday and found a fine breeze blowing, so instead of being a week or ten days in getting down, we anchored here on Sunday afternoon; finding the Warren only arrived the day before from La Paz, having been four days getting from there. Also H. M. Brig Frolic, of sixteen guns, Captain Hamilton, a very clever person, who has been kind to some of our countrymen during some of these war disturbances. Captain Hull sailed the same evening for San Francisco.

Captain Hamilton came to see me the day after I arrived. From him I got some items of news, and a file of the *Britannia* newspaper gave us scraps of intelligence from the United States up to July, but they were very meagre. Hamilton has been reproved by the British minister at the city of Mexico for not respecting more the rules of neutrality. His facilities offered the Warren, etc., were spoken of; so he is a good deal frightened off. We cannot get a note answered by any one on shore. There are several renegade Americans there, who are now Mexican citizens, who receive late papers every week but we cannot get a sight of them. Captain Hull asked them to let him have them for me. They replied, "Oh, we could not, for they are abusing the navy on the other side for being inactive, and these gentlemen here will think themselves obliged to do something."

Captain Hamilton came again to see me yesterday. He has his own troubles, and comes to unburden himself to me. The truth is the Mexicans, who discovered their mistake about receiving the alliance of the English and even the French, are getting very abusive of the former (of the latter there are scarcely any here), and they always take some stupid brutal way of showing it. An old Englishman many years a resident, and I believe married to a Mexican woman, died a few days since. A desperate effort was made by the priests to convert him to Romanism, but the old fellow was resolute to the last, and went out of the world shaking his head and waving the padres from around him. At this they were furious, and refused to bury him in the churchyard, and they had to inter him on an island outside the harbor. The Frolic sent her boats, and all the English residents and other Protestant foreigners attended. As they were going to step into the boats, they were stopped by the sentry and officer of the guard, and told no one could pull out of the harbor while it was blockaded. The whole procession was thrown into confusion. Hamilton insisted upon their going, which they did. The next day he addressed the governor, who wrote him back a very insolent letter. Talbot, the vice consul, has pulled down his flag, and if another English vessel of war should come in, I have no doubt *they* would bombard the town *instead* of us. We hear of General Taylor taking Monterey, but no particulars, except that an armistice has been agreed upon.

How much I wish to hear from you! * * *

Nearly seven months since the date of your last letter! I hope to get something from you as late as May by Mr. McRae, if by chance you were told of his leaving the United States. He came with despatches across Panama, got up here it appears in some small vessel, and contrived to charter a Mexican brig, the Republicana, to take him up to the commodore, whom he fell in with at Santa Barbara, California. To this brig the commodore gave a license to return here; Hull let her pass in, and the captain of the brig was foolish enough to go in; he was immediately seized, thrown into prison, and Hamilton tells me he is to be shot.

This blockading is very tedious, and our living is beginning to show we are in an enemy's country. Until now we have made out very well. We have lost too the delightful coolness of the gulf. It is still warm here; the nights however are endurable. A grass hammock which I purchased at Callao, spread over my mattress, has been the greatest comfort, and until I got it I had no rest.

23d October.

The monotony of our present life (blockading) was relieved day before yesterday by the arrival of the French corvette, the Brilliante, from San Francisco and Monterey. I sent a lieutenant with the usual message of civility, and he brought a confused account that the small force left at the Pueblo de los Angeles had been surprised and cut off or made prisoners, etc., etc. This caused us much concern.

The other incident, which produced a couple of days talk, arose from the unexpected receipt of some three or four numbers of the weekly New Orleans *Picayune*, with a file of Mexican papers. For these we are indebted to Mr. Bissell, an American merchant of Mazatlan, who contrived to get permission to return there for a few days under escort of three dragoons.

These papers go down to the 24th of August, and contain many items of deep interest to us. There was also a New York *Tribune*, which contained the new and monstrous tariff, which I was very anxious to see. Like all previous attempts or the kind, it places low duties on foreign fabrics, and a higher one on the raw material from which these are made.

I perceive Mr. Clayton fought to the last for the manufacturers, and it strikes me he has been more than ever distinguished this last session.

We have the particulars here of the Monterey capitulation. If the Government of the United States and the people knew the Mexicans as we do, who have seen them *de pres*, they would never make peace until after entering the capital. I have never known or read of a people where ignorance and arrogance held such complete sway — and who more deserve punishment, through which they may be enlightened. There has been some rally for their country, and some fighting on the other side, for which I respect them, and which shows perhaps they are not entirely past cure; but nearly every man in office is sullied with some crime, that in any other country would bring him to the gallows.

I wonder if it has occurred to any of our terrific democrats, who can swallow up the world, to think that if such outlays and preparations are necessary for a country like Mexico, what would have been the state of things if England had been concerned. We smile here at the list of generals created. The *Picayune* says "they are doubtless as good and able any other persons could be, who were wholly unacquainted with what they were going about."

Saturday, October 31st.

Another week has rolled on. Not a sail has appeared to break the dull monotony of the blockade. We feel more than ever lonely, for the Frolic has gone closer in, while we are still three miles off. Our communication is also effectually cut off, unless we send in a boat ourselves, which attracts attention and compromises the English officers, so we do not often indulge our strong inclination to do so; still I sent off Mr. Price, the purser, yesterday, perceiving some indication of the Frolic sailing, and he there found a late paper from the city of Mexico (8th October), containing *within* a letter from Mr. Bissell. He says that the Durango mail is in, but brings nothing to be relied upon; reports, however, that our troops have entered Chihuahua, and that General Kearney is on his way to California. Mr. B. says the Mexicans, while they award all credit to General Taylor and the regular troops for their scrupulous regard to persons and property, are representing great excesses as being committed by the Texas troops.

2d November.

A boat is coming from the French corvette, and I believe she is going to Valparaiso, which might give me a chance to send this long letter to William Hobson to forward. My time here is drawing to a close, and no relief has come for us; but I have just provisions to carry me to San Francisco, and I must be off.

My love to all, individually and collectively. I think of every individual in his or her turn; of dear Amelia, Julia, Charles, his tariff and troubles, etc., etc.

Of dear sister Victorine I had a very agreeable memento the other day, one which I have enjoyed more than words can express. I had never opened Arnold's Lectures;* the paper which you had put around the book and sealed had never been touched. I had got tired and stupefied with Vattel's Law of Nations, Kent's Commentaries, and authorities about blockades, when I instinctively put my hand upon Arnold, and in tearing off the cover, saw "To my dear brother Frank, from V. E. B.," in dear sister's handwriting. It had all the freshness of a new gift of love; and the perusal of the work, whether from the ennui of the service I am on, or the many appropriate things it contained having a bearing on the times and present state of war, or my great sympathy with the author,—all have made it a treat, the extent and value of which I am unable to convey to you. For instance, just after hearing of the excesses of the Texas volunteers, I read the Duke of Wellington's famous and curious French letter about pillage. Then the blockade of Genoa, by Keith,—the author's opinions about guerilla warfare, in which I share every sentiment,—his views about the fanatics in relation to capital punishments,—are all items which have such a response in my bosom, that I am reading the book slowly on purpose to prolong the enjoyment.

I have just had a visit from the French captain, Mons. du Bouget. He has kindly offered to take our mail bag to Valparaiso. I shall probably be back on this coast by January. This letter will be long reaching you; but I am induced to believe my notes sent you through Mexico will reach you. I am going to try another; the difficulty is to get them to the merchants here, now all English, for they are afraid of their neutrality. If the letter can get to them without being enclosed to them, they will receive it, and forward with pleasure.

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*Arnold's Lectures on History.

The French captain promises to do this for me, and I will risk it.

Our monotony was relieved on Saturday and yesterday by two small sails undertaking to run the gauntlet close in shore, into the old harbor, as it is termed. Our two boats put out, and ran them on shore. Our boats were fired into by the troops, and by the artillery, and the balls whistled about them, but no one was hurt. Yesterday, again, two more came; and as I moved the ship closer in, our boats cut them off again from the harbor, and they ran on shore and beached them. There was a grand fuss; the troops were out, and were firing into the boats. Four boats, loaded with soldiers, put out to cut off ours; but our boats turning upon them, they soon put back, jumped out on the beach, and scampered off like good fellows. The shot from the long guns passed directly over the boats every time, but our men possess a charmed life. I have, however, stopped the business, as it leads to nothing; they can always run on shore before our boats can reach them. The life of one of our men is worth more than all of them put together. Still, it has given us some excitement, and great sport for the crew, who are now thoroughly practiced, and used to the whistling of the shot. They have been delighted with the cruise, so far, but they will all want provisions of one kind or another before long.

On the 30th last was seven months since your last date.
* * What would I not give for a letter! * *
I could not help thinking much of you yesterday (Sunday).
* * * What Sabbaths we military men must spend! We had our little service in the morning; in the afternoon cannon was roaring, men excited, all bustle, etc. On finishing, afterwards, one of Arnold's sermons, the last in the book, I

proposed putting a note at the end of it, which I still retain in my mind. * * *

Again my love to all at home and around, friends and all; to our District* friends, when you write, Clementina, etc. I hope you have good news from Eleu* and the doctor; but they will be back before this reaches you, I hope, both well, and delighted. My love to Mary. How gets on Jim? How the season makes me speculate whether you have shut up again. I almost hope you have, and perhaps gone to Philadelphia.

United States Ship Cyane, Dec. 8th, 1846.
Sancelito, Bay of San Francisco.

We arrived at this place on the 1st of this month, after a cruise of three months and upwards; having left San Pedro in August last. Through the kind mercy and protection of our Heavenly Father, everything has prospered with me to a degree that overflows my heart with gratitude—and if I can only live such a life in deed, word, and thought as to deserve continuance of this divine favor, I trust he will not, save for some wise purpose, withdraw it from me. I have asked counsel and protection from above, and have not permitted myself to rely on my own resources alone.

On the 2d of November I took our mail-bag to the French captain, who promised to deliver to Mr. Hobson.

I let the Brilliante get out of sight that night, and then weighed anchor to run down into San Blas before leaving the coast. From this point I therefore resume my journal.

It took me just a week to run down to San Blas, and return to Mazatlan. There was nothing at the former place, and we could see no change at the latter. I ran close in on the evening of the 8th, and this being the last day which I had told my officers I would remain on the coast, and finding, moreover, that what bread we had for the crew was full of worms, I shaped my course reluctantly for Cape San Lucas, on our way to this port. It was well I did, for no vessel was yet sent down, and our blockade will be a laughing-stock.

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* District of Columbia.

It is generally difficult to "fetch" Cape San Lucas, but with our usual good fortune we brought some twenty-five miles to windward, and on the morning of the 10th found ourselves off the town of San José, Lower California. The anchorage is an exposed bay, and you must run close to the beach to get bottom. It would not answer to lay there except in the good season.

Our arrival and movements were watched, as we afterwards learned, with intense interest, for we were the first vessel of war that had anchored there. The town stands a little back, some twenty minutes ride, built as usual of adobe and thatched roofs, with here and there a better-looking house, plastered, etc. The inhabitants had crowded down to the beach to receive our boats. Like in all Lower California, the coast range of mountains appears—striking, volcanic, arid, and burnt, but a broad fertile valley, tolerably watered, debouches on the sea, on the bay of San José. I remember nothing finer in its way than looking up this valley from the ship before we anchored, when a little south of the town. The atmosphere is so clear and pure that every ridge, spur, pinnacle, or outline stands out with perfect distinctness. A bird sitting on a cliff near a thousand feet off would be seen instantly; then the contrast of the green of the valley with the barrenness of the hills and mountain sides was very fine. Immense groves of bananas could be discerned, and fields of sugar cane, with a date palm here and there.

We found at San José our countryman Mr. Mott, of the firm Mott, Talbot & Co., Mazatlan; the former had to leave, and preferred getting over to California rather than going into the interior of Mexico. His partner, an Englishman (a very convenient arrangement for the times), remained in Mazatlan to attend to their business. Mr. Mott's wife and two children were with him, and as they had left the best house in Mazatlan, she evidently found the exile hard to bear. I spent the day with Mr. Mott; had a ride on horseback, and a walk round the small place; called on the prefect and alcalde, who had been on board, and returned at sundown, much invigorated, not having had my foot on *terra firma* since September. We procured a large supply of fresh provisions, beef, sheep, turkeys, ducks, fowls, butter and milk, fine bananas, sweet lemons, and *sour* oranges, but delightful to us. The price is high, but not exorbitant; and we were so delighted with this unexpected relief to our hard living (for we had got down to salt beef and wormy bread, and hard *unboilable* beans,—no tea and but little coffee left), that we did not stand upon prices much, as you may suppose. We laid in plenty of vegetables, such as the place afforded, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and onions; and in the early morning of the third day we sailed, with three bullocks on board, and sheep and pigs. The crew had thus ten consecutive days of fresh provisions, which took the pickling out of them, to their own great delight and the doctor's comfort, who thought it high time to take them off a salt diet.

The people there were very friendly, and they will long remember our visit, for we left a thousand dollars behind us, ship's bills and all. We filled our water also, from a river which empties into a bay near the anchorage. Altogether, in our exploration on the eastern coast of California, it is the best place to recruit, but it will not answer to go there in the south-easter season. A clever man, by the name of Ritchie, whose vessel I had taken, but to whom I had given a license to sail her for certain considerations,* had come up from San Lucas to get it extended, which I readily did, on Mr. Mott's recommendation. This man left his mule and came down with me in the ship, to show me the anchorage under the cape, where he has his rancho, and supplies whalers with beef and vegetables. On our way down we saw and chased a man-of-war, sure of finding it the Portsmouth, but she hoisted English colors, and it was, doubtless, the Fisgard going to relieve the Frolic. I stood into the bay formed by a spur of Cape San Lucas. It is a deep *cul de sac*, without anchorage until close up; some remarkable rocks, called the *Frailes*, form the southern point. Finding the wind become light, I landed Ritchie in a boat, which he sent back with a couple of dear little lambs and some preserves of the country, made from the fruit of the prickly pear, which is an excellent jam.

We thus saw in our cruise all the harbors on the eastern coast of California. The wind freshened at 1 o'clock (13th November), and off we started for "Alta Califorńia," delighted with our San José visit, but almost sad at a long, tedious, and boisterous passage of some thirty-five days at least, to get provisions, which we were pretty sure would not be here.

Instead of a long and gloomy passage, we had the shortest yet made,—seventeen days; we were off the port two days, the weather squally and cloudy, with rain and hail, and very disagreeable for that time. The distance direct from Cape

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*Supplying the blockading fleet with beef, etc.

San Lucas is not much over a thousand miles, but the prevailing winds throw you much to the westward before you can make your northing, and you have often to sail two or three thousand miles. On her last passage from Mazatlan to Monterey, which is a hundred miles to the south of this, this ship, under Captain Mervine, was driven to 143° west longitude, nearly to the Sandwich Islands. But in our present trip we only went to 132°, and made the run in fifteen days' less time.

I was, on Sunday, the 29th November, some thirty miles from our port, but the wind being dead on shore, I had to haul off. On Monday we stood in, and by sunset we were off the bar. Two hours more of daylight would have got us in. The weather suddenly changed, was very squally, and I stood off under a heavy press of canvas. I was just leaving the deck to get my tea, when I happened to notice the appearance of an unusually heavy squall, and ordered the officer of the watch to get in his top-gallant sails as quick as possible. Fortunately this was done, but the gust overtook us before the other sails were reduced, and we were thrown over pretty well by it. The foresail blew right out of its roping, and one or two other sails were split. The ship behaved most nobly,—though literally empty, went over only to a certain point and there stuck. She must have gone thirteen knots. There was no confusion, and, after all was through, only lasting a few minutes, I was glad of the opportunity of seeing further excellent qualities in the ship. The fact is she is a very superior vessel, perfectly safe, and true as steel in all her evolutions. She ought, under some circumstances, to sail faster, but you cannot unite everything; or rather, it is very rare to do so.

That night I kept close to the land, and near to some rocks, called the Farallones, which lay to the west of San Francisco. At daylight we made sail, and soon got hold of the points of land we wanted. A bar lies off the mouth of the harbor, distant about six miles, upon which the sea often breaks all the way across. By bringing the fort, or where it formerly stood, in a line with an island inside, called Alcantrezes, you carry in the deepest water. We passed in finally. The shores approach each other, and at the fort point the entrance is narrow. There are some rocks to be avoided on each side. Altogether, it is not easy of access; but I brought with me Beechy, and his directions are excellent. After passing the fort, we inclined to the northern shore, rounded a point, and stood into one of the arms of this great bay, anchoring in a cove called Saucelito. High mountains are towering about us, with green pasturage to the very tops, and cattle grazing hundreds and hundreds of feet above us. It is very picturesque, and after the parched and arid appearance of Lower California, the contrast is very pleasing. The bay is studded with islands, mostly barren, however. The shores rise in Alpine grandeur, but have a volcanic appearance. Great arms of it extend to the south fifty miles, where the mission of Santa Clara is. Over in this direction it extends to the bay of San Pablo, which swells out into a large size; then in the northeast contracts into an estuary, or straits, and there receives the famous Sacramento and San Joachim. The currents and tide run with great swiftness and irregularity. Heavy gusts of wind come down the *quebradas*, and from off the islands, rendering boat-sailing very dangerous. Clusters of trees here and there, but not in abundance, relieve the rugged aspect of the mountain tops; but during the rainy season, which is at present, their sides being clothed with verdure, the hard volcanic look is softened down. Beyond the range which surrounds the bay, the plains and valleys are rich.

This bay, itself, deserves its reputation, being very safe, very extensive, with depth of water to admit the Pennsylvania, and room for all the navies in the world. A city like New York may rise in the next fifty years upon its shores. As yet, it is in all the grandeur of nature. The Presidio of the Spaniards is in ruins, on the other side from where we lay; the mission not much better. A small miserable town, which looks like a suburb of Honolulu, called Yerba Buena, lies opposite to the island of that name, a couple or three miles to the right of the entrance. The shipping is seen from our anchorage, which is still wider, and without habitation, but contiguous to the fresh water and running mountain streams, from which we get our supply. Deer cover the islands and shores and hills; wild geese, ducks, snipe, and plover are in abundance; the wild celery grows in parts of the bay, and the canvas-back is with it.

We found the Savannah at anchor in this cove with a whaler; a French transport overhauling, which had been dismasted; the American ship Moscow which we had left at San Pedro, one of those droghers or trading ships so well described by Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast." Across the bay at Yerba Buena we saw some tall masts towering above the point without seeing the hulls, which we took for the Congress and the Portsmouth. The latter soon made her number, which we could discern with a glass, to my infinite joy, for I had not seen Missroon. The other ship proved the poor old rickety Warren.

No Congress, neither the Julia, my prize, nor the Malek

Adhel, the prize of the Warren. Speculation was rife; we had heard from the French corvette at Mazatlan a vague story of our people having been driven out of the Pueblo de los Angeles, which gave *us* some concern *specially*, because when we left San Pedro our marines were there, and likely to be left. We had no sooner anchored than Hitchcock came on board and gave me details, which I transmit for your edification. In order that you may have a clear understanding of the whole, I will take up succinctly all the operations from the beginning, much of which I am aware my previous letters will give you, but probably not so consecutively as to have made them very intelligible.

The squadron, under Commodore Sloat, was early ordered to keep near the coast of Mexico, to be within reach of despatches from Washington, or from Mr. Slidell, then in Mexico. For this reason it lay a long time at Mazatlan, and Commodore Sloat finally received directions, if hostilities should break out, to take immediate possession of the ports of Monterey and San Francisco. At the end of May or beginning of June, he received, through commercial letters at Mazatlan, intelligence of the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, not very circumstantially stated, yet to be in a great measure relied upon. Leaving one ship (the Warren) to wait further news, he proceeded at once to Monterey with his frigate the Savannah, the Portsmouth, and this ship. The Erie store ship was despatched for provisions to the Islands, where *we* met her in the Congress. The vessels arrived in Monterey about the 1st July. Commodore Sloat hesitated a good deal about acting, felt the responsibility, particularly after Jones's affair. His officers, young and old, pressed him hard; yet not having the official information of General Taylor's battles, he would possibly have waited the return of the Warren for their confirmation. In this juncture the Bear party, as it is now known and called, had hoisted their standard, a description of which I gave you in a previous letter. It was highly important this movement should be arrested, or receive directions from some competent and known authority, otherwise these men would declare the independence of the country, and the United States have to treat with them for it,—in fact, another Texas. Recent events have proved, however, that they would have been utterly unable to conquer the country. Be this as it may, Commodore Sloat, having despatched the Portsmouth to San Francisco, on the 7th of July took possession of the two places, and issued his proclamation, offering protection to life, property, religion, etc. Things worked very smoothly, and his course was on the whole judicious. There was a nervous anxiety to see what course the English admiral would take. He followed soon after, and disclaimed all interference. From Monterey north, the feeling of the majority of the Californians was with us, without a doubt. José Castro, a colonel, but usually called general, the commandant, and a Californian by birth, had returned towards the Pueblo de los Angeles, with a very small force of one or two hundred mounted men, ill paid and equipped, but with some artillery. This officer had succeeded Michel Toreno, the *Mexican* General, who had been chased out of the province by the Californians. Pio Pico was the civil governor of the province, the head of the party of the south, or southern part of the province, resided at the Pueblo, and was the political enemy of Castro. A common enemy in their country induced a reconciliation. They united their forces at the capital, but never had over three hundred men, though every inducement and every means of coercion was employed to recruit,—tending, I think, more than any other circumstance, to show the mass of the people wished a change.

This was the condition of things when the Congress arrived—long wished for—long out of time—particularly after the flourish about "California and Oregon" which accompanied her departure. We were boarded by Hitchcock just before we anchored, and informed of the hoisting of the American flag. A week passed while the Levant was preparing to take Commodore Sloat to Panama, leaving Commodore Stockton in command of the squadron; who could not remain satisfied, and wait events, but must extend.

As you know, I took on board this ship Major Frémont and his party, and took them to San Diego, where we hoisted our flag, and found the people friendly. In the meantime the Congress arrived at San Pedro. The commodore landed his crew—the usual military etiquette with enemies was unobserved; for Castro sent a flag of truce, which was cavalierly sent off without an answer. It is thought he wanted to treat, the most desirable thing possible for the success of the cause.* Castro retreated, having no great force; and ignorant how easily, with his field-pieces, he could have cut every man to pieces on the first night of their march. The Pueblo was taken, and people seemed friendly. Many marines and sailors were kept there. The Warren arrived at San Pedro, bringing the President's proclamation. This was the source of public notices for elections, civil government arranged, proclamations issued, etc. The flag was announced as flying from "every commanding position in the country," and despatches sent home by the Santa Fé route, to carry the tidings. Things were about in this state when I sailed from San Pedro for the coast of Mexico, leaving the Congress at the former place, and the commodore, with some two hundred men, our marines included, still at the Pueblo.

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*All could have been settled with him (Castro). He did not wish to leave the country; is a Californian, and his wife was still in Monterey.

The Congress returned to Monterey in the beginning of October, leaving the Pueblo to be guarded by Lieutenant Gillespie, and some fifty men of the California battalion,—a great mistake, for the people of the country cannot abide those men, while the marines and sailors, with their officers, have always commanded their respect and confidence,—and well they might. Discipline, order, and humanity are the characteristics of the one, while a partisan, cruel spirit has developed itself in the other. The Congress brought off the Savannah from Monterey, and both came to this port, San Francisco. The Portsmouth had had charge for many months of this bay and surrounding ports. Captain Montgomery is an excellent man, a man of conscience and religion,—and fortunate in having had such a second as Missroon, who has shown zeal, activity, and intelligence—brave, honorable and considerate. As at Monterey, alcaldes had to be appointed at Yerba Buena, to replace the previous local authorities, for the purposes of police and administering the usual municipal functions of a town. This post has been given to Lieutenant Bartlett, whom you may remember hearing of, and probably saw, when we were in Washington. He was attached to the surveying brig at the yard. He has some smartness, I presume, with a thirst for notoriety. When the commodore arrived, he (Bartlett) got up a "town meeting," and all sorts of fuss for the reception of the "governor-general." Processions, two bands of music, addresses and replies, figure in the "Californian," edited by an ex-doctor from Illinois, and the Rev. W. Colton,—published at Monterey. News had just arrived that trouble had broken out at the Pueblo. An express had reached in an incredibly short period, having been once or twice wounded, or shot at, and delivered a paper cigar, inside of which was written, "Believe the bearer," and signed by Gillespie. The Savannah was despatched to San Pedro; she went with a gallant crew, good officers, not a piece of field artillery, while nine fine guns, taken from the Pueblo, were on board the Congress. Her captain, my predecessor here, a very brave man, rushed on to see what was the matter, and replace whatever had been undone. He finds Gillespie had been surprised at the Pueblo, an insurrection had taken place, his supply of water had been cut off, and he was compelled to capitulate, having taken refuge on an American ship at San Pedro. The crew of the Savannah was landed; with Gillespie's force, making some three hundred men. They commenced the march, not a horse, not a field-piece. The first night the enemy hovered round them, and harassed them with impunity, riding up and firing, and galloping off like deer. The sailors and marines marched on, when some six hundred well mounted men appeared, with a four-pound field-piece, with no intention to stand, but to fire and fall back, which they did with fatal effect. Every time the gun was fired a man was wounded. In this kind of warfare, with a simple musket, the sailors, officers, and marines chased men on horseback, with horses dragging their field-piece, for eighteen miles; following them up, cheering all the while, the Californians laughing at them. Ten men were wounded—two died. When the folly of the enterprise was perceived, they marched back the eighteen miles, carrying the wounded in their blankets. The enemy unaccountably, though still firing, did not approach the landing-place, and they embarked in safety. The enemy appeared the day after their embarkation, on the banks of San Pedro, where two ranchos

I have spoken of in previous letters form the only settlement. The family of one, an Englishman with a Californian wife and children, moved on board the Savannah. Mr. Alexander, an American, made collector, had been made a prisoner while out on a scouting party. These houses were robbed and plundered, and were the resort of nightly orgies.

Presently the Congress arrives to look into matters. A second expedition is planned; all the men that can be spared from both frigates are landed, with nine pieces of field artillery well mounted; the Savannah's crew burning with anxiety to retrieve their repulse. All are concentrated round the ranchos and within them. Only Gillespie's men are shown, to draw the enemy into an ambuscade. The surrounding heights show horsemen reconnoitring after daylight. Some six hundred are known to be two miles off. The commander-in-chief lands, gives some queer orders, goes back to the ship, and in the night sends orders to re-embark all the forces. An attack was momentarily expected, but the order was obeyed. The usual confusion of getting into the boats ensued, and had the enemy appeared and used their means of attack (a high bank overlooking the spot of embarkation), not a man need have been allowed to get off to the ship. This order has not yet been explained. The Congress then started for San Diego, with already one pilot on board; she took the Savannah's — a third came out to meet them,—enough to run any ship ashore, which they did. She got off however without injury, but ran off to sea again without entering. The Savannah ran out of San Pedro, on account of a south-easter, and the ships met. They kept together, steering for the north; when they separated, the Savannah ordered here (San Francisco), and the Congress suddenly wheeling to the south. It is supposed she has made another attempt to enter San Diego, and succeeded.

In connection with the above events, we all asked on arriving, what had led to this change of feeling on the part of the Californians, or were we altogether mistaken in relation to them? Accounts differ somewhat as to the cause of the movement at the Pueblo. Those who had good opportunity of judging, some Americans who were there, give us to infer that there was great want of judgment and tact on the part of Gillespie. He got to issuing restrictive edicts in relation to matters touching these people in their most cherished social habits,—habits which, however we may look at them, are part and lot of their existence, the correction of which would be for after years. For instance, he ordered that no one should play cards after 10 p. m. Why, half these people sleep half the day that they may pass the night gambling. It was far better they should be left, for the present at all events, to their usual amusements, than for want of it to go to plotting resistance. Galloping horses in the town was also prohibited. This is the very place selected to show off their horsemanship, the finest in the world; and so on. Another thing had probably still more to do with it. One of the leaders named Flores, who had given his parole, applied to Gillespie for a pass to go to Mexico, having prepared to move his goods and chattels. This was refused, on apparently trivial grounds. This exasperated Flores, and he told Gillespie he would have to ask a favor of *him* before long. This man set to work to rouse his countrymen to resistance. Their great dislike to the volunteers, and the small number of the latter, eighty I believe, which wounded their pride (a pride which would not have been offended by the regular forces, as I have said above, so different was the bearing of these towards the people),—all this seemed to have made them rise as one man, with patriotic valor. Those who had given their parole, or taken oaths of allegiance, were doubtless eased of all concern about that, by the priests' telling them all words passed to a heretic were of no avail. Be all this as it may, they very soon sent Mr. Gillespie off, allowing him very liberal terms, and with him the prestige of our superiority fled.

December 17th.

Much to say since last date, but cannot do it now. In this last paragraph the mistake which is attributed to Gillespie, about refusing Flores permission to go to Mexico, is due to the commodore. *He* refused; so the American who interpreted told me yesterday. I correct my account, for I wish to do injustice to no one. I believe I have thus pretty well posted you up in our affairs. We are all wise after events have occurred, and should remember this in discussing the conduct of individuals. Without therefore saying that *I* would have done this or that, I will merely say that it is to be deplored that the occupation had not been limited to Monterey and this port, with, if they pleased, a sloop-of-war at San Diego,—in other words, to go where the ships could be taken and protect the places occupied, or offer a certain place of retreat if overwhelmed by superior forces, until reinforcements could arrive. Conciliation, friendly tone, evidences of the prosperity which might be expected to ensue; circulars addressed to the leading men of the country, such as Vallejo at Sonoma and Bandini at San Diego, Alvarado, Pio Pico, and others, asking their views as to measures best calculated to improve the country and people; questions in relation to land tenures and the Indian race,—this, while flattering to these people, would have made them feel as if they would have more influence in their country than they ever enjoyed under the Mexicans; with many other moral incentives to help us, besides getting information truly valuable for the proper organization of the country. But blunders are thickening,—attempts already at reformation in Monterey, excise duties on spirits (illegal in our own country) to promote temperance, prohibiting cards, and all such short-sighted miserable goadings, to make a people feel they are a fallen foe, instead of a friendly accession.

Now let me tell you how happy and surprised I was to have the Dale come in upon us most unawares, about six months from New York, stopping at Rio, Valparaiso, Callao, Mazatlan, and San José, the latter two days after we left it. I was delighted to see McKean; but he is very sick of the dropsy, yet I hope he will improve. I got your letters; * * * * another blessing from our Heavenly Father, who has bestowed so many upon me of late. The good bishop's prayers were heard, I am sure; thank him gratefully for me. It is singular, since about a month I have been planning a letter to him, because I thought it would be agreeable, and for a better reason too—because I thought this country should soon be occupied by laborers from the church. The Catholic religion is in its lowest state, and the whole foreign population without any ministers whatever, and without a shadow of religion. This I look upon as a better field than if any very wrong opinions should have been started. This will soon be, for the wretched Mormons are increasing. All the crimes of a border life, cruelty and freebooting, are pretty rife. The Californians are idle, love cards, but I believe are free of many of the Spanish vices; while these Mormons are bringing not only irreverence of law and order, save their own, but sensual immoralities; their chiefs being the most corrupt of men.

I sent you a short letter by the Sandwich Islands. I leave this with Hitchcock, who will send it by a safe opportunity, or retain to go home in the Savannah, if she *ever* gets home.

I was greatly surprised to hear we might look for Irvine Shubrick in a few days. Though I felt much for his protraction of service, yet it will be a varied and honorable cruise, on three stations. I leave a long letter here for him. I am off in the morning for San Diego.

I agree with you in the main in regard to the war, but really think the arrogance of Mexico, resisting appeals to enter into friendly relations, and then refusing overtures of peace, has not put all the aggression on us.

Our duties, in such emergencies, are very hard,—I mean *morally* hard; but they are yet to be executed with zeal and firmness.

U. S. Ship Cyane, Christmas, 1846.
Off the Island of St. Clement,
Coast of Upper California, bound for San Diego.

I cannot permit this day of holy and domestic associations to pass without inscribing a few lines to you. * * * I have just read the morning lessons for the day, with some pages in Sacra Privata, a little book of yours, now the companion of Daily Food. I like it excessively, for I find in it, now and then, just the things that are in my own mind, but that I cannot find language to repeat, or ask for. * * My thoughts have been with you and our home-circle nearly all the time since I rose, picturing to my mind many little incidents likely to happen—not the gay, large assemblage of New Year's—but the quiet and more thoughtful temper—wending your way, possibly with sister Victorine, to church, amidst the uninterrupted occupations of the masses around you.

Here we have enjoyed the day also; it is the first of sunshine since we left San Francisco, on last Saturday, the 19th, an anniversary of mine, it being the day I was appointed in the navy. Alas! thirty-one years ago!

We have not had our usual good fortune of making a quick passage, though, if we get in to-morrow, which seems now probable, it will not be very long. After spending the winter or south-easter season on the coast of Mexico, we returned in time to this upper region to pass the corresponding one here. Rains, thick weather, and dense fogs rendered the navigation very trying and perplexing, owing to the gross inaccuracies of all our charts. Without childish timidity on the one hand, nor undue boldness on the other, I put all my best intelligence to the task, spare no pains, physical or mental, and act from the best results I can get; trusting to a kind and merciful Providence for the rest. So far I have always been successful, and I could tell you some strange escapes I have made.

In my reading this cruise, I have been impressed with a historical fact, that most or all men who accomplished great deeds did not rely alone or in any great degree upon their *genius;* never upon what the vulgar call *luck.* The two greatest warriors of our day, Napoleon and Wellington, were emphatically painstaking men. The former, towards the last, began to rely upon his *destiny,* which marked the commencement of his decline. What ought not, therefore, people occupying very humble spheres, with abilities still more humble, to do, to fill the the measure of their small circle, devoting to it all their energies? I am ever reminded nowadays of a remark of yours, "People will not read, or remember if they do," by events that are transpiring round me. No man can reject the experience of the past with impunity. My own mind has undergone some change, which I would believe for the better, though I cannot analyze. I never read a book now, or even a newspaper paragraph, without making some general or personal application of the facts or incidents which strike me, and my interest in reading is much enhanced.

I think I can see the origin of this change in Arnold's works. His Lectures on History, of which I spoke in my last letter, have commenced a new era for me in all that department of literature. The increased interest and power of comprehension and perception with which, on laying it down, I took up Thiers' Napoleon, I cannot express to you,—and the lessons which I seemed to take in at every page, applicable to every incident going on around me, were truly remarkable.

But this is a digression, having taken up the pen to talk to you in another strain. * * *

I confess, however, it begins to be a drawback to my happiness and comfort in writing to you to find how slowly my letters are moving toward you. The two preceding numbers to this are still in the Pacific, and no one can tell when they will get out of it, or whether this will not stumble upon an opportunity which will put it in advance of either. I feel hopeful that they will all eventually reach you, and give you, I trust, some comfort, as well as interest you. No. 8, the one to follow that by R. Trapier, spreading from July 24th to the end of October, I sent by the French corvette to William Hobson; which corvette had not left the coast of Mexico in the middle of November. I want you much to get this letter, for it contains all the items in consecutive form of my cruise since the declaration of war. No. 9 I left with Hitchcock, to watch the first safe opportunity from San Francisco.

I want you also to get that letter, for it contains the operations in California during my absence, blockading Mexico. I wish it the more to reach you safely, for it is very confidential and unreserved. It is, I know, dangerous to write in this way, but I cannot help it, for my position prevents any familiar discussion of the acts of my superiors; no interchange of sentiments on many points. This of course increases my desire to pour out all to you, who can understand, judge, and sympathize. Yet, even to you things *written* may seem harsh and uncharitable, when if I could *tell* them to you, they would not so strike you. Certain it is, I pray to be kept from a censorious spirit, which I fear may have indulged in, in my life, without meaning evil, but which may have been so in its effects. I surely harbor nothing in my heart against a human being, though I would like to induce some to act and think differently from what they do.

In my last I informed you of the arrival of the Dale, and the receipt of several of your letters. Two days more and I should have missed the Dale, and probably those letters would not have reached me for months. No one at home, the Department less than any, can picture the nature of our service on this station since this California question has come up, and no persons are more "désorienté" than those officers who were formerly the Pacific cruisers,—which cruising comprised the coast of Chili and Peru, with an occasional running down of the trade winds to the Sandwich Islands. The absurdity of having sent out the Dale, a third-class sloop, capable of stowing but eight days, provision, on a station where you have to sail, as I express it, five thousand miles to get a barrel of flour, is without apology, for Commodore Jones reported against this class of ships.

Port of San Diego, January 1st, 1847.

I have taken the pen this evening merely to wish you a happy New Year. * * * When I think I sailed in 1845, and we are already in 1847, it makes me look homeward, and feel as if the turning-point of the cruise had been reached, and that I was descending the hill.

I arrived on Saturday evening, December 26th, making just a week from San Francisco; light winds and fogs retarded us. We had got close in, and were trying to round Point Lomo to enter the harbor, when the wind left us, and night set in, and I stood off shore. Just as we went about, a boat was discovered pulling for us, and the answer to the hail was in Beale's voice, bringing me a pilot. He jumped on board and came into the cabin to give me the news, while the pilot and first lieutenant were taking in the ship. This we accomplished, but I cannot commence to-night a narrative of the stirring events that have occurred.

January 2d.

To understand well the events I am about to relate, you should have my previous journal-letter. Without it your appreciation of affairs will be difficult, and I think it better, anyhow, to adopt the system of recapitulation in our correspondence, so very uncertain and irregular are all transmissions of letters. I will condense and be as little tedious as possible.† * * * *

The ships left San Pedro with the charm broken as to

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† The passage which follows, being a condensation of the more detailed narrative in the letter of December 8th - 10th, is omitted here to avoid unnecessary repetitions.

American invincibility, particularly by the second landing with both crews together—for the Californians, though elated at the repulse of the Savannahs, saw in that business nothing to authorize them to underrate the bravery of their enemies. They never could be brought to do what these men did, chase well-served artillery on foot.

The Congress came to this place (San Diego), failed in getting in, put off again, fell in with the Savannah, and both were proceeding north, when, all at once, the Savannah was told to go there and prepare to return to the United States; and the Congress put up her helm and steered again for San Diego, with some two or three pilots on board. They buoyed off the entrance, but how they did it I do not know. She struck again, and most heavily; but in she came—altogether in as sad a plight as need be.

This place had also had its vicissitudes. It had been garrisoned by a single company of California volunteers. When the country rose they were driven out, took shelter in a whale ship, went to San Pedro, received reinforcements, from the Savannah, of a lieutenant and fifty men, returned and took the place without fighting. Gillespie's force was afterwards added; and on the very day the Congress hove in sight the second time, the enemy appeared on the hills around and gave them some shots, when some skirmishing ensued, and I believe the Californians had a man or two killed.

The commodore immediately moved on shore, took Bandini's house, dated his letters, "Headquarters San Diego," etc. The place was fortified and garrisoned by his marines and crew, also the Savannah's marines, or most of them. Artillery was mounted, old guns unspiked that were found here, carts built, tents made, cattle gathered, etc., etc.

And now I have reached the news that met us on our arrival here.

The first thing that Beale did was to hand me an order to send up a hundred men, with a lieutenant, and other proper officers, to be ready to march on Monday. Not a word as to myself.

I had determined to be ready for any service, to *volunteer* for none, to see that my rank was regarded and respected, and remain in my natural place until ordered elsewhere. I adopted this resolution from a correct, and I believe the wisest, military principle; yet I was rather in hopes that I might be ordered to join the *army*, for I should have liked to have accompanied my men, who were excessively anxious I should go with them, for it would appear our late cruise had inspired them with great confidence in me, and their pride of ship is very great. They are moreover an affectionate set, much more so than the Congress's.

But the leading item of Beale's news was the arrival of General Kearney. I had been long wishing for him, that things might resume their proper place; the army in the interior, and at the posts; *we* on the coast and in the harbors. Then some regular troops were so much wanted to keep order, and be able thus to dispense with Frémont's irregular and vagabond force. One of the last persons I left at San Francisco was Lieutenant Radford, General Kearney's brother-in-law, who told me he had been overhauling the papers brought by the Dale, and he did not believe the general was coming. He has come, however, but such a reception no man ever had.

Somewhere in New Mexico he meets Kit Carson, the bearer of the commodore's despatches from the Pueblo. Carson tells the general all is quiet in California; the elections ordered;

Commodore Stockton had left the capital, etc., etc. This very circumstance had been greatly feared at the north, and I was asked a dozen times if Carson's absurd despatches would not affect the general's movements. They did, fatally; he sends back to Santa Fé two hundred of his three hundred dragoons, under Major Sumner, and comes on with the remaining hundred. He enters California at Warner's pass, very jaded, very much worn out, reduced mostly to mules, and no grass for these; the men, no great things at best, wan, thin, and used up. One of our sailors would have been a match for six of them. About thirty miles from Warner's pass (a valley that leads from Sonora), they encamped at San Pasqual, some thirty-five miles from this place. There they heard that the enemy was in their neighborhood. I should have stated before that at Stokes's ranch they heard of the rising of the Californians, and were of course aware of the change of circumstances. On hearing the enemy were near, a reconnoissance was ordered, and Lieutenant Hammond and three dragoons left the camp for the purpose. After descending a long hill they turned short around and came upon an Indian wigwam. Their guide, an Indian, crawled in, and soon discovered the whole party distributed in the huts, their horses at some distance, packs and saddles off, and near by. The spy in the dark discovers a brother Indian, who beckons silence, and tells him that Andreas Pico was among the sleepers, and commanding about a hundred men. The Indians are very inimical to the Californians, and always ready to betray them. The guide and spy was about retiring to rejoin Hammond, when the latter, growing impatient, must ride up, his sword making a great noise, which alarmed the sentries. If he had brought twenty men, he would only have had to place himself between the enemy and their horses, and called out to them. They would all have come out, made a low bow, and given themselves up in the most genteel manner in the world. They would have marched them to their tent in their front, returned and got their fine horses and saddles, and very different would have been their entrée into San Diego.

It is not certain that the first noise made by Hammond would have roused the party, for the Indian sentries would not have told them; but so soon as the dragoons heard the state of affairs, off they started, and their swords were heard for a quarter of an hour ascending this long hill, with the clattering of their horses' feet. This roused the Californians; they caught their horses, saddled, and were mounted in a twinkling. On the other hand, the camp was roused, got ready, and started before day. I forgot to mention that information had previously reached San Diego of General Kearney's approach; and Gillespie and some thirty-five men, with Beale (always ready for any novelty or adventure), had been sent as a guard and complement of reception. They had joined the detachment, and were in camp. There was a good deal of excitement and desire for a brush, and all pushed forward. Those who were passably mounted naturally got ahead, and these of course were mostly officers, with the best of the dragoons, corporals, and sergeants, men who had taken most care of their animals; and very soon this advance guard, to the number of about forty, got far ahead, at least a mile and a half, of the main body, where the howitzer was, drawn by wild mules. In the gray of the morning the enemy was discovered, keeping ahead, and with no intention to attack; but their superior horses and horsemanship made it mere play to keep themselves where they pleased. They also began to discover the miserable condition of their foes, some on mules and some on lean and lame horses, men and beasts worn out by a long march, with dead mules for subsistence. General Kearney, who was, with all his officers and of course Beale, among the advanced body, gave an order to "*trot*," but his aid, Captain Johnstone, mistook him, and gave the order to *charge*, which in cavalry tactics means full speed. The general exclaimed, "Oh, heavens! I did not mean that!"—but it was too late, and on they went at a gallop. Here again began a second separation, from the disparity of the animals. There was no order—all straggling, and about twenty-seven or eight, out of the forty, were alone in advance. The Californians wheeled, discharged their firearms, and the first victim was poor Johnston, who was shot through the forehead and fell headlong from his horse. Immediately on the discharge of their arms they deployed a little, and, wheeling round on both flanks, enveloped them as they would have done a herd of buffaloes. Then commenced the work with the murderous lance. In the twinkling of an eye seventeen men rolled from their saddles and were dead; three others died soon after, and all were buried on the spot. Nor did a Californian I believe lose his life. Two were made prisoners.

As quickly as the Californians turned and charged upon their enemies, as quickly did they disappear. In the meantime the rear came up, the mules drawing the howitzer took fright and ran away, and the gun was lost and fell into the enemies' hands,—a great prize to them.

Besides Captain Johnston, Captain Moore and Lieutenant Hammond were killed. Hammond went to Moore's assistance, who was fighting like a lion against great odds. Hammond survived two hours. Moore was speared sixteen times. They were brothers-in-law, having married sisters, but Moore, I believe, was a widower. He was in the navy in 1828, in the West Indies, as a midshipman. Johnston was a brother of Lieutenant Johnston in the Columbus, who took the dysentery in China, and has lost his health entirely, in consequence. Both were the sons of a distinguished man in Ohio, who had three sons and ten daughters, married to all the first people in Ohio. The old gentleman was the president of the Whig convention that nominated General Harrison. The other persons killed were the élite of the men, the best sergeants and corporals. General Kearney had two wounds; Lieutenant Warner, of the topographical corps, also two; and Gillespie also had a narrow escape, a lance glancing from a front tooth, which was loosened. Henry's friend, Henry Turner, escaped, though in the midst of it. Emory also escaped, an old acquaintance of mine. Such an affray can hardly be conceived—men, horses, and mules were intermixed and rolling on each other. No one could tell whom he was grappling with, for the day had not broken and there was a dense fog. Twenty dragoons were wounded, now being cured at San Diego; showing further the knowledge and skill of their adversaries. A mule will not turn, or with great difficulty, and the Californians would swing round their horses and always attack in the rear, which accounts for their own wonderful escape. The old general defended himself valiantly, and was as calm as a clock. Moore seems to have fought with a desperation unheard of, and appears to have been more hotly pressed than any other, and fell finally, his sword having broken in two pieces,—being found with the hilt still grasped.

The camp that day presented an awful scene. An attempt was made to carry in the dead as well as the wounded, and the former were lashed lengthwise on mules. But the enemy began to appear on the surrounding *buttes*, and it was given up. A large grave was dug, and the twenty corpses, so stiffened by the cold that no clothes could be removed, were laid together in one mass. They have since been disturbed by the Indians. — Such is war.

Measures were then adopted for shortening their line. Everything was burnt not actually necessary, packs, saddles, blankets, etc., and everything concentrated.

The enemy increased in numbers, and became more bold. The camp moved on seven miles next day, to San Bernardino, skirmishing all day. Beale and Passed Midshipman Duncan distinguished themselves by getting a launch's gun they had taken with them on a neighboring height, and driving away at the enemy; but their situation was very critical, and became more and more perilous. It was then they wanted the other two hundred dragoons which those wretched dispatches had turned back. These dispatches, by the way, were sent on by the returning party, but Carson came back with the general as a guide. Here Beale volunteered to make his way through the enemy and carry in word to San Diego, for their relief. He required only that Carson should go along. This man, you remember, was one of Frémont's most daring *voyageurs* and companions, having been in all his expeditions. He said, "The chance is very small," but he would go. Off they started. I cannot give you all the particulars of this daring adventure. They almost literally crawled on hands and knees for thirty-five miles, keeping hillside, bush, or gully between them and the enemy; sometimes only a few yards off, sometimes lying still for hours, then climbing steep and rugged precipices, all the while without provisions and without a drop of water. Beale's shoes then gave out, and he had to creep miles barefooted through the mountain cactus and the prickly pears. Finally they came to a certain ridge, where some of the enemy appeared just in their proposed route, but were few in number, seemingly a lookout guard. Carson said they must make a détour and reach the sea coast. While consulting, they were unconsciously separated, and took separate routes, their exhaustion beginning to produce callousness and indifference. Beale almost mechanically strided down the mountain side and found himself at the bottom, opposite the men they had seen. His fate was sealed, but he resorted to an artifice, which was successful. He stood boldly forth, fired his rifle, hallooed very loud, and seemed to be hurrying on a detachment of men, of which he had got in advance. The Californians, not believing an officer could be there alone, ran off, and Beale passed on unmolested, arriving in San Diego twelve hours before Carson. But nature had stood her greatest amount of endurance. He delivered his information, and was taken to the ship and put to bed, very exhausted, with his mind wandering. He is recovering, but was prevented by the physicians from marching with the forces, much to his regret, though he thinks, with all of us, they will have little more than marching to do. I saw him much for the first day or two after our getting in, but I have not met him since. He is a noble fellow, and deserves promotion. Though an acting lieutenant here, he is only a passed midshipman.

On being boarded by Beale, he put a letter in my hand, ordering me (as I have told you) to send up one hundred men and a lieutenant, with three days' provisions, etc., for marching, and was told the army would move the following day but one; no orders relative to myself—nothing to give me an idea of what my own reception or future service might be, though it was settled our ship was to be laid up like the rest.

I went up the next morning, and was received by every one with great cordiality. Some six hundred men of the ships were there with Gillespie's party, and some California volunteers. Seven or eight pieces of artillery were mounted, and cattle gathered.

There has been some clashing between General Kearney and the commodore. To the latter's arrangements the general has succumbed — being a mild, affable, easy old gentleman of the old school, feeling his preservation due to our forces here, and having none of his own left to give him any moral support. He had orders to make himself governor of the territory, to establish a civil government, etc., which the commodore says *he* has already done. The latter, just before the start, turns round and places the whole military command under General Kearney. Finally they moved off, a fine body of men, some hundred and twenty marines, sixty dragoons on foot, five hundred sailors and volunteers, seven pieces of artillery under Tilghman and Southwick, the carpenter. Great regrets were expressed at my not going, but I told them the Cyanes would carry them luck. These joined the morning of the march,— one hundred men, Mr. Rowan, Lieutenants Higgins and Stenson, the three midshipmen who had not been in the boats at the different cuttings-out, and two servants, making one hundred and eight, all told. We landed at daylight at the port here, and I marched up with them.

We had had on a former occasion a set of knapsacks made, and I had had the ship's name printed on them; they came famously opportune. A small haversack was added. They all had a certain cap I had allowed them to wear.

Sixty-five had muskets (preferred after all to the new firearms), the other thirty-five, pikes and pistols. Their pride of ship, their freshness, and the novelty to them (an old story to most of the other crews), gave them altogether, on wheeling into the square of San Diego, a striking appearance, and upon my handing them over to Lieutenant Zeilin, the adjutant of the detachment, he said no ship had turned out men so well equipped. When they marched, I was coming in from seeing Tilghman, and took the line *en revers*. When I came to our men, I wish you could have heard them tell me "Good-bye, good-bye, sir, good-bye, sir," as file after file went past — it was so hearty and spontaneous.

I called to see General Kearney on the first day of my arrival, and found a most delightful old gentleman, of fine erect appearance, cordial and affable. Every one has taken to him wonderfully. On one day he drilled all the troops, and as soon as the sailors were through, they were heard to express great admiration for "that old gentleman," and hoped that he was going with them.

I hope the commodore will get well through the present troubles, and I doubt it not, for the large force with which he has moved, added to that of Frémont coming from the north, both having probably met, or will meet soon, must put down all attempt on the part of the Californians, who were driven in a great measure to do what they did; but they have no firearms — one or two guns — and are left to their saddles and horses, with spears or lances. I presume they will treat, of course; when I trust the commodore will have the good sense to hand over the governorship to General Kearney, whose wise measures in New Mexico show him capable of organizing a civil government here. We shall then get back our crews, and enter upon a more regular service.

Of course the ships will, most of them, have to be on the coast for a year or so, a very disagreeable and uninteresting station, with hard and expensive living; but having now a full knowledge of the navigation, of the climate and weather, it will be easy in that respect. One ship should have been on the coast of Mexico, where all our work in this one must be undone by this time. We are all anxiously waiting for the arrival of Commodore Shubrick. Everything requires the presence of an officer with administrative qualities, and above all with the usual system of commanding squadrons, under which we have all been brought up.

Tell Henry that Henry Turner inquired particularly after him; says he has the coat with him, the waterproof cloth for which Henry sent him, and good service it has done him.

I have had very pleasant intercourse with Missroon, who is the ship keeper of the Portsmouth; he is literally alone. Here I have Mr. Harrison, who is painting up the ship, and the old major.* I let Harrison have my boat's crew to work, so stripped are we of men; but it is a glorious chance to paint the ship, which we are doing thoroughly. I am going to live with Missroon for a few days in Montgomery's cabin, while mine is being painted; the ships lie close to each other. Missroon is a good deal changed and improved; I believe he is now a religious man, has given up his former hobby of guns, pistols, etc., and is now an enthusiastic conchologist, which he says has kept him from ill health and despair this cruise. He has given me some shells, and we are going on a shell hunt together. He has discovered the Pholas here, of a very large species, and great peculiarity. He sent me a bucket full the other day for breakfast, but I found them strong, and not to compare to the Mahone date fish, taken in the same kind of rock. Whenever Missroon finds anything curious, he says, "I got this for Mrs. Du Pont. My wife would admire it for a moment, because I brought it, but really has no taste for such things."

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* Major Miller, Captain Du Pont's clerk.

Take care of your shells, for with those I shall collect, we can make a very rich cabinet. Tell your brothers I am on the lookout for darts for them. I have three arrows with the darts fastened on. These are still in use by the Upper California and Oregon Indians. They are ingeniously arranged so that the dart will remain in on attempting to draw out the arrow. They are made as formerly, of flint, obsidian, yellow jasper, etc.

January 5th.

The Malek Adhel has arrived, Captain Schenck; he was sent off to Mazatlan some time since with despatches to be sent across, informing the government of the reaction, I believe.

He went down to Cape San Lucas; there he saw our acquaintance in this ship, Ritchie, who sent for Mr. Mott at San José, who immediately came to the cape and took passage for Mazatlan. They hoisted Chilian colors, and for two days saw nothing; finally a sail hove in sight, and proved to be an English brig belonging to Mott & Talbot—to Mott's great delight, though he had ordered her not to come. He went on board the brig, the latter hoisted her private signal, and brought off Talbot, the English partner. He was frightened at seeing Mott, who quieted him, however. They had to get rid of a German who had come off with Talbot, by sending back the boat for something. Another man recognized the Malek

Adhel; him they silenced with a bribe. Schenck had got on board the English brig also, but had to be got into a room until the German was sent off, to whom Mott told the brig was the Esperanza of Chili, and he had paid $800 to her to bring him over from Cape San Lucas. (Schenck says he can lie, commercially, like a horse.) When Schenck came forth, and Talbot knew all, he was so alarmed that he did not know what he was about. Finally he was quieted, and said the dispatches should go through. He is the British vice-consul. But the brig was allowed by Schenck to go in, having no orders. She will pay an immense revenue to Mazatlan, to pay their troops, besides making the fortunes of the owners. Mott said, "I am glad the Cyane is not here. I told Captain Du Pont if she came I hoped he would not be here." I could easily have been there if proper arrangements had been made, and it is the first vessel that has arrived since we left.

Schenck took Mott back to San José. The governor of La Paz is faithful to his pledges to me about the prizes, but not well supported. The old padre has hoisted the Mexican flag at San José, which had not been hauled down and ours hoisted, though I believe, from what I have heard since the commodore has left, he was under the impression I had, and probably has so written home. He sent me to blockade, not to hoist flags. But he has taken it on paper, and that will suffice him, I suppose. Mott is going to the islands, not liking the complexion of things.

San Diego, California, January 17th.

We had news in from California authorities. Beyond San Juan, at a pass called Barbolo, the Californians appeared in force, and a cannonade ensued from three o'clock until sunset, but mostly distant firing. We are said to have lost some people, and it is positively asserted that Lieutenant Gray is killed. He was the commodore's aid and interpreter. His mother was a Spanish lady of Cuba. He was a Catholic. His grave had been opened by a New Mexican, and recognized by a Mr. Workman, who was passing there at the time, and had known Mr. Gray.† * * * *

I have been very busy until within a few days, in fitting out an old whale ship, and putting on board of her two weeks provisions for six hundred men, and sending her off for San Pedro. This was by an order received from the commodore since he left. I gave charge of her to Beale, who was very anxious to go. She is a worthless old tub, and we had a southeast blow the first night she was out, and have been anxious about her ever since. I am busy now with the Julia and Malek Adhel, getting them ready in case the commodore wishes to dispatch them. I wish he would send one of them to Panama, that we might have a chance of sending our letters.

January 19th.

We have great news to-day. Lieutenant Gray, instead of being killed, has arrived here, from the Pueblo, and brings intelligence that the war in California is at an end—the Californians having given in—and if measures are now wisely conducted, everything will be settled with great honor to the navy and squadron. Stockton's star of good fortune has shone forth quite with splendor, and at a moment most critical and important. Two very spirited actions took place on the 8th and 9th of January, the particulars of which you will find in Rowan's letter to me, which I enclose, as being very full and satisfactory. Had I not done all that I could do without de-meaning myself, to form part of the expedition, I should greatly regret my absence on this occasion.

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† The details following are omitted because they were afterwards found to be incorrect, as well as the preceding news.

I should have liked to have witnessed a battle, and this was evidently a clever one on a small scale. But if I could not be there, I am not the less proud of the Cyanes, who behaved as I knew they would if they had a chance. The young man Smith, mentioned by Rowan, was killed by one of our own men accidentally. The quotation about the eye is from an observation of mine, which Rowan thinks is my great exponent of a man. He was a likely lad, with a hazel eye, never to be unnoticed.

The commodore having refused to treat with Pico, the latter, when driven back, went to attack Frémont, or rather to give him the honor of receiving his sword. I do hope the commodore will wear his honors meekly. His general order I have seen. Though a little exaggerated, it is the best of his publications. But it contains a grave omission. General Kearney's name does not appear, while it was so much his due. I learned, by a private letter to Missroon, the old gentleman is very sore about it. So soon as he has forces collected, I believe the navy will be confined to its appropriate sphere. I learn my crew and the Portsmouth's are to be sent down. I know not yet what our destination will be. I long to hear what amount of fuss this business will make at home,—how far it may be drowned by greater movements and feats of arms in Mexico proper.

Gray comes down to carry the despatches, and the Malek Adhel takes him to Panama, looking in on the way at Mazatlan, to see if there be a peace. I have been very busy today in fitting her out. She will sail day after to-morrow, and I am closing this long epistle,—probably the most indifferent I have written to you, for I was often cold and uncomfortable while writing it. I am now writing in Portsmouth's cabin, having been living more than ten days with Missroon, all alone, while my cabin is being painted. It is now done, and I shall move back in a day or two. My ship has been put in fine order by Harrison, and we have made some valuble improvements to her efficiency and appearance.

I have never noticed the joy I felt at reading in your letters of the improvement in your eyes; do not let these long scratches of mine hurt them. * * * * I am sure you will be greatly delighted at the news this last sheet gives you of the termination of the war, and will doubtless soon be reconciled that your husband does not figure in a bulletin. I have had my share of good fortune in this war surely, and I should be very ungrateful if I were to repine. To have been afloat at all was something, but to have had a fine ship of my own, and have done what I am told was good service, is surely enough.

I had a letter from Tilghman, who says, "If we had belonged to the army we might expect a sword or so, but being navy men, I presume we will be allowed to retire on half pay." Never have officers worked so hard or served so faithfully, or been braver; and when we think that nearly every man there had been aggrieved in a certain quarter, I think more highly than I ever did of them and the profession at large. Old Purser Speiden behaved like a man, showing himself as cool as he is good and religious. It was a shame to take him,—but it will doubtless be for his benefit now. It is a fitting time now for Stockton to leave with honor.

A note from Captain Montgomery says, "I hope we will both soon be on the southern coast," meaning Mexico; but our provisions will not enable us to make anything of a cruise. We are now down to four ounces of bread per man. How anxious you must be to hear from me. * * * I asked Mr. Gray to call and see you if he finds it convenient. He has leave to return or not, as he and the Department please. I must close now.

Love to all around you, sisters, brothers, etc., and a word to enquiring friends; to Bishop Lee, for whom my letter is not ready. The Mormons, strange to say, are separating and and leaving the society, as they reach here. A family is living in an unfloored hide-house here, washing for their support. They left a comfortable dwelling in Southwark, and have got bravely over all Mormonism, and wish to get back.

Missroon sends his best regards. I had intended saying more of him and of the delightful ten days we have passed literally all alone here. * * * *

January 20th.

We have been (Missroon and I) to town to-day, walking the distance up and down, nine miles, like nothing. We dined with Captain Montgomery. He has orders to retain the brig until further orders, which gives us a little more time to fit her out properly. There was nothing further from the Pueblo.

In answer to some inquiries about capitulation, I find something quite creditable to the Californians. Pico, as I have stated, fell back after his repulse by our forces under the commodore and General Kearney, and went to intercept Frémont. The latter out-manœuvred him, and caught him in a snare *he* had laid for Frémont. Frémont sent his cousin, José Pico, to tell Andreas he had him, he must either fight or lay down his arms. Andreas Pico then sent a deputation, with a flag of truce, to offer to capitulate. These men stated, "We are ready to abandon this strife. We were, from the first, friendly to the United States. We were taunted as cowards, and told we dare not strike a blow for our country. We hope the commodore thinks differently now. We agree to submit and live peaceably under the laws established, but our *leaders* must be included in the amnesty. Otherwise we will stand by them, see our ranchos burnt, and sacrifice our lands for them." Frémont acceded at once, and released Pico from the penalty of a violated parole, and the capitulation was arranged. He should, I think, have referred its final ratification to his superior officers, which I believe has given some dissatisfaction. All in town here seem to rejoice at the happy termination of things. For I believe nothing is wanting now but a judicious, wise, moderate, and at the same time firm policy, to keep things right.

I have invited the Bandinis, and all the society, for they are all intermarried, to spend Saturday on board the Cyane. I believe the circle of San Diego consists of eight ladies, old and young. They were so kind last summer when we first took possession here, and since our arrival, that I have long wanted to pay them some civility, and anything amuses them,—a row in a boat, etc. The old gentleman is the most educated man in California, and was a member of the Mexican Congress. I believe him sincerely attached to our cause.

To our surprise to-night, the commodore returned from the Pueblo with an escort of thirty men. The civil government is re-established. Frémont appointed governor; a Col. Russell, secretary of state, an executive council, with four Californians, General Vallejo, Alvarado, Bandini, and Arguello; with three foreigners, Larkins, late United States consul, Spence, a Scotchman, and some one else. There has been a break between General Kearney and the commodore. The former comes to San Diego with his dragoons, to wait the action of our government. I think the appointment of Frémont wrong and unnecessary. The commodore takes the ground it is a *civil* appointment, similar to that of our governors of territories, and the United States officers commanding troops, have no communication with them. I said to him, "But Frémont cannot hold on then to his army commission, as it is contrary to our constitution to hold two." Evidently this was a point that had been overlooked by all.

General Kearney went upon his instructions from the government to form a civil government in California. The commodore said the government was already formed. The *insurrection*, as he called it, had not undone what he had already arranged last October—and so it is. The general has taken the course to do nothing to create trouble or irregularity or difficulties in the present emergencies. The issue remains to be seen.

I am off again to the southern coast,—that is, Mexico, and the Gulf of California. Montgomery has asked to go north again. His two sons, being supposed to be lost in the Warren's launch, that went up the Sacramento, is the reason of his desire to go there. His eldest son is the master of the Warren. The other, who went with him, was his clerk.

The Congress will stay here. There are no provisions to enable her to go. Commodore Stockton thinks Mr. Norris will bring him orders to take home the Congress. He tells me Mr. Norris will have left Panama yesterday, to touch at Mazatlan, where I am to meet him, so I shall hear from you very late news; for I am sure Mr. Norris would have let you know.

I hope sincerely to hear of a peace when I get to Mazatlan. Some think otherwise, but surely Mexico will not decline the proffered mediation. I am going out at the fine season—delightful climate—but few or no sea stores, and short rations for the men. Oh, how the Government has neglected this squadron! and how we have subsisted, this cruise, is wonderful. Beef is plenty, and we give them in port a pound extra, in lieu of bread. They have no shoes, nor tea, nor sugar, half the time. What we do get is bought out of vessels at enormous prices. As for ourselves, we starve and are ruined; coffee at 75 cents per pound, etc. But I hope that all will soon move in a regular way. My clothes are wearing out, but what is all this, when my health is good, and I have so many other blessings?

I commenced this sheet after 11 o'clock; it is now past midnight. To-morrow I shall be busy with company from town; but I will add another word before I close. The brig sails day after to-morrow.

The men are all coming from San Pedro in the Stonington, and will be here in a day or two. Sunday I dine with the commodore. Monday he has allotted to business between us, for he must attend to the Lower California affairs before I go there again, and to the blockade. I must have some marines too, etc., etc.

Saturday night, January 23,
Portsmouth.

Rain has set in, and cooped up a dozen women in my cabin. I have retreated, and left them to the care of the officers, and brought my portfolio here to close my letter; for if the weather permits, the brig will be off to-morrow. It is bad weather outside, with all our seamen and marines, 600, coming from San Pedro in the old whaler. I think I shall have a good cruise, and will leave in good spirits. Pray for me often. I require your prayers in this exciting life, for my thoughts are often distracted.

Cyane, February 18th, 1847,
San Francisco (Yerba Buena).

The preceding number to this went from San Diego on the 24th January, by Mr. Grey, via Panama. It was commenced after leaving this port in December,—I believe on Christmas day. It brought you up with events to the retaking of Pueblo de los Angeles, the installment of Frémont as governor, the issue and rupture between General Kearney and Commodore Stockton, the return of both to San Diego, my orders to prepare for sea and for the Mexican coast, etc. While fully under the expectation of getting south, I was suddenly ordered to come north, bringing with me Mr. Larkin of Monterey, and to bring him back with five other members of the new executive council to the port of San Pedro by the 1st March. I sailed from San Diego on the 31st January, having with me General Kearney and staff, consisting of Henry Turner, his aide, Lieutenant Warner, of the topographical engineers, with others of their party. I had the general, Turner, and Larkins, with me in the cabin; the others were stowed away in the ward-room. I was pleased to have them and as they are still with me (or rather the general), you may infer we have not quarreled. On the contrary, I believe it has been a matter of real enjoyment to us both. But I will not anticipate my narrative, though it is difficult to take things in their order, so much have I to tell you; having allowed, too, the last three weeks to pass without writing to you, in consequence of a want of privacy. But, as the Savannah will soon be moving, I must lose no more time.

My passage to Monterey was eight days, considered good, though we remained several of these days in sight of the island of Clement, not far from San Diego. On standing into the bay of Monterey, looking out anxiously for the little Dale, two ships, of some size, appeared faintly. Presently one of them loomed up to the size of a frigate. I concluded the Savannah had come down from San Francisco. On getting within signal distance, I ran up my ensign, and hoisted the ship's number, which was soon answered by No. 12, indicating the Independence. I could not believe my eyes, nor anybody else's! "It is too good to be true!" but I would not haul down the signal, until I saw the broad pendant. I soon after anchored near her, saluting the commodore with thirteen guns. The other vessel was the Lexington store ship; and a row of neat white tents, on the heights above the harbor, showed us the company of artillery she had brought out. This was a very gratifying sight to the general; and, like myself, he was in every way charmed with the arrival of Commodore Shubrick, and at our good fortune in meeting him so soon. The Independence has made a noble run out,—indeed, the shortest ever made to this coast by a vessel at war,—presenting quite a contrast to our slow approach in the Congress. The Independence reached Monterey on the 27th of January, having left Boston the 29th of August.

I immediately repaired on board, carrying with me my orders according to regulations, and was received very cordially by the commodore, who had kindly had all my letters assorted out for me. He inquired who were the passengers he saw on my poop-deck, and upon my telling him General Kearney, he immediately dispatched his barge, and aide-camp, Lieutenant Lewis, to bring the general on board, saluted him on his reaching the deck of the Independence with thirteen guns, and we had a nice comfortable dinner with the commodore, where the sight of many little niceties on his table from home made it quite an event in the general dearth of Californian subsistence, which at times is tough enough. The old general was delighted, and seemed to forget the discourteous treatment he had received elsewhere. The commodore gave us all the news, spoke of seeing Julia, and I believe, Charles.

In right of seniority, and specially ordered moreover, he assumed immediately on arriving the command of the station, ordered the Congress up from San Diego, the Portsmouth to remain there, the Savannah and Warren to join him also. Both of the latter to be sent to the United States. On the following day I was called on board and was told to get ready to come here to enable the Warren to get away sooner, and to bring the general with me. Then my resources were examined into, and the commodore, pen in hand, gave his whole attention to all the details. Shoes, clothing, provisions, bread, pickles, etc., were discussed and ordered. Pursers sent out, secretaries writing, all the attention and machinery of a proper and zealous administration set at work. The sight was perfectly refreshing, and I can[illegible]xpress to you the new impulse it imparted to my own professional exertions.

My work will be rather increased, in quarterly and other returns and reports. But there is a feeling of security that so long as you do your duty no harm can come to you. Commodore Shubrick is very popular in his own ship, and has made a most agreeable impression on the people of the country. He has ordered the discharge of the volunteers, a force which I verily believe produced all the difficulties. He seems wonderfully *au fait* of what has transpired here. He will have the cordial co-operation of General Kearney, who told me he would go heart and hand in serving such a man.

By the Independence I received four letters from you. * * * * * * I cannot tell you the joy with which I read them. The one written from Wilmington before you returned to our home, I had received in December by the Dale. I did so want to have your account of your arrival there, and that letter I got. I felt glad that you were there again, and had a nice home. I read with intense interest of every tree and shrub and flower you wrote about. Never fear to write too much on these things. I am never more pleased either than when I hear of your having your friends around you. I am so glad our Alexandria ones were with you this past summer. * * *

19th February.

I know not that I have more to say of Monterey just now. Captain Tompkins's fine company of artillery, 112 in number, was a pleasing accession. He seems a fine officer, and, like most West Pointers, everything about his camp looks like order and system. So soon as he is permanently located somewhere, he has improvements to introduce: waiting anxiously to commence a garden, for which he comes prepared.

The general, by the last authority from home, is now supreme in California; and I think he is worthy of the trust. He is a man of energy and good sense, and has made the same favorable impression that Commodore Shubrick has with every one. It is eminently fortunate, and creditable to the government, that the affairs of this territory fall into such capable hands. They moreover are co-operating in perfect harmony, — a point specially enjoined by both departments at home.

At Monterey I took on board my marines, which I had been without so long, haggard and a good deal broken down, besides reduced in numbers. Two ran away, and served in the ranks of the enemy. Another is absent at the Pueblo. Another permanently disabled by an accident, a gunshot wound. The marine officer, a second lieutenant, was left as military commandant of that district, wholly incapable of filling the situation, and now has his accounts in such a way that the commodore allowed him to remain at Monterey, keeping with him a sergeant and private, to assist him in settling them.

I left Monterey on the 11th inst., General Kearney continuing with me; our army party being increased by the accession of Lieutenant Halleck of the engineers, who came out in the Lexington. He is charged with reconnoissances and surveys, for defending the harbors, and of course must be a superior man, or he would not have been sent, to say where millions would have to be expended. I have found him, so far as I can judge, equal to such duties. He delivered, last year, a course of lectures on military art and science, at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, having been recommended by the professor of engineering at West Point, who could not accept the invitation himself. The lectures have been published in a neat volume by the Appletons. Turner loaned them to me, and I have found them quite interesting and instructive. I was struck with the illustration of a portion of his text by a note afterwards appended. In speaking of the advantages of having a proper military establishment, if you have one at all, and the economy of regular troops, etc., he says in a note, "If General Taylor had had 6,000 men on the Rio Grande, Mexico would never have attacked, and in all probability the war would not have ensued." This to me is next to a certainty. What blood and treasure would have been saved!

I got out of Monterey the same night, a rare piece of good fortune, which has now happened to me twice. It is a bay easy enough to enter with the prevailing winds, but one which we consider the most dangerous to leave on the coast. A southerly wind fanned us on the coast the next day. That night I saw the Fallarone Rock, off the harbor, and "laid to," as we never attempt to enter this bay save with daylight and other favorable circumstances. We got hold of our points soon after daybreak, and stood for the entrance. Soon after, we discovered a sail, which proved to be a barque. I made our number, and through the fogs, which provokingly began to make, we made out the Erie. Here was excitement for you! Norris must have come back, and we should have late letters, etc., and our luck of always encountering such events first, commented on as usual. It was a pretty good "haul," as you will presently see. *En attendant*, we pushed in, and passed the old Erie in a hurry, for the weather was thickening up, the points becoming very indistinct, but the bar looking smooth. We pushed on, sometimes seeing, sometimes not. We soon got soundings, afterwards our "marks," that is, an island inside called Alcatraz, on a line with the Old Fort Point. We crossed the bar, passed the fort, rounded to the southward, squalls and rain, "constant quantities," as Henry would say, in this bay, and "came to" in a good anchorage a couple or three miles from Yerba

Buena, to wait for a change of tide. In performing these feats, unfortunately, a man lives longer than the brief hour he stands in. But I always seem favored, and my heart, I trust, is always thankful to my kind Father in heaven.

The Erie soon followed us and came up under my stern, when Charles Turner hailed and said, "I have Colonel Mason on board, the Governor of California; he is very ill; shall I anchor near you, or go to Saucelita?" I told him to anchor, and I would send my surgeon on board at once, for the Erie is without one. These were events sure enough. The general surprised and pleased again. Presently the boat from taking Dr. Maxwell returned, and as she approached, we saw a sitter on the stern, with cloak and gold band, face covered with hair, making a familiar wave of the hand, and getting under the counter, calling out, "I hope you are well, Captain DuPont."—"Very," I replied,—("but who you are, I know not.") In a moment who should pop over but "Jim Watson," whom everybody knows, and who knows everybody, bearing dispatches across the Isthmus, etc., having sailed from New York on the 12th or 13th of November, with a small letter-bag in hand. He told me he had sent word from the railroad depot at Wilmington, to you, through Captain Frasier; that he had not received your letters before sailing,—thinks there was an interruption in the mail. He thought, however, there was a letter for me in the bag. And sure enough, after a long while, out came your welcome letter, No. 31, dated 18th and 19th October.

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A great many newspapers came up to 12th November, and 10th from Washington, very late dates for this coast. Watson was below retailing the news. Presently I heard a yell of joy come from the ward-room, and upon asking what it meant, found that he had just announced Mr. Mason's advent to the Navy Department. This certainly is the greatest piece of good fortune the navy has had this war. We found the papers full of news, files of *Heralds*, *Couriers*, *Intelligencers*, of October and November,—the Monterey fights, of which I had heard last October, while blockading Mazatlan, but without any particulars. But what most astonished and pleased me, an astonishment I have not yet got over, and for which I was yet wholly unprepared, as was every Whig in the squadron, was the election results. I cannot imagine so great a revulsion, and a blow so soon given to so powerful a party. It speaks well for the country, however evanescent the success to the Whigs may be.

Neither can I quite make out, after careful perusal of the papers, the cause. I should hope it was mainly the tariff, yet this is not apparent. For instance, the only member from Pennsylvania, who was recreant enough to vote for it, was re-elected, a Mr. Wilmot, I believe, whose name is given in capitals in the free trade papers. What was provoking, Watson sailed, I believe, the day of the Delaware election, and I could see, of course, nothing of it, nor do I know what candidates, or anything else about it. But from your telling me Brandywine hundred had been carried at the little election, I hope all went well. I thought our election day had to be changed by a late law in relation to the Presidential election.

The general went to the Erie to see Colonel Mason, Henry Turner to surprise his brother, while I laid hold of "Jim Watson" to "pump him dry." He is a *character*, with much humor, and very smart. He kept me in a perfect roar of laughter at his way of describing things. He is rather a *Loco*, but acknowledged frankly the severest *beat* ever had, that the Whigs had completely circumvented the Democrats on the war question, etc.

The general returned radiant with the news Colonel Mason had given him, all of which presently. After dinner I took Watson up to the Savannah, at Yerba Buena, in my gig, where he reported himself. Arrangements were made to send him in a boat to Santa Clara, from which he takes horse for Monterey, sixty miles, and was soon doubtless on board the Independence. I sent back a pilot in my boat to Tilghman and stayed quietly until the ship came up, which she did just at dark.

The Erie was sent in December with glorification dispatches, and Mr. Norris, who was landed at Panama. She was then to cruise, go to Callao for money, return to Panama by the 20th January, and retake Mr. Norris, who was to bring to Commodore Stockton a heap of impertant news and authority, particularly the *sanction* of making Frémont governor, — an arrangement already made in September, but deferred by the insurrection. But Turner could do nothing. In beating up the coast towards Callao, and on his way stopping at Payta, he was met by the steamer having Colonel Mason and Watson on board, with orders to be conveyed by the first vessel met with. They were detained twenty-seven days at Panama and yet reached here in ninety days. The instructions brougt hare full and conclusive, and involve some change from Commodore Shubrick's. The history of doings at home is curious in relation to California. The general, who shows me and tells me everything, has put me *au fait* of the matter, which Watson confirms, as to the secret springs of action.

20th February.

The first authority to form a civil government was given to General Kearney; set aside by Commodore Stockton. Then followed instructions to that effect to Commodore Sloat. Commodore Shubrick had similar ones when he sailed, but the moment old Sloat reached Washington and the government learned Stockton was left here, the authority was immediately transferred back to General Kearney. But for fear he should not have arrived, Colonel Mason was dispatched with the appointment of governor. It is evident the War and Navy Departments respectively had great fears lest Colonel Stevenson on the one hand, and Commodore Stockton on the other, should have control of affairs in California. They deserve credit for this foresight, and a very opportune arrival of clear and emphatic instructions. These I have seen. Stockton was gracefully bowed off by Mr. Mason; told he may hoist the red pendant and return in the Savannah. The general has shown me all the instructions from the War Department. The old gentleman is reading at my elbow. He has been dining to-day with his brother-in-law, Mr. Radford, the first lieutenant of the Warren. When he came back he told me he had just told Radford he "must go back to his *home* on board the Cyane." My intercourse with him and all of his officers has been very pleasant. They drop in my cabin of an evening, read papers, discuss, etc.; and being men of education, it is improving as well as agreeable.

Turner has gone over to Saucelita with his brother on the Erie. In the new order of things about to take place no one falls so flatly and irretrievably as Frémont, and I feel very sorry for him. He turned his back upon his corps and linked his fortunes to Stockton's, disobeying a positive order from the general, for which he will return under charges. The general is very awkwardly placed too in reference to him, but seems never to falter in matters of duty. The only friend the general has in the political world is Colonel Benton, and he appears a true one. He showed me last night several letters from him, from June to July, keeping him informed from Washington of everything concerning himself a little in advance of the Department, his promotion, the President's satisfaction at his operations in New Mexico, and promising a brevet major general's commission after he is done with California, etc., etc. They have been long intimate, and the colonel's daughter, Mrs. Frémont, is warmly attached to the general. This makes matters trying enough.

On my arrival here, I found poor Howieson and the Shark's crew on board the Savannah. In a letter not yet gone, I spoke of this second disaster to our navy in the Columbia river. On leaving here in December, I left a letter of sympathy for Howieson with Hitchcock, who forgot to give it him until after *I* got in the other day. I had met Howieson, whom I found much depressed, though since our arrival, he is much more cheerful. On the day after I saw him, he came on board to tell me of his only getting the letter after he had seen me. He was very warm in his thanks, and said, "Hitchcock little knew what a balm he was keeping from a bruised spirit, by not having given me that letter on the day I arrived in this bay. No words can tell the comfort it would have given me."

I said on several occasions, "If Howieson lost the Shark, most of us might despair of getting into the Columbia river." He had every knowledge and element of character, professional and otherwise, for success; coolness, great skill, with the organs of locality and topography well developed, — in fact, an intuitive pilot,—thorough acquaintance with the difficulties to be surmounted, the nature and cause of previous disasters, etc., etc. I saw his report, which is very interesting and simply told, showing the intelligent seaman and candid man. The first boat that left the schooner's side was upset, and all came near being drowned. Dr. Hudson, who was in her, was saved by having "*a running bowline*" (a noose) thrown over his head from the vessel, which he managed to get under his arms. All behaved with true fortitude, and a very few hours after Howieson left her, the little vessel went to pieces. The brigs and small vessels seem to have suffered of late extraordinarily: the Truxton, Perry, Washington, Shark, either lost or been stranded. I am sorry the Perry was got off, except for Blake's sake. When such craft go without carrying people with them, it is a God-send, for we will build no more such trash.

Just think of old Commodore Sloat, bringing up from the northwest coast on a Florida reef. I see he has made a hit in the United States. I can see nothing of Trapier's name mentioned. I hope you get my letter by him.

I want to know what you thought of my transfer to this ship, the greatest piece of professional good fortune I have ever had; and I am more and more attached to the Cyane every day, and she is just now in fine order again. I have met a great loss in Rowan, who I told you in my previous letter had left me to go home with dispatches.

Tilghman is now my first lieutenant, and a most excellent one, with many merits, but without Rowan's seamanship and experience. Chatard has applied to come, and as Tilghman is very young in commission to have the place, he may be ordered, and Tilghman will remain as second. Commodore Shubrick will not like to order Chatard, but his date entitles him to the situation.

Besides getting back my marines, I get back my men from the Julia, so we are all together again. The ship was thoroughly painted at San Diego, and a new stowage of her spare spars inboard has improved her appearance greatly. Captain Mervine told me to-day he did not know her scarcely. Punishments are very rare. I punished two or three men since our arrival here, the first for a long time. They provoke me so by compelling me to do it. But I like them better than any crew I have sailed with, in one particular, — they seem to have more affection and esteem for their officers. They never grumble at short provisions, or hard work. Altogether, there are not many finer men-of-war of her class. Her qualities as a vessel are perfect, and my cabin, as I believe I told you once, is the finest in the service in this kind of ships. I am going to lose my cook, *malheureusement*. He returns in the Savannah, in which ship he came out. He is not an *artiste*, but a good plain cook, and very clean. Patterson, my coxswain in the Congress, then my valet here, is now my steward. With a few faults, his intelligence is so great that he is already a very fair steward. The general's servant has taught him to make pastry, and I get on well. Yesterday he went over to the other side of the bay and brought back two fat sheep, some chickens, butter, and eggs, the two last a luxury long forgotten. The Mormons make splendid butter. It is to me the greatest treat I have had in the eating way. Living is still expensive, but the groceries will soon be coming down. The other day I gave $18.50 for a barrel of flour; could not try it, and upon opening it, it was mouldy and full of worms. I got some good here, from the Columbia river. I have lived, on the whole, very well since the general came on board, and he seems to have enjoyed it. Some one dines with us every day. I do not know what I should have done in this ship, but for the table equipage I got at Valparaiso.

The general has had a letter from Commodore Shubrick, who tells him he hopes to see him in a few days there (Monterey). His instructions place the affairs of the Territory where he wished them, and he now hopes the untoward condition of things will soon end. The Congress has not yet arrived from San Diego. He sends a very kind message to Colonel Mason, whose illness he regrets, and offers him a room in his cabin, to occupy as long as he wishes, saying to the general, "this without interfering with your state-room, which I wish to see you in soon."

February 21st, Sunday.

I have just finished our little service, though interrupted by Captains Mervine and Hull.

Thank you for the parcel by the Independence. I have not had time to more than open the books since, as among other things my cabin has been full of passengers.

In a few days I shall be alone here and quiet, and will read the books. Since the Erie arrived, the newspapers have constituted most of my reading. I find much to interest me, both in foreign and domestic news, serving to keep me from getting entirely behind the civilized world and its doings. How much I shall have to tell you of this worse than heathen country. Oh, how I begin to long for that period, though, strange to say, I have not had a single attack of homesickness since I left, while many around me have suffered greatly from it. Commodore Shubrick told me he would not go through again the feelings he had on the voyage from Valparaiso to Monterey, for an admiral's commission. I could readily believe it. The barren waste of waters, the solitary desert character of this sea, is beyond conception, and to a man not occupied, is very trying. As to myself, I have been busy as a bee, from the time I left you to the present hour. My mind has always subjects of reflection, at all events.

You will have observed, doubtless, in all my letters, what must have struck you as a studied silence in relation to my probable return. It seemed ridiculous to speculate on such a subject,—with the Savannah and Warren still here, two ships that sailed from the United States in September, or early in October, 1843, two months before I left in the Perry. Neither of them will be home before six months from this time. This crew, as I stated before, will be two years enlisted in June. By that time the war, if not now closed, will certainly be ended, and some reduction of force will doubtless take place,—so far, at all events, as not to keep the ships waiting here for their release, but to be progressing homeward during their third year. Commodore Shubrick, I think, is in favor of sending off ships in time. I doubt if he will remain here three years himself—but our difficulty lies in our distance from home; the impossibility of making the Department realize the distances in the Pacific, and the endless time to get an answer, or to send out an order, and have it fulfilled. For instance, if a ship's relief is thought of at Washington six months before her time is out, they believe themselves very considerate, forgetting that in due course of mail months must elapse before their order is received; and very often the ship ordered is away among the islands, or at some point some four or five months off from the commodore. Commodore Shubrick was utterly amazed the other day, when I told him the length of time the Portsmouth had been out. She sailed two years ago this very month, from Norfolk, and her crew entered several months before; but the idea of her returning has not entered any one's head yet.

I presume Irvine has got home ere this. His brother told me, on my inquiring after the Saratoga, of his terrible time off the Cape, and his return to Rio, and from thence Commodore Reed had ordered him home. I was sorry and glad. The first, because I thought the circumstance would worry Irvine professionally, which it ought not to do, for it is a very common circumstance that vessels put back to Rio, and the fury of the summer gales, continuing in veins, as it were, no one can conceive. He held on longer than he ought. On the other hand, he had a fortunate escape from a dull and lengthened cruise. The service here is over, *that* which at all could compensate for coming here. I had left a long letter for him here, when I sailed in December for San Diego, giving him some directions for the coast, etc. Tell him I received his two letters from the Brazils. The first one after his arrival there, only the other day. It was very affectionate for us both. His mind seems fully imbued with a religious spirit, and I trust it will so continue. Say to him his brother is making a favorable impression, and his arrival here has been most warmly welcomed. His affability, courtesy, and firmness combined, his industry and attention to the minutest details of his command, have set an example to every officer under him, such as I have not witnessed for many a day. This impression is not confined to the navy, but to all the people on shore, Californians and all, and the officers of the army from the general down.

I am very glad Thomas will get home for his examination. I am glad to hear Julia's health seems to be so good. I sympathized much with her, when I heard of her husband's orders to the Pacific.

The general and I have just had a talk about the Mormons. The general having been long stationed in the West, and having had official intercourse with governors of States, etc., in relation to them, is high authority relating to this most objectionable community, according to my present knowledge of them. He says they are a very sinning people, but that they have also been much sinned against. His impression is that, if let alone, they will gradually slide back in an ordinary condition; that persecution has kept them together, etc., etc. Many have already done so, but it is certain their leaders will not let them recede. One of them, a man by the name of Brannan, brought out a printing-press with him, and a paper is already issued from it, of a low character,—and he is attempting to get control of the town. If they succeed in settling *together*, as their number will soon greatly increase, I apprehend great trouble with them to this country. I fear the fate of the poor Californians is sealed at all events, and they will melt away, with the Indian race, before the grasping avarice and vigorous encroachments of the immense emigrant population, which will now flow in, outnumbering, I presume, in three or four years the native inhabitants. There is a feature in the Mormon association which I was not before acquainted with,—they are all or most all trained to arms, and the general tells me that Joe Smith's legion was in every way superior to the best militia. At no time in the Mormon war in Illinois would the same number of any State troops have attacked them. On board the Brooklyn they were drilled every good day on the passage out. Brannan was prepared to hoist a flag of their own, and was sadly disappointed when he saw ours flying. The other Western emigrants here have a horror of them, as have all the older settlers here, and the Californians. But the country is much less populated than I thought. I doubt if Upper California has at furthest over 20,000 inhabitants, Indians included. The war here is over no doubt, but I fear that of parties, races, castes, will follow. It is a great pity especially for the Californians, who would thereby be secured in their rights, that the country could not remain for a few years under a firm military government, leaving only the minor offices for that time to a civil administration.

But no man better calculated to meet the emergencies at hand could have been selected than General Kearney, and with the aid of Commodore Shubrick, the best, under the circumstances, will be done. I should not call the general a man of talents, but he has strong good sense, just and humane views, no thirst for notoriety, an abiding desire to do his duty, firm, and of a decided military capacity, with a very conciliatory spirit, and, withal, a prepossessing exterior and address. He has this minute interrupted me to say, "Tell Mrs. DuPont I shall be passing through Wilmington next fall, and I shall most surely go out and see her." I have told him I would hold him to his promise; that it would be a day to mark with a white pebble, as Dr. Wiley would say. He expects to leave in July, and might be home before this letter, if it has to go round Cape Horn.

I have a great desire to write a letter to Mr. Clayton, to express the pride I have felt at his conspicuous and distinguished course during the last year, and to thank him for several marks of his remembrance in sending me his speeches and other reports; but he sends everything to the newspapers. If I should determine to write him, you will know it; if not, will you convey to him a very thankful message through Charles. Writing the latter's name brings me to that part of your last letter which alludes to his illness, evidently spoken of in some of your preceding numbers. This item has given me much concern and real sadness; the idea of serious sickness overtaking Charles, brings home to us the advance we are all making in this vale. I cannot clearly ascertain, from your remarks, the nature of his attack, but you pronounce him convalescent, and this was the most important. Your letters nearly all mentioned his being harassed with business. If to this waning health be added, the cause for anxiety is great. Tell him of my regrets and earnest and affectionate anxiety about his sickness.

What a crash has been that of the ——. I feel deeply for the ladies. I do hope they are prospering by this time in whatever they undertook. It was a termination which many may have looked for in E——, but I would not have thought that Mr. —— would have struggled so long when involved, making matters worse; yet this is a most natural and common course in all commercial affairs. It was at Monterey I got the letter telling me of their misfortune, but I was reminded of them since my arrival here, by meeting a Mr. Bryant, of Kentucky, who has come out in search of adventures in Oregon and California, and I believe is writing a book. He brought me a letter from General Leslie Coombs, dated at Lexington, in April last. He says, among other things, that he lately drank my health at ——, adding that Mr. Clay was well and in good spirits. It is a pleasant note enough, but I could not help thinking how little help or profit had sprung to poor ——, for all his hospitality to such people, who, on being told of his misfortune, might possibly answer, "Ah! poor fellow! I am sorry." I was glad and proud to hear that our brothers had, as usual, acted nobly.

I am truly rejoiced at Eleu's excursion to Europe, if, as you say, she does not kill herself. Both she and the doctor, as much as any couple I know of, though in very different ways, and for very different reasons, will receive an expansion greatly to their benefit. I am curious to know what Eleu thought most of, after *the babies*. Tom, I am sure, was most captivated by the Vatican and St. Peter's. I hope they got to Naples. The clock, or rather our bell, is striking seven (11.30 p.m.), but I could write all night, it seems to me. Heaven bless you on this first Sunday in Lent.

22d February, 1847.

Another anniversary to *us*, * * * * * * as well as one which, I fear, as a nation we do not sufficiently cherish. The Savannah, Warren, and ourselves, fired to-day at meridian, with the flags at each mast-head. The frigate is off in the morning. I have a good deal more to write about, but will have to be satisfied in filling to-night this half sheet. I forgot to speak before of Breck's illness, which also worries me, as well as Charles's. Remember me to him, to Ella also; and say to Amelia, I thank her gratefully for all her kindness to you.

What a furious hurricane you have had. You do not seem to have been alarmed, yet when the trees were falling about you at such a rate, there was enough to make you so. I think we got off very well, though I regret not a little every tree that we lose. I could better have spared the one in the kitchen yard than any other. It is strange how we escaped on the coast of Mexico as we did.

With your letters of July, I got a very kind note, as you know, from Connie Gardner, and ought to answer it; yet I am a little *over-cropped*, as we say, in my correspondence just now, for I must send a good long letter to Dr. Wiley, by the Warren, to rejoin this one on board the Savannah. He has been so kind in writing, when I know it is a great effort for him to do so. Then his books have been invaluable. I ought to have had a letter from Ogden, whom I was sure to find waiting to receive me at the gangway of the Independence, when I jumped on board of her, but lo and behold! my quondam commander, Captain Lavalette, who must have seen my disappointment, I fear. It seems Ogden's health is utterly broken down.

I think in one of your letters you speak of Midshipman Woodworth coming out across Oregon. He was with me in the Ohio, was the first person *in* in the spring, and far ahead of the emigration. He is just now absent, having gone back to the rescue of a party, who, taking a new route, misled by some recent work, were belated, overtaken by the winter, and in imminent danger of perishing, every one. As it was, many did, and under circumstances too dreadful to mention. The party reached a point some hundred miles above the first settlement on the Sacramento, about 150 miles above Suter's. Here they drew lots for sixteen or seventeen to attempt an advance; or they themselves agreed to separate, I am not sure. Twelve men and five women set out; ten of the men perished from starvation, the living subsisting upon the dead. Not a woman died, standing the hardships better than the men. Seven reached the first settlement alive. Word has been brought here, subscriptions were immediately made, and clothing and provisions sent. They are expected in in a couple of weeks.

Do not trouble yourself about flannels. This service has made us no longer nice, and the clothing furnished the men is excellent. Red flannel undershirts of a fine quality are worn by officers as well as men. The truth is, everything wears out. I was ashamed at the immense quantity of clothing I brought, yet all has been sorely tested. My shirts stand better than anything else. Fortunately I got a capital stout pair of blue cloth trousers at Valparaiso from a French tailor, under some wise impulse of the moment, and I broached them yesterday, all my others being literally worn out. It will puzzle me to reach some place where boots may be had. Such patches as we all wear would amuse you. People who look upon navy officers sometimes at home as drones, would think such idleness paid for with interest, if they could have seen the unremitting hard service which has been performed on this coast and that of Mexico during the past year. On shore, in open boats, sailoring, soldiering, hard rations, no shoes, lying on the bare ground, ships navigated in the wildest seasons with half crews, incorrect charts, three hundred miles as this one was, in the very heart of the enemy's country at Guaymas, two ships three and a half years out, and will be fortunate to be home within the four, — all this without the incentive which opportunity for distinction and preferment would engender, done from a sense of duty, of patriotism, done cheerfully, yet with a knowledge that no appreciation can come of it.

The old general has left me. I took him on board the Savannah. Before quitting my cabin, he expressed, in the very handsomest, frank, and cordial manner, his thanks for my hospitality. Turner goes down with him, also Mr. Halleck. Mr. Warner remains, and has a room on shore. General Vallejo was to come down from Sonoma to-day, with Governor Boggs. I am sorry the former misses General Kearney, but the latter has desired me to study his character and capacity, and see if he will make a good judge. This acquaintance and intercourse with the army has been a very pleasant episode to me. Tell your brother Henry so. And they seem much pleased at their association with the navy.

I send you herewith a copy of three of my official letters to Commodore Stockton, which I thought would interest you.

The Savannah will be off early, and I want to board her before she goes. Give my love to all at home, sister Victorine, and brother and Lina. I was greatly pleased to hear of their being grandparents. A kind word to Louisa, Harry, your uncle Charles, all at the other houses, Mrs. Waterman, Mary Simmons, Mary D. P., and all at Charles's, Bishop Lee, the Coupers, Clementina, to whom you were wending your way by your last letter. I have just thought of it,— you were doubtless in Philadelphia when Watson passed through Wilmington.

Cyane, March 15th, San Francisco.

My preceding number will have brought you up with events to the 27th February. On the following day, the Savannah sailed for Monterey, taking with her my messmate General Kearney, who, after inspecting in this region, returns to organize matters further with Commodore Shubrick, between whom existed a harmonious co-operation, alike creditable to them and to the sagacity of the government which could send them. Ten days after the Savannah, the old worn-out, used-up Warren also left. So soon as the Warren left, I was the senior officer present, and charged with the security of the district.

Everything is quiet again, and going smoothly, except I had to send up Lieutenant Harrison, my marines, and some seamen, to Sonoma, having received from the magistrate there an appeal for assistance against the Indians, who were as usual stealing horses, etc. In the absence of General Kearney, or any of the land forces, I had to act, though I did not believe at all in the necessity. But in case anything had happened, it would have been unpleasant to have it said I withheld assistance. I received the thanks of the general for it, who requested me to get a report from Lieutenant Harrison on the necessity of keeping up a force there. I had just sent an express there, when a letter came from Harrison, making a fuss about the outrages of the Indians, and his having issued a circular calling out fifty volunteers, which I instantly directed him to recall, so far as holding out any inducements of being paid. "If they could not organize themselves to prevent horse-stealing until regular forces could be sent, the horses might go. But neither he nor I had a right to call out men or offer them a cent, and that I would not approve of a single dollar, except for the expenses of his own command." It is all a trick to have a force stationed there, or to compel the enlistment of volunteers at high pay, the people wishing the circulation of money which such forces always create in a small place. The general will send up a company so soon as the next installment of Colonel Stevenson's regiment arrives, and I trust, once for all, to have all my ship's company together. The quiet here has amounted to dullness, but it has served to bring back things on board to order. The ship is neat and beautifully kept, the men have lost their careless, heedless, noisy way, created by the desultory life they have led. I think I may truly say I never knew a happier man-of-war, and I have never been with a set of men who seem so attached to me. Yet I have had to punish, — not a great deal, but yet some. I have been very firm, even stern, but I have succeeded, I believe, in convincing every man that I would at any time give him a jacket or a shirt, if he would spare me such a duty. The officers are also very contented, and serve me faithfully. Yet with them too I have had to exercise control, for I will not overlook in an officer what I punish in a man. All seem proud of their ship, and Tilghman has her in beautiful condition, fair to look on.

I am interrupted by a ship being announced. In this harbor, you can never see them till they are upon you. I must jump up and see. It is doubtless the Lexington, after Colonel Stevenson's troops. No. She has just passed near the stern (it is dark), and to my hail, answered "Xylon," —a long-looked-for store-ship, come at last. She has a letter from you, I believe, of April. I think you wrote by her. The boat will soon be back.

I was speaking of the ship. The only thing I find it impossible to accomplish, is to create the slightest approach to a religious feeling. It is true, I am but a poor hand, yet I did much in this way by my countenance and interest among the crew of the Congress. It is true, Mr. Colton attended to the organization, etc. If there was only one single person among the officers here interested, I dare say I could accomplish something. I have nearly stopped swearing, however,—entirely among the officers, and among the men, within my hearing. When I first came, it was very frequent, and not to be wondered at, because the first lieutenant, though a capital fellow in most respects, indulged greatly in this most silly of habits, if it were nothing worse. He has nearly corrected himself, however, on my quiet but earnest remonstrance. By the way, he has not gone home. Beale, it seems, went from San Diego.

The boat has come back with five enormous mail bags (letters, I suppose, a year old), which, however, must be overhauled. I can only add one word to-night, as the officers have been in my cabin for an hour, having what they call the first "regular chance" at letter bags they have had in this ship. You never saw so many letters and packages from the ends of the earth, and *our* usual luck, turning up. I have not yet broken a seal, but I fancy very near all your missing letters are here,—quite a bundle; Mr. Higgins and the purser exclaiming every now and then, "Why, Captain DuPont, you *have* a mail." Finally, an old enormous dirty-looking bag was reached, which I told them would have the latest of all, and sure enough, I discovered your July and August letters, picked up by the ship at Callao; those brought by Nicholson. I see Mackenzie's, Wylie's, and Ogden's handwriting. One letter from you to me is directed

United States brig Perry, returned to the Lyceum from China, and sent out to me by its very obliging secretary. But here goes for the letters, a long pleasant night before me, the major smoking a cigar near my stove, and congratulating himself, old-bachelor-like, at not having a correspondent in the world.

March 16th.

I have to tell you that Commodore Shubrick is superseded by Commodore Biddle, who arrived in the Columbus on the 2d instant, his orders leaving him no discretion, and he remains during the continuance of the war. I have a private letter from Commodore Shubrick, who is deeply mortified and indignant, as we all are. I cannot tell you how chagrined I am this change, though of course I have no fault to find with Commodore Biddle, with whom I have long served. His capacity is equal to Commodore Shubrick's.

We knew that orders had been sent in different directions to head off Commodore Biddle. They missed him at the islands. At Valparaiso he and the Independence met; and there he was informed officially from Callao that orders were there for him, and he ran up. They were dated in May, without discretion it is said, and he arrived, and has assumed the command emphatically, saying he is compelled to remain till he hears of peace. He had no wish, it is said, to come, and at the islands denounced the Mexican war; but I am yet in the dark how an order of the 16th May can so far supersede an order from the same source (Bancroft) in August, followed by other orders by Mason to Commodore Stockton, dated 5th November, to hand over the squadron to Commodore Shubrick. Yet I presume it is so, as Commodore Shubrick does not seem sore against Biddle. I first heard it (that is, that he had come for anything more than to look in and see that his force was not wanted) through a letter from General Kearney, who has been, since he left me, a most attentive and kind correspondent. The very points I wish most to hear, he always touches upon.

From Commodore Shubrick I have also had a kind note, which relieved my mind on one point,—for I had asked myself how he could leave Washington without inquiring as to the nature of Commodore Biddle's orders. He writes, "You will hear with surprise that the command of the Pacific squadron has passed from my hands. At the time the late Secretary of the Navy appointed me to command the squadron, and told me that Biddle might touch here on his way home, but that I should probably meet him at Callao, he had written to Biddle to come here and take the command, in such terms that he seems obliged to remain during the continuance of the war! I have written to the present Secretary in strong terms, and hope to go home as soon as I can hear from him."

If I have not time, as I fear I will not have, to write to Irvine as I wished to do after my great disappointment at his not getting out here, please tell him all about this. Perhaps he might think it necessary to go to Washington and see about it. If you get all my letters you will see the changes we have had to contend with out here, naval and military. Commodore Sloat, Commodore Stockton, Commodore Shubrick, and now Commodore Biddle, all in seven and a half months. Then the farce of Frémont's governorship, with General Kearney in the country. Then comes Col. Stevenson, anticipated by Col. Mason. The general writes me he has ordered the lieutenant-colonel to Monterey, directing him to bring the archives, that town having been made the capital.

The Californians think that we cannot be much better than Mexico, for they connect the appearance of every new commander-in-chief with the result of some new revolution. They are, however, delighted with the general's last proclamation, which I will send you. It has made a decided hit. A word more in relation to Commodore Biddle. I believe we shall get on very well, but there is not the sense of security with him as with Commodore Shubrick. The discipline of the latter is graced with unchangeable courtesy and consideration. Years and religious feeling have added to these; in fact, there is but one opinion; he made the most favorable impression, and everything was going on smoothly between him and General Kearney, naval and military, Californians and emigrants. Biddle is intellectual, firm, and capable. He is greatly feared, and the government will be well served.

And now let me turn to your letters, that I was disposed to treat so cavalierly—not the letters, but the old bags. Why, I never made such a *haul* in my whole life! I never went to bed until half-past two in the morning, and then could not sleep, and have had a pretty bad headache in consequence all day, which did not prevent, however, my writing this, and my first official letter to Commodore Biddle about the store-ship, her charter party (agreement), her invoices, claims, etc. The captain came to see me immediately after breakfast, and his wife with him, said to be a very nice person. They inquired after Irvine, whom they had met at Rio, I believe. I had about seventeen letters, and was never more interested in my life by any batch of letters. One letter I had had from you 19th October, and you will have seen by the preceding one to this how many were missing, and how many things of deep interest only alluded to in your last were fully explained in these.

I had two from Dr. Wiley, one of March, 1846, but deeply interesting, because it contained the account of his quarrel with Bancroft. But I must speak first of your letters. * *

On the 1st January this year I have been eighteen years at sea; only two officers of my grade have seen as much or more sea service, — Captains Dornin and Nicholson.

Old Mr. Harrison of Jamaica I knew when I was a boy, and Commodore Biddle's aide in the West Indies. He was then consul at St. Bartholomew. He is a gentleman of the old school, appointed by Mr. Madison. How he has escaped the ruthless proscription of party I know not, save that there are few applicants to try the Kingston fever. He is the father of my lieutenant, but he did not know that I was commanding his son when he wrote you his polite reply. I was kind to another son, who was drowned some years back at Norfolk, and who served with me in the North Carolina. Slidell lost a brother in the same boat.

March 17th.

The Vandalia goes at twelve to-day. Another ship goes to-morrow, but I dare not keep this for fear of missing the Savannah, though she may still be delayed. I have much to talk to you about, and it is so pleasant to do so!—yet my interruptions are incessant from morning till 10 o'clock at night. It is now 10.30 o'clock. I have had the captain of the store-ship on my hands, first for one thing, then another, and now he comes to say his crew will not work, and refuse duty. I refer him to the magistrate, who then calls upon me if necessary. Then comes Colonel Stevenson, whose arrival, with the first installment of his regiment, I did not mention. He is harmless enough, *a fish out of water*, with no military knowledge and still less military aspirations. A man who has come here to recommence a political existence; he looks upon his regiment as his future constituents, and therefore has it under no control whatever. Captain Folsom, the quartermaster of the regular army, is supremely disgusted. Naglee is in one of the other ships, but only commands a company. I want the general to send him to relieve my marines at Sonoma, for it is necessary a graduate or an army officer should be there. Burton is the lieutenant-colonel, not yet arrived, and Hardee is major; both officers of the army. The men are not so bad as you thought. (How I laughed at your paragraph about them!) They are superior to the Western men with Frémont, and when discharged, being all mechanics, will be an important accession to this country. It is a great pity the regiment could not be under Burton.

If you get all my letters you will be more *au fait* of the affairs of California than anybody else, I think, for I see, without them, your anticipations were most correct,

Your remarks about the Gulf squadron were so correct and so interesting; and then about the tariff, the war, to be followed by senseless and useless retrenchment, in which the navy would suffer most; remarks I have myself made time and again within the last three months.

I believe the President could have been led for good as well as evil, but his agents were monstrously selected.

The doctor has been a most kind correspondent. Ogden's letter complains bitterly of his disappointment at not getting out in the Independence. Mackenzie writes me three letters, very kind indeed, and affectionate. He says nothing of going with Perry, who was then leaving for the Gulf. By the way, the disasters still seem to continue there. By the Xylon (the Greek word for cotton plant) we have later news from Mazatlan, to 20th January. The Brandywine and Boston were said to be ashore on Turk's Island, and the Somers lost,—this seems stated positively in the "Diario" of Mexico of 17th December. No peace! what does this mean? How much we want a steamer on this coast. She would be more useful now than the Columbus.

On opening one of Mackenzie's letters, I discovered it contained a half square of black lines, which made me say, "Mackenzie was in a furious haste when he wrote this; he has sent me his lines." Yet they had a familiar look, a sensation which passed through me—I must give you the letter. "26th August.—One of your letters from Norfolk was written in so hurried a manner that you sent off in it part of the black lines, which revealed part of the secret of your very neat writing. As they were Mrs. D. P.'s" (your name very delicately written in one corner), "you have probably mourned the absence of this token * * * * * as often as you have written a letter. That you may do so no more, I enclose it. I would add to it, if I could lay my hands on the document, a brief dedication of the Life of Decatur to you, which I abandon the idea of inserting, from an unwillingness to associate your name with what might lead possibly to controversy, or to parade too ostentatiously the friendship which I so highly value. When I meet with this paper I will send it to you. In future editions of the work, when controversy has ceased, it may be inserted with your approbation, or remain a token between ourselves. Ever affectionately yours."

If I have not spoken of Eleu's letter before leaving home in the midst of her multifarious occupations, received also by the Xylon, and a delightful extract from her correspondence from abroad, it is not because I have not valued the one most thankfully, and enjoyed the other much. I envy her greatly her visit to *Bois des Fosses*. They are making a glorious trip, to be an incalculable advantage to both. If the doctor recovers his health, which I sincerely pray for, it will give him an expansion he little dreamt of, and which people of ordinary minds at home can never understand. It will also add a gracefulness to Eleu's great worth. I was much interested about James; not surprised at his ultraism, but greatly regret it, as it closes the door effectually to all hope of his ever settling in America. I could write much about this if I had the time. To me it seems a retrogression from the ideas, moral and physical, which brought our parents over from France. One whose talents made him one of their most worthy descendants should have remained, it strikes me. I cannot express the idea in my mind, but you doubtless can understand what I mean.

I have written to Bishop Lee a letter which I hope may please him. I had a letter from my old shipmate Judge Turrill at the Islands, very friendly. Mr. Ten Eyck has broken up housekeeping, selling his furniture to advantage, and gone to lodgings.

Your letter about Mr. Clark and the mine, I only got with the last. You acted right. I intended my letter to him as discouraging the idea of writing to Charles, telling him I could not send the latter the power of attorney. I never would have seen a cent of the money. Fortunes could be made here now in purchasing land. Those who leave the coast, and the officers who have gone on a few days excursion, have come back *California mad*. I am waiting for a fair chance to take a little run, but am always afraid I may be absent when a ship or courier arrives. The valley of Santa Clara, back from the shores of the bay, to the southward of this, has completely captivated Mr. Warner, of the engineers, and Mr. Price. It extends many miles, the soil is rich beyond description, like George's* richest hot-bed mould,—and eight feet deep. The grass and wild oats hide a man on horseback riding through in its season. Wooded with noble oaks of many feet in diameter; these now and then dotted over the surface, then a fringe of them, then a small wood, here a single tree, and there a hundred acres without any, all clear of underbrush,—creating an effect with which no park in England could compare, and no student of Mr. Downing's landscape gardening ever expect to equal. Warner says I could get fourteen leagues of such a country, sixty-five thousand acres, for $7000, with the *corrals*, and a rancho or two on it. Cattle swarm upon it. I have only ridden two or three miles at a time as yet. The flowers are out, and the ground a parterre, the Escholtzia, Iris, Phlox, yellow violets, with many pretty flowering shrubs. One with a pale blue flower made me much think of you. Tilghman has just come from the *Contra Costa*, with eight wild geese. The doctor goes over there practicing, and is the good Samaritan of California. The people are overwhelmed by his kindness and skill. They have no doctors, and he spends a night at their ranches, and gives some curious accounts of the people. A handsome young fellow, Victor Castro by name, whose brother is very sick, came over with him, and came and sat at my stove, to warm himself and see me. The comforts of the cabin, and its difference from their want of these things, struck him very much.

I have read several of Melville's sermons you sent me. The first is absurd and very far-fetched, as you say; the others

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*George Brattan, the old gardener at Louviers.

I like better, but do not generally appreciate sermons from odd texts, where the ordinary meaning strikes you, and seems sufficient. I'm interrupted. General Vallejo has been on board. The Vandalia is off. I must stop short and seal off. This is going to Monterey. Love to all at home. Thank dear Amelia for her letter.

Cyane, April 14th, 1847.

I leave this hasty note with scarcely any chance that it will reach you, in advance of opportunities that I have in prospect; yet as I think you like even a word in these troublous times, I take the pen to say I am very well, contented, prospering, and am off in the morning to blockade Mazatlan; to be followed in a few days by the Independence, Commodore Shubrick, with the *Red* broad pendant.

My intercourse with Commodore Biddle has been as agreeable as with Commodore Shubrick. He has treated me with real kindness and interest. He and General Kearney were on the poop of the Columbus, when we came in on Sunday from San Francisco in fine style. He said to the general, "There is a sloop-of-war commanded by one of my midshipmen. Just think of that!" His mind is very vigorous yet, and he is at home in the administration of the squadron. Our instructions are full and complete, the law of nations set down, etc. My previous letters by the Savannah, etc., will inform you of his arrival on the coast.

The general and Captain Selfridge and Mr. Colton dined with me yesterday. The general says he will see you in October; you will be pleased with him. No peace yet. The last items are General Scott's landing, loss of the Somers, Boston, etc. As this is a mere *lottery ticket*, I will add nothing more, save a prayer for your health and resignation.

Cyane, April 20th, 1847.
At sea off western coast of Lower California,
bound for Mazatlan.

With the exception of a few hasty lines left at Monterey, for any opportunity which may offer, and which Henry Turner has promised to watch, it is over a month since I last wrote; but my letter of the 17th March has come back to me, and is yet quietly in my drawer; a fair sample of the facilities of the Pacific Ocean for correspondence.

But I do not yield to every impulse of taking my pen, for my letters are already sufficiently voluminous, and I fear are too much so for your eyes,—reaching you, as they no doubt often do, *en masse*. Everything continues to prosper with me; I have had no trials or troubles of a professional kind, and nothing but thankfulness should fill my heart. Troubled waters have been round me, and I have been kept from mingling with them, my escape so far serving to make me only the more watchful for the future. The employment involved in an active command like that of this ship keeps my mind in exercise; and my earnest devotion to the conscientious discharge of my duties would appear to have met with a measure of success. The harmony, good order, and efficiency of my own ship, the contented spirit which seems to reign through her, and of which I have spoken in my previous letters, still continues. My own intercourse with the successive *new chiefs*, who have appeared to assume the conduct of affairs in California, has been of the most agreeable and gratifying character. From Commodore Shubrick, and within a few days from Commodore Biddle, I have received every mark of regard and cordiality which I could possibly desire.

I saw much of Commodore Biddle, at his request, dropping in on him "at all hours from five in the morning* till seven in the evening," at which hour he goes to bed. He is very amusing, highly intellectual, and instructive, and to those who are the recipients of his esteem or regard, nothing can surpass the gracefulness and agreeability of the intercourse. With General Kearney my association has been equally agreeable; indeed, as I have before told you, one of the most pleasing incidents of my cruise has been the friendly acquaintance which has sprung up between us.

On the 13th February, as you are aware, I entered San Francisco for the second time, in company with the Erie, having Colonel Mason on board, and Watson, whose bag contained your October letter of the 19th, still my last date. On the 23d February the Savannah, Mervine, sailed for Monterey, to be dispatched home. She took out my journal letter No. 11, having still on board No. 9. The Warren followed the Savannah on the 2d March. After the Warren had left, I became in charge of the security of the northern district, and had to send out my marines with Mr. Harrison and some seamen to Sonoma, on account of Indian depredations. I believe I mentioned the arrival of the California regiment under Colonel Stevenson. The first ship got in on the 7th March, the last on the 27th. But the Preble has not yet made her appearance, and as she belongs to those miserable third-class sloops-of-war, I shall feel anxious until she arrives. If she should encounter such weather off Cape Horn as we did in the Congress, or the Saratoga experienced, I doubt if she could get round. The general has scattered the new regiments pretty well, keeping the colonel near his own headquarters. There are some good and useful people among them, but I believe the lowest rowdies form the majority; they are a very drunken set. How officers of the army could get in such a scrape I cannot imagine. I forgot what I said to you already about them, and I am afraid I shall bore you with a repetition. Naglee dined with me. He is only a captain, his company in fair order. The general is going to mount them and make them scour the Indian country.

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* "I don't mean that *I* ever called at such an hour—of which you will not suspect me!—it was merely embraced in the invitation."

Naglee's lieutenants are a Mr. Pendleton, a nephew of Colonel Bankhead, who brought me a letter from Captain Magruder; and a son of Senator Moorhead. It is a queer business all round. The field officers are low on the army list. The lieutenant-colonel is a first lieutenant; the major (Hardie), a friend of Dick Smith's, is a mere boy, and a second lieutenant. Naglee and Bracket are *ex-graduates* of much older standing than the first two, and are not in the army,—have some feeling about it. Then Captain Thomas of the artillery demurs at Burton and Hardie ranking him. I thought these particulars would amuse Henry. The transports which brought them out would not take them them to Monterey, save at an enormous additional expense, and the Lexington store-ship was sent up by Commodore Biddle. On the 20th March the Independence arrived, having been a whole week getting up, and reported perfect Cape Horn weather outside, while we had it quite comfortable at Yerba Buena.

I went immediately on board to see Commodore Shubrick, and though he had to some extent recovered a certain degree of elasticity, yet I could see the mortification, and the inextricable position in which he had been placed had added five years to his appearance. His officers told me he had been completely bowed down about it. I am glad to find that he had not to blame himself for not taking proper precaution before leaving Washington. He asked Mr. Bancroft what Commodore Biddle's orders were. He said to merely look in on California, and if his force was not required he would leave immediately; but that he (Commodore Shubrick) would probably meet him at Callao.

His position is a very trying one. I cheered him up all I could,—would drop on board in the evenings and amuse him with accounts of transactions out here before his arrival. His own captain is taciturnity itself. You remember he (Lavalette) was captain of the Ohio. We are on excellent terms, and he seems delighted whenever I jump on board the Independence.

During our sojourn at Yerba Buena (to be called hereafter San Francisco, as well as the bay itself), most of my officers have taken excursions in the country, always returning highly delighted, and urging upon me the pleasure I would derive myself from such a jaunt. But I was fearful the moment my back was turned I should be wanted; that some ship or store-vessels, or orders from Monterey, would be sure to come; and I therefore determined to remain at my post. On arrival of the Independence, however, I told Commodore Shubrick if he had no objection, while my men were being relieved by the volunteers, at Sonoma, I would take advantage of his presence to make a journey round the bay. (The Independence brought me orders to report at Monterey.)

I think you care but little for my descriptions of country, and you are right, for I am but a poor hand at it. Yet I enjoyed this trip so much, and had I not made it then, would have left the country with such erroneous impressions, you must gallop it over with me. We got away, Dr. Maxwell and myself, at ten in the morning. The road is sandy three miles to the Mission, which is very inferior, and almost in entire ruin. Beyond, the country improved gradually in fertility until we reached the rancho of Francisco Sanchez, the leader of the insurrection in the San Francisco district, the owner of leagues of land, thousands of cattle, yet not a domestic comfort about him, and could not have given a reception in quality, quantity, or cleanliness, which the shanty or cabin of *our* lowest working family would have offered. After leaving his house, the splendor of the country presented itself, — a broad plain, from the shores of the bay to the mountains which enclose its waters, makes the entire circuit of it. It varies from four to twelve miles in breadth, here the high land rising abruptly from it, at other places gradually swelling and blending with it. The soil, richer than George's hot-beds, is eight feet in depth; the grass is already high, covered with flowers; beautiful trees, sufficient for the finest landscape effect, are placed just where and just in such numbers as Sir Walter Scott or some sylvan fancier would have them. The quantity of game, — geese and curlew in particular, — is beyond description. At sundown we reached Santa Clara, having ridden sixty miles; pretty well for people direct from shipboard. We passed the night at Don Ignacio's, the steward of the Mission; called on the priest, who was not very civil. Next morning rode to the Pueblo of San José, connected by an almeda of three miles, well shaded formerly, constructed that the people might walk to the Mission Church on Sundays and *fiestas*. At San José we had a decent meal at the father-in-law's of a young Frenchman who had been baking bread for the ship, and whom I knew very well. After dinner we rode to the Mission of San José, which made us pass round the lower sweep of the bay, and brought us on its eastern side, or on the "*Contra Costa*" as it is called. The Mission buildings are numerous, and as usual, deserted, except a ranch which had been squatted on by a colony of Mormons, who had sown some wheat on the neighboring lands. A short halt here was sufficient, and on we pushed, having parted company with a Scotch resident who had travelled with us, and who gave us a note of introduction to Don Carlos Castro, the owner of the rancho where we were to pass the night. This evening ride was perfect. How much I thought of you! The delicious air, fragrant with the odor of fresh fields, the dairy smell too, all so delightful, compared with tar and bilge water, that I thought of our home with unusual intensity. Innumerable and beautiful cattle opened wide lanes for us to gallop through them; twilight had just been succeeded by starlight, when we rose a gentle slope on which was situated the rancho. The ground round it was perforated with holes by the ground squirrels, making it dangerous to ride over it,—the people too indolent to correct the evil; it being only necessary to turn a rill of water into each hole during the rains. This they might be induced to do, if it could be done on *horseback*. The usual out-houses, Indian children not yet retired, in *native costume;* dirt and disarray in all directions; and I thrust my foot into a mud-puddle under the man's very piazza, on dismounting. Yet the Duke of Northumberland would have envied Don Carlos his estates. I saw nothing in England half so beautiful The scene which followed should be described by Stephens. It was some time before lights were produced. The dogs howled awfully. We were at length ushered into a large room with two beds in it, occupied by the old Don and his wife. In walks the doctor (I following), to the bed of the former, hands in the note. He sits up, night-cap on, a fine face, *a la Louis Seize*. The *dip* gave a very dull light, and the spectacles had to be wiped, still without success; the note was handed back to the doctor, with a request to read it, which he did, sounding our praises, etc. James McKinley was the writer, but known as *Don Santiago*. Immediately the old man arose from his bed,—his drawers *were funny*. Off he went to the yard to give directions about the horses. *En attendant*, the poor old dame had gathered herself up in a knot; called to a little Indian girl to bring the light, and she commenced a cigarette, asking who we were, and immediately related to the doctor all her infirmities, of which she had many—(they are the most patient and unrepining people in the world). We were soon apologized to, as to their having no meat for supper, but they had eggs. We said *they* were ample; in accordance with which, the servant came to the old dame to know how many. "*Dies*," she replied, "*cinco por cada uno*," and turning to me, "*Es bastante, senor*." "*Bastante*," I answered, "*con mil gracias*." Away went the girl to another corner of the room and strangely stowed away, the eggs were found. We had horrid mint tea, with maple sugar.

We slept comfortably. There was not a chair in the house, —benches along the walls. Greater domestic poverty I never saw. The next morning, finding they had no pride likely to be offended, we produced our small stores, had a good cup of coffee leaving the residue with them, and some cigars. The old people were much pleased. As all now do, he spoke of General Kearney's proclamation, and seemed to regret he had not come into the country sooner.

Our ride next day was equally pleasant. At Don Estradillo's, the alcalde of the Contra Costa, *my particular friend*, we had an eleven o'clock breakfast. The old man, his wife and daughters, delighted to see me, but complaining of not having been warned of our visit. We had *tortillas*, nice butter and milk,—quite a turn-out. The ships were in sight across the bay. When we mounted, Estradillo came with us, having been sent for to witness the will of a dying person, where we stopped; and the doctor gave *his* assistance. The scene was unique too, reminding one so of Gil Blas. At Cerito, Victor Castro's rancho, we had another meal; he gave us fresh horses, most *too fresh*. The one I had was like a deer,—parti-colored,—which they call, for they have a name for everything, *pintado*. It was ten miles to Piñole, the rancho of Martinez, and such a gallop I never had before. We passed some horse-chestnuts dotted about the prairie, some of which I am sure would throw a shade of sixty feet round, symmetrical and beautiful. The gorge which leads to Martinez is most striking and richly beautiful. *He* has a *garden*, is an old Spanish officer, eighty years old, kind and hospitable. The next day we went to the Straits of Korkinez, and saw the *embouchure* of the famous Sacramento, San Joachim, etc., and crossed that night to our ship, my boat having come for me. We were gone four days,—rode near two hundred miles. I was not even jaded, so you see I am in good physical condition. I was highly delighted, besides getting posted in Californian knowledge. This sketch of the trip is most imperfect.

Cyane, off Mazatlan, blockading,
May 2d, 1847.

Without any expectation of sending this number, I was writing only when the humor seized me, and have thus got a little behindhand with events that are becoming daily more interesting; yet I must reach them consecutively.

Orders were brought me by the Independence at San Francisco to repair to Monterey, from whence it was understood I was to proceed to this coast. A day or two after the Independence was ordered to follow. I got away on the 9th of April, and reached Monterey on the 12th, having encountered fogs, which make the navigation of the Californian coast very disagreeable until September. We saluted the flag-ship, and I immediately went on board, where I found, besides Commodore Biddle, my friend the general, who, as usual, putting his hands on both shoulders, with his noble and amiable countenance, exclaimed, "Well, captain, I am delighted to see you in Monterey." I soon had orders to prepare for sea, to establish a new blockade, more in accordance with law and common sense than the one declared by Commodore Stockton, which has been annulled, but not before prodigious evil might have come out of it. My agreeable intercourse with Commodore Biddle is alluded to already. I saw Mr. Colton. The Julia came in from San Diego, bringing the news that Mervine had taken home the Savannah. Commodore Stockton had finally remained, according to Commodore Biddle's advice, to authenticate his accounts.

Frémont has finally succumbed to the authority of the general. I know not what to make of him. His natural character I am convinced must have been marked by moderation and modesty, but ambition seems to have possessed itself of him and swayed his whole character.

We have not seen, as yet, the President's message, but heard he was mentioned as "overrunning California with a handful of men." "*C'est comme ça qu'on écrit l'histoire!*"

I was ready in two days. The wind failed on the third, but I sailed again on Friday, 16th April, got out of Monterey bay that evening, and shaped our course to the southward. We had a fine pleasant run, though of course no pleasant anticipation, coming as we were to this coast to perform the most arduous but most inglorious of duties. On Thursday, the 22d, we made Cape San Lucas, passing close to it. We were straining our eyes to see if there was any sign of our friend Ritchie, of whom I have spoken in former letters, and who owns a rancho on the cape, and a little vessel, one of our prizes, which I let him keep for certain considerations; when all at once a sail was discovered at anchor inside the Frailes. I hove to, and dispatched a boat to board her. While our boat was in (it was now dark), who should pull up alongside but Ritchie. He informed us the Portsmouth was at San José, twenty miles above, and so soon as our boat returned I steered for San José, having orders for Captain Montgomery—taking Ritchie along. We were so sorry we had not brought the Portsmouth's letters—but no one knew the Portsmouth's orders but Commodore Stockton, who did not send a copy of them to his successors. On Friday morning, 23d, we anchored near her, and heard matters of some importance from her, besides the Mexican news. Commodore Stockton's blockade of last summer was wholly illegal, as everybody knew. Montgomery had been sent to renew it, which he did before Mazatlan (the duty which had been first assigned to me, and then suddenly revoked and this ship sent north from San Diego, as I have before written). The English men-of-war had received orders not to respect the blockade, and Captain Duntze of the Fizgard so wrote to Captain Montgomery. They had a correspondence which ended by Captain Duntze leaving for San Blas and being replaced by Sir Baldwin Walker in the Constance, a fifty-gun frigate. Montgomery managed his affairs and correspondence very well, but he had no ground to stand upon. But it was of God's mercy that he had to deal with a man like Sir Baldwin Walker, who, to high rank and standing, and a large ship, added all the courtesy, all the humane and friendly spirit, which alone, under his orders, could have led to an amicable adjustment. Montgomery left on the 23d March, to go to Lower California to hoist the flag, to be hauled down (involving in danger those who favored it) so soon as he withdraws his ship, which he has done, being ordered to Monterey.

I read all the correspondence Montgomery had, which of course was of service to me. But as I came to annul the old blockade and establish a new one, I apprehend no difficulties, nor have I had any, though some persons had prejudiced Sir B. Walker against me, and Mott reported at San José that he had said he was very glad he had not had Captain DuPont to deal with. I doubted this, for I did not think a man such as I had heard him described would form a prejudiced opinion from any *ex-parte* statement. I determined, however, not to let it influence *my* conduct or opinion. The result has been we have taken to each other wonderfully. A nicer fellow I never met with in any service. He served in the Levant during the great Turkish and Egyptian questions, which caused France and England to arm such large fleets; was the admiral of the Sultan at Beyrout; has two foreign orders, one of them the Legion of Honor, besides being an English knight. In his own service his rank is that of captain. We have exchanged notes, books,—I have dined with him; he has been off twice to see me—a long pull. The last time he brought me a turtle, and as the captain of the Sarcelle, a French corvette here, says, "*C'est le meilleur anglais que j'ai jamais vu.*"

But all this has thrown me ahead of my story. I left San José at three o'clock in the morning, Sunday, having had to take away from poor Captain Montgomery the last prop of hope about his two sons, lost in the Warren's launch in the bay of San Francisco,—fragments of the boat having been found just before we left there. He had hoped against hope; but the blow was crushing. He went into his state-room and prayed with his other little son, who showed great feeling.

The night I anchored, just before eight on Monday evening, an *English* barque attempted to run by. I sent a boat to warn her off. The last words I said to Lieutenant Higgins happened to be, "*Be mild*, Mr. Higgins." The captain of the barque was very violent and abusive, and the vessel had to be rounded to by our boat's crew. Higgins said he was on the point of breaking out on the fellow several times, but my last words would always come to his mind, and kept him cool. Finally the fellow cooled off himself, when he found it was a new blockade, and we had no further trouble with him. I permitted him to anchor, and Captain Walker sent him off water, of which he was in want.

3d May.

We have seen some of the merchants who came off in the English man-of-war's boats; and from these, and the kindness of Captain Walker, we have received papers from the city of Mexico, and a very few scattering dates from home. The battle of Angostura, the taking of Vera Cruz and the castle, the advance of General Scott upon Jalapa, and by the mail of last night his encounter with Santa Anna at Punta Nacional, where it is said Santa Anna was routed with entire loss of artillery, induced us to hope that the beginning of the end is coming. On the 30th April the Independence came in, and is now anchored near us, which helps to keep away the *ennui* of blockade. On the day before her arrival I had received, through the kindness of a young Englishman belonging to Parrott's house, the first number of the Vera Cruz "Eagle," containing the date and account of the capitulation, General Scott's general order, etc.

Terrible to me was the announcement of the death of Midshipman Shubrick, mentioned with that of Captain Vinton and Captain Alburtis! I was quite staggered. Could it be poor Thomas? Who else could it be? Could he have got back in the Saratoga and been out there already? Yes, this seemed possible. So young, perhaps so unprepared! I was very unhappy. Poor Julia! how can she bear this cutting off of her first-born? I was comforted when I thought Irvine would be with them all. The next day I took the news to Commodore Shubrick. He thought it might be Edmund Shubrick, there in the Raritan; but I saw in the Mexican paper too, "*Guarda marina* Shubrick," as among the killed. Give my love to them, and say how much I sympathize and mourn with them.

Captain Walker sent me yesterday a New Orleans Picayune of the 1st April, just thirty-two days in getting here. It was a dry number, and so far in advance of other dates as to be almost unintelligible in many things, for we have not yet seen the President's message of the 1st December. I see Cushing was a *colonel.* The politicians seem to be laying in capital for future political campaigns, as heroes of the Mexican war. Some new regiments have been added, as well as more volunteers. I have thought whether Delaware would not send her quota.

I am thinking if some people could have seen into futurity, that General Taylor would not have been ordered to cross the Nueces. My views about the war, however, are moderate, and I believe that all is in the hand of Providence, and wholly inscrutable to us. I can see benefit to Mexico and to ourselves.

They are a very arrogant and conceited people, the Mexicans, and the worst governed and the most selfish in existence. This latter trait is one secret of their strength. They are utterly indifferent to each other's sufferings; one province cares not for the disasters of another. Then we have learned what wars are; we, who were to swallow up at a mouthful the whole of Mexico, "revel in six weeks in the halls of Montezuma," with other grandiloquent and vainglorious nonsense, have seen a whole year roll round before twenty millions of people, with steam and all the arts and sciences of the age at their command, and money easily procured, could overcome seven millions of mixed Indian races, without an organized government even, the prey of every possible political evil, and physical and military want; and overcome they are not yet. The dreadful, disgraceful deeds of the Arkansas regiment, may do more to promote guerrilla warfare than anything that has happened. We see here, what you do not probably see at home, the Mexican accounts, though the last Picayune contained a full confirmation of the cold-blooded murders above alluded to, with the very just remark, that if it was true the Arkansas regiment had faltered, as reported, on the 23d February, it was doubtless the creatures who had committed those atrocities. Santa Anna's official report of that battle (Angostura) is very interesting; I wish I could send you the paper.

We have been sadly concerned, and felt all really sorry that Commodore Conner's name was not to the capitulation of Vera Cruz and the castles. What a piece of ill fortune to him and of good to Perry! We know not under what circumstances he left. Sir B. Walker showed me the copy of a letter from him to an English captain at Vera Cruz, dated so late as the 4th March. He has had such long, arduous, thankless service, abused in the papers, etc., his health long shattered; wearing out two ships, and two sets of officers and men; and yet to have another pluck the fruits so long watched! So it will be with General Taylor: Scott, by a short cut, and one-tenth the hardships and anxiety, will be the first in the city of Mexico; Taylor having previously destroyed the army which alone could defend it.

Should the war continue, we shall take quiet possession of whatever ports on this coast we may want, after the coming season of rains—say November. They are entirely without defence, and will be surrendered at any moment to the squadron; it is possible they may declare themselves in a state of *neutrality*. This place is now in opposition to Santa Anna, and sends him no revenue whatever. Lower California is anxious to have a force there and hoist the flag. Mexico seems without any power or force whatever on its west coast. There are but few soldiers, and these would not exist but for their internal dissensions. There is a revolution now at Culiacan, in this province. In the city of Mexico, while General Scott was bombarding Vera Cruz, they were cutting each other's throats, and shooting down every man with a good coat on, in fine style; Santa Anna arriving in time to check it, though it is believed his agents under his direction stimulated the whole of it. They are a peculiar people indeed.

It is said we stay here until the bad season commences, June or July, and then to go to the Islands. This will be a great treat to us, as offering a few days of relaxation, an opportunity to get supplies, an agreeable break in a long and arduous and thankless service. Not that I repine,—my duty is done without a murmur, and my heart is overflowing with gratitude.

Cyane, Sunday, May 16th, 1847,
West coast of Mexico.

The merchants at Mazatlan assure us that our letters go safely through; if so, it is a rare good fortune to have such means of access to you, and it causes quite a thrill of comfort to think you may hear I am well in some forty-five or fifty days from this date. And yet, I confess I am not altogether convinced, though I have acted as if I were, by sending from Mazatlan my two previous numbers with a note as late as the 8th May, in which I mentioned that I was leaving on a short cruise up the Gulf, to be back there the 1st June, when it was arranged we should go to the Islands with the Independence, a sort of recreation that we all looked to with great pleasure, but considered too good to be true. Well, off we started for San José, Lower California, directly across from Mazatlan, about one hundred and seventy-five miles distant (of which place I have before written to you), in order to fill up our water before proceeding further; for I have found no greater element to health and contentment for a crew, than to let them have plenty of water, and these fellows of mine do not know what an allowance of it means; and having no anxiety ever about it, fancy no scarcity, and only drink what is absolutely necessary to them; whereas if the same quantity were issued to them, and told they would have no more for twenty-four hours, it would be consumed in twelve, followed by thirst and discontent for the remaining time.

Light winds kept us from Saturday till Monday getting over, though we anchored two hours before an English brig, which left Mazatlan two days before us. I found two or three of our prizes, taken last summer, in La Paz wearing the white flag, which I have not yet disturbed, putting off the evil hour when I may be compelled as the legal protector of the rights of others, to act against a poor, miserable, unhappy people, whose all is invested in these diminutive little coasters.

We were hard at work getting our water from a little river which empties itself into the bay at San José, coming down its beautiful valley, which it serves to irrigate. The people are passably industrious, and we consequently have it in our power to purchase, besides *beef*, that which is still more prized, and very rare on all these coasts, vegetables of various kinds. The potatoes are uncommonly fine, and it is a thousand pities that Ireland and the worn-out potato districts could not get some to renew their seed.

Mr. Mott is still living there, and Mr. Bolton, another American, exiles from Mazatlan. The wife of the former will soon be in want of medical aid, and there is none to be had, so I permitted a little schooner to come over to the coast to take over the physician, an American settled at Mazatlan (though a Mexican citizen), provided those brutes will let him come. I suppose Commodore Shubrick will have no objection. I do not see why the rigors of war should interfere in such deeds of ordinary humanity; at all events I shall always exercise them until stopped.

Finding our stock of wood was shorter than I thought, I was delayed in getting some, a difficult matter; and while so engaged on Thursday evening, a sail was discovered off Cape San Lucas, standing under all canvas toward the east, and doubtless bound for Mazatlan. We concluded it was some of our men-of-war, and thought her large enough for the Congress. She suddenly discovered us, and shaped her course for San José, though a very long way off. Speculation was rife. Our numbers were exchanged; hers we could not make out, save I saw distinctly one of the flags, and as it formed part of the Preble's number, I concluded it was she, long expected at Monterey. Dark came upon us. Knowing the spot to anchor was difficult to find by a stranger, I sent off a lieutenant to show them the way in, intending to go on board myself the moment she anchored; but the boat had scarcely left when the ship rounded to, three or four miles out. The boat kept on, however, and got back by ten o'clock, reporting the Preble, *without* our letters, having left them at Monterey, though coming down with orders to the Independence; stating, by way of consoling us, they had brought up an immense quantity for this ship from the lower coast, with Mr. Norris, whom they had found at Callao. You can imagine our disappointment. I could have *cried*. The fault was not with the Preble, and arose from total ignorance of these coasts to new-comers; for the commodore thought she might not find the Independence; was to cruise three days, and then to proceed on her mission to Callao, to get funds to settle the affairs in California. Shields sent me word that he wanted to see me, which I should have greatly enjoyed, but he kept off so far, and being excessively hoarse, so that I could not make myself heard,—in fact, a complete *extinction de voix*, increased by staying in the night air watching his ship,—kept me from going. He sent me word his falling in with me would supersede his going over to Mazatlan to Commodore Shubrick, if I could go instead. I sent word certainly, *by his orders*, and telling him mine; he was, of course, to judge. It seems he did not hesitate, and, by my second boat, which remained all night with him, I got the orders, and am now on my way back to Mazatlan. Dr. Maxwell, a cousin of Captain Shields, and Mr. Price, went in the second boat, and stayed all night. They made a jubilee of it on board, so interested were they to get the Mexican news of Taylor's and Scott's successes, etc. They came back delighted with the little ship and her officers. They got from them also some items which interested us from the squadron. Henry Turner writes to the doctor that the general had received a reiteration of all his power and instructions by Mr. Norris.

The Congress was still at San Diego, but positively ordered up. Stockton cannot get away until the return of the Preble, which she cannot do until September. I regretted much not seeing Shields, and I am sure he did missing me. He is a nice gentleman; we knew each other well when midshipmen and lieutenants in the Mediterranean, and were quite intimate. You may remember my meeting him in Washington in '45, after a stage accident. He was once on the Brandywine; he is intelligent and pleasant,—a cotton planter in Alabama,—but one of your fidgets in small matters; would not anchor, though his men are on three quarts of water,—a fair sample of these third-class sloops, which to have sent to the Pacific was cruel.

May 19th.

I arrived here (off Mazatlan) night before last. The Independence here. The orders I brought from the Preble for Commodore Shubrick were, when he left here he was to return to Monterey, and not to go the Islands, but to send the Cyane there. This is very agreeable, but I would have preferred remaining here and enforcing the blockade, the bad season notwithstanding, because I think the coast should not be left without a ship. But chiefs do not see this in the same light, and of course I am content. The voyage is a very agreeable one, and I am glad for the sake of my crew, who, now closing their second year of enlistment, want a little relaxation, provided I am allowed to give it to them.

The main item in the dispatches was that Commodore Biddle is directed, if his force is not wanted, to return in the Columbus; and so soon as the Independence arrives at Monterey, she will doubtless be off, and Commodore Shubrick be reinstated.

Commodore Shubrick was terribly put out at his letters not being sent. Mine I shall not get until September, which will make ten months, if not eleven, from your last date. I passed the whole day yesterday with Commodore Shubrick, reading late papers—the Picayune and the Vera Cruz Eagle; found many items of interest, and naval news. The Angostura and Cerro Gordo fights are glorious. If they only could have taken Santa Anna at the latter! Scott is doubtless now in Mexico, and I am very hopeful about his proceedings, though I have learned much of the Mexicans,—stupid, contemptible impracticability, Indian stoicism, accompanied by inaction, and therefore nothing to respect in it. I am in favor of entire military occupation; a very strong treaty when made, with forces to continue and see its fulfillment; all of which will result greatly to the benefit of Mexico herself. The continued offers of peace, and their senseless replies, have effaced in my mind all early wrongs on our part; and the uniform success which has so far accompanied our arms seems to indicate a kind and protecting Providence.

I take this to Sir Baldwin Walker to send ashore for me. I will write before I leave, which will be about the 1st June, I believe. The trading ships have done coming, and so far as that is concerned, our leaving is no detriment. The weather is very hot already.

Cyane, off the port of Mazatlan,
May 25th, 1847.

I have nothing to add of a special nature to my letter by the last mail. Many things I would write about, but I cannot feel any certainty that these letters *go through*, the assurance of the merchants to the contrary notwithstanding.

Time begins to pass wearily. The circumstance of the Preble having left all our letters at Monterey has been the sorest disappointment that we have experienced this cruise. Every day I find it harder to become reconciled to it. I miss so much your letters in all respects,—the tone and spirit of things in the country in relation to the war, and all other matters, public, personal, and domestic; subjects on which a few scattered papers, however late their date, can in no manner satisfy one.

We are pretty well informed here of the progress of the war in Mexico. The last mail did not bring what we expected, however, the account of a more rapid approach of General Scott to the capital. It would appear he was only a few miles this side of Perote, having sixty miles of arid country between him and Pueblo, without water. He is right to be cautious, for one misstep would throw back the peace many months; so peculiar, so arrogant, so conceited, and yet so stupid are the Mexicans. Sir Baldwin Walker, who is all attention in giving us the news —— It is queer! I had scarcely written his name when his boat was announced, and he has just passed an hour with me most agreeably, — having come to pay a visit *de digestion*, for I forgot to mention that last Friday I had a dinner party, the first *à prétension* which I had mustered courage to give,—wishing to return Captain Walker's similar civility to me. I took occasion to invite Commodore Shubrick and Captain Lavalette, with some other officers. Everything went off nicely, and we all seemed to enjoy it very much. My young man, Patterson, has become an excellent steward, so that I live well, and far more economically than I did before. He has Mrs. Randolph's receipts, of which he makes capital use.

Captain Walker is certain that measures are being taken in the capital to commence overtures of peace, and thus General Scott will be kept from entering the capital. He knows nothing of Benton. He tells me the Mexican Congress are in session, and are to meet 1st June. This is a very important item which I was not aware of.

We have had a paper, but which I did not see, giving many particulars of the capture of Vera Cruz. It would appear the navy had more to do with the matter than we first believed. How do Julia and Irvine bear their loss? I have written to you before of poor Thomas. The navy have again been doing something at Tuspan, which will probably help it in public opinion. Commodore Perry is a lucky man. We are, on this side, to use a sailor simile, "lying on our oars." The change of rulers, the absence of provisions until the end of March, and above all, the absence from the beginning of any plan or system, combined with great local ignorance, have prevented a course of procedure which I think would have been beneficial, and a little more creditable. Yet everything of substantial importance has been effected, and my mind has been so thoroughly disciplined about this "glory" business, that I am calm and resigned to circumstances, and I feel, too, thankful that I do not belong to that class who have a morbid thirst for notoriety. I have freely imparted the valuable information which my cruise in these waters, and on these coasts last season, enabled me to procure, offering to take the hard and rugged parts of any projected measures; so that my conscience is very quiet. To do my duty thoroughly and at all times, is my earnest desire, and I hope I shall be equal to any emergency that may come upon me; but to be dreaming all the time of distinction that might be won, etc., is as silly as any other kind of castle-building.

I have a good deal of amusement in keeping my officers *cool*, who, young yet, their whole minds are dwelling on lost chances of glory, etc. They seem indignant that the services of this ship last year have been filched from her, etc. I tell them it will all be right, and so it will; though it is curious how little has been said about her, while the operations of every petty revenue cutter, or small schooner or steamer, on the other side, fill paragraphs of the newspapers.

I told you in my last that the Columbus would doubtless return, leaving Commodore Shubrick again in command, so soon as he got back to California. Since this is known, I have permitted my thoughts to turn homewards; for with a peace, I am sure Commodore Shubrick will let the ship return in time to reach the United States within the three years, and I do trust that by January or February next we will be doubling Cape Horn.

I have had, and continue to have, very many blessings; my heart is thankful to God for them. Everything goes on well on board. My little service is never omitted on Sundays; but there is less religious feeling in this ship than in any I have ever been in; no scoffing, but immovable indifference; but this shall not make me swerve from my views of duty and propriety.

In one of the Vera Cruz American papers I perceive it stated that the court found Captain Carpenter guilty of gross neglect of duty, and that he was cashiered, but recommended to mercy. Nothing could have astounded me more. He has been emphatically one of our hard-working, pains-taking officers. Two ships in which he served as a lieutenant were caught in extreme peril, on both occasions he was *the* man,—extricated them, and showed extreme conduct and capacity throughout. I grieve beyond measure for him. He had suffered one disadvantage, a very great one; with very long service, he had never *commanded*; and this is the rock upon which the whole navy will split. If men only reach a command after they have passed the meridian of life, they cannot rely upon themselves, so long accustomed are they to be directed in everything. Captain Pierson it seems, too, has been reprimanded. As the story of the Somers is told, it strikes me her loss was more reprehensible than either,—foolhardy carrying of sail, with a want of knowledge and skill to manage the canvas at the critical moment; and all for what? Not to keep the vessel from going on shore, often a choice of evils having alone to govern in such cases; nor to save life, nor to do a gallant thing of any kind; but to cut off a miserable merchant vessel violating a blockade!

I would like to write to some of my navy friends, particularly to Captain Ogden, but there is so much uncertainty in the transmission of letters that I refrain. If in any manner you can let Ogden know this, I wish you would. Commodore Shubrick told me his health had greatly improved at the date of his last letter to him.

Mr. Talbot has gone on board the Independence, and is to call here, so I must finish my note and have it ready for him to take on shore. My love to all at home, individually and collectively.

Cyane, June 4th, off Mazatlan.

Without any certainty of our letters getting through Mexico, I continue to drop you a line by each post. This will go by another route and under other covers, so the chances of reaching you will be multiplied. Sir B. Walker has just written me a kind note asking me to take a quiet dinner with him to-morrow, and saying he leaves Monday, 7th, for San Blas and Valparaiso. To the first-named place we can send to Mr. Bissell, an American gentleman at Tepic, who promises to forward for us; and through him I will risk this. In case *all* should have miscarried through Mexico, I will have a note ready by Monday for Valparaiso to William Hobson, to see if the longest way round is the nearest to reach home. Sir B. W. adds that he has not a scrap of news to send me, but on Sunday looks for the English as well as the Mexican mails. I continue well. Time wears slowly away, yet it passes; but what an unnatural existence that must be, when one desires the hours to fly swifter, thus shortening the time for that preparation so much needed to meet the great change!

The Independence left us yesterday. I hauled out to my south-easter berth of last season, and dispatched Lieutenant Higgins to San José with a little schooner I had got in the old harbor here, it being no longer safe to keep so small a craft on this coast. The weather has changed; the rains will soon set in, but no blows till next month. I told you in my last I should leave on the 15th of this month, and calling at San José for Higgins and his men, will proceed to the Sandwich Islands, where I will spend a delightful cruise, intending to visit Hilo, Lahaina, and Honolulu. I shall doubtless enjoy greatly *myself* the recreation this will afford me, with bracing to body and mind; but the prospect of refreshing my crew and giving them liberty is what is most satisfactory to me in the trip. As I have told you, I am not satisfied professionally with our doings in this ocean, but as this is no affair of mine, I shall not let it mar my agreeable prospects of an Island cruise. We have not been fortunate out here (I mean in the navy). Arduous and successful services, on the part of most or all the ships, have found no chroniclers, official or non-official. Then the successive changes of chiefs since have only tended to paralyze the action of all. How to get rid of the next four months seems difficult, as all operations on this coast are deferred until the season is over, and though there were some difficulties to overcome, yet the ships seemed literally doing nothing. My own cruise is fortunately connected with our large whaling interests, and the possibility of privateers lurking about the Islands. Three are said to have cleared from London for Manilla, in January.

Sunday, June 6th.

Since the above date we have had a foretaste of the south-easter season. The preceding week had been cloudy. I shifted my berth just in time. Friday night we had heavy lightning and thunder, torrents of rain, and a sea setting in which kept us rolling worse than off Cape Horn. Things slid from their places in the cabin which never moved before. I was very anxious, for the wind was flying round from all quarters, and I dared not disturb the anchor. The night wore away. A long and sleepless one it was to me. In the morning, yesterday, the wind came fresh from the south and east, and off I started. While heaving up, the ship rolled her guns under several times. There was no peril whatever, so long as we had the wind off shore, but it was abundantly disagreeable. We left the Constance rolling terribly also, and firing guns for some absent boats. We plied off and on. In the afternoon it cleared off, and we anchored last night off the coast, five or six miles above our old berth, and had a quiet night. The weather is delightful to-day, and as the moon quartered yesterday, I look for good weather during all our stay.

I have just had our little service, and am now getting under sail to go nearer the mouth of the harbor, in case vessels should arrive off. The news we shall get to-morrow from the Constance will probably be our last of the war before our departure, as after she leaves there will be no intermediary to communicate with the shore.

7th June.

I see the Constance preparing to move. I was in hopes to have heard what news came in yesterday, before closing this, but I cannot.

Off Mazatlan, June 7th.

I have returned from the Constance, where the preceding note, closed this morning, will have told you I was going. Captain Walker was not on board, but had, as usual, left a kind message for me in case I came, saying he would be to see me this afternoon to say good-bye. It is in anticipation of this visit that it occurred to me to add this postscript to my morning's note, and get Sir Baldwin to enclose it through the British Legation in Mexico, thus varying its route, and giving another chance of its reaching you. I think you will laugh at all my notes and letters.

But to the news. I think it good, and favorable to peace. It was given me by the first lieutenant, and consists of the advance of Worth so far as San Martin, about forty miles from the capital; General Scott's *entrée* into Pueblo and reception by the populace, etc.; Santa Anna appearing before the city of Mexico with three thousand ragamuffins, asking the Congress for instructions, etc.

The American forces are doubtless now in Mexico. What then is to prevent a peace? I do not think our terms will be too extravagant, from the evident feeling at home against a war of conquest. Yet I look upon it as a blessing to the inhabitants of every district that becomes American soil. The Mexicans have been nearly thirty years independent of old Spain, and have shown themselves more utterly incapable of self-government than any of her colonies, if any one of them can be worse than the other; leaving out Chili, the only one where some progress and stability are visible.

If next week's mail should bring us something decisive as to a probable peace, I would hurry my visit to the Islands that I might take the news up sooner, but it is very doubtful if we can communicate with the shore after the departure of the Constance. Writing this name so often, reminds me, as you may suppose, of our friend Connie. Please remember me to her most kindly, and say, from the above circumstance, and the pleasure I took in being reminded of her, that she has occupied a portion of my daily thoughts since on this coast. I believe I told you the English frigate was called after Lady Constance Seymour, the queen of beauty at the Eglintoun tournament. She has a most beautiful figure-head of the lady, which I fancied looked like Connie. Alas! how is her health?

The Independence sailed on the 1st for Monterey. I told you of Mr. Mason writing to Commodore Biddle to leave the squadron to Commodore Shubrick if the force of the Columbus can be spared; so there will be another change. Shubrick thinks of nothing but home now. I fear he will not bring himself back to his task with the same efficiency and cleverness with which he commenced his career.

Cyane, off Mazatlan, 12th June, 1847.

The day of my departure from this place, and the consequent relief from the most irksome and disgusting of duties, is near at hand. I expect to get the mail, or rather the news by it to-morrow, and will probably sail on the 15th. A gentleman on shore has promised to dispatch it to me, and by that means I will get this note to him. The Constance has sailed. The Carysfort called here yesterday, twelve days from Guaymas, landed young Captain Seymour, a son of the admiral, sick of a fever, the ship proceeding to San Blas. So we are "alone in our glory," rolling, rolling, and rolling, looking out for the south-easters, and wishing the days to pass more rapidly. This dull monotony was broken into the other day, by the appearance, just before dark, of a sail in the distant horizon, which our boat boarded and warned off. She was permitted to anchor near us, and proved an Ecuador brig, the Rocafuerte, just from China. She had a valuable cargo, owned by a foreign house on shore.

One good thing in this service, and in my separate command, I have gone through quite a course of international law, an important part of an officer's education. The questions that have arisen are varied and intricate, requiring research, and this does one good, and keeps the mind from rusting altogether.

We have the war news up to 1st June from the city of Mexico, with letters from merchants, etc., to their houses here; all of which they contrive on shore to let us have. Santa

Anna has resigned the Presidency, has sent Valencia to the north, in hopes, like him, he will also be beaten; while Bravo has that round the capital, which they now propose to defend. Scott is said to be waiting for troops at Pueblo. I hope he will not advance with less than twelve thousand men. I see Mr. Trist is the diplomatic agent. What has become of Benton?

I am more and more struck how the Aztec blood prevails over the Spanish; indeed, there seems but little Castilian about them. Upper California presents a vastly finer race of people.

Sunday, 13th June, 5 P.M.

No news yet from shore. We had our little service this morning as usual. This afternoon I have been reading one of Melville's sermons. They have his talents, but I do not like them so well as his first series, perhaps because I am less familiar with the texts in the second.

June 14th.

The Messrs. Talbot have come off. No additional news.

Cyane, at sea, June 18th, 1847.

I did sail, as my orders directed, from Mazatlan, on the day following the date of my last note (Tuesday 15th). On the following day we fell in with the balandra (sloop) Solita, one of our prizes, which, on our last visit to San José, Mr. Mott had ransomed, and was sending over to her owner in Mazatlan. She had some passengers on board, one of them a captain in the British army, who had come across the Rocky Mountains, and was returning through Mexico. Mr. McRae, the lieutenant who boarded the Solita, reported him a character. McRae returned with some notes from Mr. Mott; also one from Higgins, announcing his safe arrival after a rough passage. This last item was a great relief, for I thought he was very likely to founder. Mr. Mott informs me that the schooner Santa Cruz arrived there on the 7th, in eight days from Monterey; that she was to be followed in a day or two by the Portsmouth and another sloop-of-war,—the Dale, probably,—which vessel has arrived at Monterey from Panama; but not the Malek Adhel. This last item has set speculation rife on board, and every one's first remark was that "I never believed we would get to the Islands, it is too good to be true." "At least we will get our letters; but they will be sure to to bring some disagreeable orders," said another, etc. And so it may be, thought I; and I wish the consolation of receiving the letters was certain, to help us abide cheerfully any change, whatever it may be. The probability, however, is that Captain Montgomery reported the unprotected state of Lower California, and the silly procedure of hoisting our flag there, and then hauling it down, so that Commodore Biddle immediately ordered him to return. The Dale has been sent, doubtless, to Guaymas, which port was included in his (Biddle's) declaration of blockade, and no ship sent. Now, Was she ordered to stop at Mazatlan and see us? Has either she or the Portsmouth our letters? are the main questions discussed on board.

Sunday, June 20th.

'We are standing in for San José. The weather is not promising, and I think I shall not anchor, but get my men out of the schooner, and be off. I will endeavor to get this to Mr. Mott on shore, who will find some way of sending it to the other coast. Love to all at home and around you.

Monday, June 21st.

"Many a slip 'twixt the cup," etc., says the homely proverb. I have had a sore disappointment. Though never very hopeful, yet I was unprepared for the trial. I am glad, however, to tell you that I have borne it, and will strive to bear it manfully and meekly, for all is doubtless for the best. The Portsmouth *was* at anchor at a distant part of the bay. I ran down for her, and saw Higgins's schooner near her. The latter soon boarded me. Almost the first words were, "I am sorry to tell you your cruise is broken up. The Portsmouth has brought orders for you to return to Mazatlan with her." Had they brought our letters? "No, sir, and Mr. Misroon sent to the Columbus especially for yours, but Commodore Biddle said they must not be sent." I could have cried; but was determined not to be angry, and *was not.* I lowered my boat, and taking my orders, went to report to Captain Montgomery. I found, sure enough, he was, with this ship, to carry on the blockade. I then told him, if there was the slightest possible public good in going to Mazatlan, I could do it cheerfully, but the cruise cut out for the Cyane was of more importance a thousand-fold, and if Commodore Shubrick was in command of the squadron, I know he would be greatly disappointed if it were not carried out. The truth is, the orders were written by Biddle, to clear himself on paper, and it was intended they should be discretionary with the commanders. Shubrick so acted and was expected to act, and I think Commodore Biddle did not expect that the Portsmouth would find either of us, or he certainly would have sent down the letters.

With regard to the Islands, the disappointment on my part is more for the crew and officers, particularly the former, than for myself, though I expected to enjoy it, and gain some mental and physical relaxation. My duties were not over light on board the Congress; but for eleven months *this* ship has had no respite; the wear and tear on every one, and the anxiety of mind in such a command but little relieved to myself by the ordinary rest of common cruises. At this very moment the surf is roaring like great guns; our boats, officers and men, are in, rafting off water, and I expect to hear the cabin door open every moment with a report, "There is a boat capsized, sir, a man drowned," etc. Yet I ought to be thankful, for I have been wonderfully sustained. Last night the weather was threatening, and this place very dangerous. I scarcely closed my eyes. The disappointment of the day, though I have not permitted a murmur to escape me, made me feverish and nervous; but I sought relief in a long prayer, went through a process of moral self-examination, got a short nap, and woke up this morning and found the sun shining brightly, and my spirits exhilarated thereby, so that I am cheerful and even content. I do not think the little verses for the day ever had a more sympathetic response; the whole of it was exquisite. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Read it, will you, when you get this letter. (21st June.)*

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The Portsmouth sailed just now. I shall follow to-morrow. I do not believe Montgomery will do so foolish a thing as to keep both these ships at Mazatlan after 1st July; indeed, he gave me to understand that it having been announced by Commodore Biddle he would give up to Commodore Shubrick on that day, he thought that after then I might proceed on my cruise; but he thought also the Dale would be despatched by Commodore Shubrick on the 1st July. But Shubrick thinks I have had time to get away, and may not mention me, if he should send her with orders to Montgomery. Missroon tells me his last dates are 5th January. What a boon such a date would be to *me*, though that is over six months ago. It is very, *very* trying, and at times I feel my elasticity giving way.

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* "His anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx., 5.

"Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill end before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song."

"Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me. Lord, be thou my helper."—Ps. xxvii., 11.

—*Daily Food—June 21st.*

At sea, 23d June.

I got away from San José yesterday at mid-day, having filled our water, and without accident. Tilghman says the surf was higher than at Cape May. Cape May! What thoughts that place brought to my mind! * * * * We got on board also a large quantity of vegetables, and four bullocks for the crew. These had to be taken some four miles to the southward, where a sheltered nook permitted the boats to land. Monday was bright, but Tuesday was overcast. I was not informed of it, but immediately on going on deck made instant preparations for our departure. The wind freshened, and it looked black. I was very anxious, and hurried the work. By twelve we were off. A few miles out we saw the launch which was to follow us from Mazatlan. I boarded her, and got a file of papers from the city of Mexico, up to the 2d June, and a letter from De la Torre giving the news received by the mail the day after we left Mazatlan. A revolution in Mexico was hourly expected in the city, one side wishing to make Santa Anna dictator, the other to put him down. Opinion was inclining more to a peace.

Now for the *California* news brought by the Portsmouth. She left Monterey about the 9th June. The Congress had finally got there. Stockton had given a grand entertainment to Commodore Biddle. He could get nothing, however, out of Biddle; wanted the Congress to take him to Callao. "Oh, no! that could not be, it was time she was doing something," replied the little man, laughing.—"The Portsmouth?"—"No." Then came the determination of Stockton to cross the mountains; and then numerous applications for officers to be permitted to go with him. He asked for Rowan, and others, but the reply was, "The Department did not send officers out by Cape Horn that they might return by the Rocky Mountains." For this Biddle deserves infinite credit, though I think he might have allowed Commodore Stockton a store-ship or sloop-of-war to take him to Panama. Gillespie is his attaché, and he has gone to Sacramento to organize the party. General Kearney, with a large staff, had already started on the 31st May to go also by the Rocky Mountains, via South Pass. He takes Frémont with him, and it is said he is to be arrested when they reach Fort Leavenworth. If so, the whole California doings will be brought before the public, court-martials, etc., to the injury of both arms of the service, and the benefit of nobody. Yet I do not know how the Government can act otherwise.

Oh, how signally fortunate I have been in having no part or lot in all these bickerings, and how thankful I should be that circumstances took me out of that Congress!

If the general should fulfill his promise, I hope it will be convenient for Charles and Harry to show him some attention. He is a frank, unostentatious soldier, of good sense, affable manners, kind-hearted, without stiffness or reserve. Do not be worried about his accommodation or fare. He is no epicure,—has roughed it very much; in fact, as the queer but expressive phrase goes, "there is no nonsense about him;" besides, his visit will be short, doubtless. I understand they expect to leave Fort Leavenworth in eighty days. I think you will get this before they arrive, if I can get it on shore at Mazatlan. If the general should drop in on you, which would be some time toward the end of September, please tell him, not thinking he was going so soon, I had written to him by all the opportunities which offered from here, giving him the war news.

24th June.

We have just made the land again about Mazatlan. I am so sick of this coast! Yet I believe I am patient and contented.

Of all the books you ever gave me, I have derived more benefit, I think, from Sacra Privata than any other. I meet so many admonitions on the very points most needed,—my special faults seem precisely pointed out, and the daily violations not only of Scriptural injunctions but of practical wisdom so brought home to me, that I am sure to rise from the study of this little book a better man. It also was a gift to you from our dear sister Victorine, whom every year makes me esteem more highly and love more dearly.

I shall take advantage of this return to Mazatlan to write to Irvine. Oh, if I could have had my letters, what a pastime they would have been in this tedious time of blockade! Reading them quietly, noting as I went along the items to be answered, and then the opportunity of doing so in forty or fifty days at furthest through Mexico! But I am resigned.

25th June, Mazatlan.

We got to our old anchorage off here yesterday afternoon. Poor Captain Montgomery is in a *fix*, that is, in the same predicament that he was when he arrived here to resume Stockton's blockade. My leaving here, agreeably to orders, vitiated Biddle's. Montgomery is sent to maintain that which no longer exists, in the same way in which he was sent last March to resume that which was always illegal. It is a pity he did not see this at San José. I told him that by all the authorities the blockade was raised the moment I left for any other cause than stress of weather. He has been examining since, and finds a *new* notification necessary, and his instructions from Commodore Biddle give him no such authority. I never knew such bungling as has been made out here about this blockade. I am ashamed to have been one of the active agents in carrying out the tom-foolery of others, for it deserves no other name.

For example, we warn off a vessel from here; or rather *did*. She went ninety miles below to San Blas, discharged her cargo there; the neutral merchant on shore to whom the cargo was consigned lost of course part of his commission, and had to pay land transportation, etc. But the Mexican government actually gained, for the duties levied at San Blas go direct to the capital, whereas those collected in Mazatlan are retained for the province, the latter having pronounced (*pronunciamento*) against the government of Santa Anna. So that actually we have been playing into Santa Anna's hands. This has been explained, but nothing is done or said. How can such things be accounted for? There is only one way, and the reason applies to many other things out here. I have mentioned it before. From July, '46, we have had four commanders of the squadron, and three governors of Upper California.

There is no news further than we have. I feel nervous and indignant at the few men Scott and Worth and Taylor have with them. We certainly have given the Mexicans every encouragement to overwhelm our armies. If the nation were to rise, not a man could escape. Their own miserable government, their misrule and civil dissensions, can alone account for such apathy,—but does not excuse our own negligence of ordinary prudence.

I believe Montgomery is going back to Monterey for orders, and we go on our cruise to the Islands. If he does so, in my judgment he is acting right, but I regret extremely the necessity of the step, for his sake. He suggested to Commodore Biddle the very emergency which occurred, but could get no action from him.

The Constance is here again. The Carysfort is gone in her place, owing to young Captain Seymour's sickness. My friend, Captain Walker, is sadly disappointed, so I learn from Montgomery. I have not yet seen him. Fortunately there is no issue with him this time about the blockade.

(Five o'clock.) Captain Montgomery has just been on board and paid me a long friendly visit. I had done him a little service, and he, being a Christian gentleman, seems to have appreciated it,—not a very common thing now-a-days. He has given me my orders to sail when I please and prosecute my previous orders. I shall do so after the mail comes in on Sunday (day after to-morrow), or sooner if the weather changes at all.

Strange to say, the joy with which I first hailed our departure for the Islands has not returned,—the disappointment about the letters seems to have killed it. I thought of La Bruyére, "*Les choses les plus desirées,*" etc.[*] I envy Montgomery now, who returns to that most stupid of all stupid places, Monterey. But still I need the change of air and scene of the Islands, and doubt not I will enjoy them. My health is generally excellent; yet without any special ailment, I feel very much as an old horse must, who sighs for green pastures after long and arduous toil, — leaving his work in harness to stand on a hard floor and eat old hay, day after day. Nine months since your last date, nearly! Ninety days without any clothes washed, — seventy since I have had my foot on shore! No perfectly congenial companion on board, etc.

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[*] The passage referred to is, "Les choses les plus desirees n'arrivent point;—ou si elles arrivent, ce n'est ni dans le temps ni dans les circonstances ou elles auraient fait un extreme plaisir."

Saturday, 26th June.

I will send this to Tepic to Mr. Bissell, and now take it to the Constance. Love to all at home.

Cyane, Hilo Bay, July 27th, 1847.

It is just a month since I last held the pen, writing to you my last note through Mexico, bearing date 26th June. It was one of the series that I ventured to send through that country despite the war, on the assurance of the Talbots and other merchants that they would go safely. I trust so, for I should not care having them extracted into the papers of the city of Mexico, like some of poor Mrs. Childs to her husband the colonel, in which the good woman touches pretty well on *home* politics, which circumstance no doubt induced the publication.

Some of these notes of mine other people would call long letters, yet there is not much in them to interest the Mexicans, so I hope all will reach you in good time. I would wish particularly the last one would reach you, for it would inform you of the circumstances which led to my visit to these islands,—how near I was being kept on the coast the whole summer; but the blockade having been raised on the 15th June, by my leaving agreeably to orders, Captain Montgomery did not consider himself authorized to re-establish it,—nor was he, in my opinion. I have spoken of Commodore Biddle's blockade, in which I really do not see that he mended matters over Commodore Stockton's. I left the coast mortified, and would gladly have gone through the southeaster season, if the queer doings in relation to that blockade could have been rectified: declaring two ports blockaded, and investing only one; leaving it optional when the vessels before the latter should leave; sending off a third to the same port; and not anticipating the probability that we might have left, and that a new declaration from himself was necessary; and further, if he *had* sent such a declaration, it would have been protested against so long as Guaymas was not blockaded. The truth is that Commodore Biddle has probably depended upon his memory, and I fancy has not looked recently into the authorities. We who have had the disgusting and onerous service, have done so, which will be one good thing got out of the war. I have exhausted Kent, Wheaton, and Vattel on the subject,—a right good piece of professional work and study, which may be invaluable in future.* Three or four issues have been started not covered at all even by those authorities, of which I have made notes, and which our attorney-generals should be called upon to decide, to prevent collision and trouble with the English and French.

We left Mazatlan on the evening of the 27th June, leaving there the Constance, Sir Baldwin Walker, of whom I have frequently spoken in my late letters, and whose cordial and friendly intercourse continued to the end of our stay. He remains on the coast on account of the hazard to British interest during the war, having allowed the Carysfort to go to Valparaiso in his place in consequence of the serious illness from fever of young Captain Seymour, whom I mentioned as having been left on shore at Mazatlan while the ship paid a visit to San Blas. I have told you that the great pleasure we had anticipated from a visit to these islands had been in a measure marred by two successive disappointments in not receiving our letters, those which had been accumulating at Monterey. Commodore Biddle would not send them by the Preble, nor yet by the Portsmouth. The Independence left us the 1st June; Commodore Shubrick going to take charge of the squadron once more, and the Columbus to return home. He will be thrown in doubt about our movements by the orders the Portsmouth had brought us; so if, an opportunity did occur for the Islands, he would not send the letters. We therefore only look for receiving them about 1st October, making one year from your last date!

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* Realized in 1861-62.

No one left that vile coast of Mexico with the buoyancy he expected, nor did the passage itself raise us up much. Instead of the clear sky and balmy weather and steady breezes of the trades, we had clouds and rolling sea from the south-east and south-west; with light winds, however. This sea was most distressing. There was not wind sufficient to steady the ship, and she rolled and rolled, to a degree to endanger the masts. I concluded we had just left in time to escape a great blow, of which we only had the swell. It continued cloudy, with rain at intervals, but the wind settled to its ordinary point; and though the sea continued, and our passage was anything but pleasant, we made good progress, and after a run of eighteen days approached the shores of Hawaii, day breaking on the snow-covered summit of Mauna Kea, showing it to us in great beauty, on the morning of the 26th July; some fifteen miles from the coast and forty or fifty from the mountains. On a nearer approach, the rich and beautiful verdure and luxuriant growth of this island presented themselves, traversed by water-courses, which after dashing over beds and obstructions of lava, finally reach the sea, plunging into it in beautiful cascades. I had been told that the visit to Hilo would in a measure compensate for not seeing the Society group, and I presume it may. Instead of the barren aspect of Oahu, the shores present everything that one conceives of the tropics. The bread-fruit tree is in great perfection and numbers, and is a much larger tree than I thought. Its very dark bottle-green foliage serves to distinguish it at a very long distance. But after all, that which especially marks in our minds and associations the individuality or uniqueness of such scenes is the cocoanut, whose branchless trunk and graceful head is first discovered on nearing the land or reefs. We made the island well to the northward, and ran down its beautiful shore, looking anxiously for the harbor, which is not easy to find, for it is only formed by a sunken reef, which must be carefully avoided. (Cook and Vancouver both sailed by without discovering it.)

We finally made out our position, and firing a gun, hove to for the pilot. A canoe first came alongside of us with four natives *en costume.* We have a New Zealander among the crew who speaks Kanaika, and upon his inquiry after the pilot, the canoe men answered all at once that he was coming, with so discordant a yell, followed by such chattering, as to cause a simultaneous burst of laughter throughout the ship.

We anchored about noon off the mouth of the Walaiku, or River of Destruction, which has in its course some beautiful falls; a bar off its mouth was causing heavy breakers. Altogether the access is not very pleasant, though not dangerous. We afterwards hauled more under the reef, but as it is considerably sunken, it does not prevent altogether the swell of the ocean which the trade wind drives in, and we rolled much after the fashion of Mazatlan. This was a disappointment, for we were really sick of this most uncomfortable and monotonous motion.

The residences of the missionaries, good frame buildings with verandahs, were in sight; also those of the few foreigners, surrounded here and there with native cabins of grass and thatch; the Mission Church, constructed of the latter, being also large and conspicuous. We were immediately surrounded by very many canoes, with their out-rigger to balance them. They had fruit (principally pineapples, the best I have ever eaten, and thought by the officers equal to those of Guayaquil), fowls and kids, etc. We had rain, and seemed to have arrived with a commencing spell, for we have had a good deal during our visit.

In the afternoon I landed on the beach and walked up towards the village; upon inquiry was shown the house of Mr. Coan, where I walked in and introduced myself to Mrs. Coan; was received very cordially, and found her an intelligent person, — social, hospitable, — offering me a room at their house and a plate at their table during my stay, both of which I frequently availed myself of. The Rev. Father soon appeared, and was equally cordial. They have four children, a boy of ten and a little girl of seven, very smart and precocious. Soon after Mr. Paris came in with two sweet little children, girls of six and four, who have recently lost their mother, she having died at Mr. Coan's. A very interesting biography of her is in the Friend which I will send you. She desired to die at Hilo, where her husband brought her from his station at the south point of the island. He occupies now the missionary house next to Mr. Coan's. He is from Virginia,—very pleasant also. He takes his meals at Mr. Coan's, so it is almost one family. A neat and exquisitely clean tea-table, with the cordial hospitality of these good people, was a treat long denied me, and reminded me much of home, making so great a contrast as it did with my California and west coast of Mexico existence of the last year. A short time after, we had family prayers. Mr. Coan read a chapter in the Bible, commenting as he went along, interrupted here and there by most pertinent and shrewd questions from his children. For instance, the little girl asks, "Father, who wrote that book?" "Joshua, my dear;" but it happened to be the last chapter, and when Mr. Coan came to his death, she says, "Why, father, how could Joshua write about his own death!" A hymn was then sung, the boy accompanying on the accordion, very well and very sweetly; after which we had a long prayer, and a most excellent one. The old gentleman prayed for me, for you, etc. I was greatly pleased and touched, and whenever I could do so, always attended this evening service. Occasionally Mr. Paris prayed, and I never was forgotten by these good men. There was a cheerful, healthful tone in my intercourse with this family which did me a world of benefit.

You are aware that the largest volcano *in action* in the world (Kilauai), is in this island. I had not made up my mind to visit it, hearing that the excursion was tedious and very fatiguing, that you had to walk thirty miles, that there was no shelter, etc. Yet I felt some curiosity from all that I had read, particularly Stewart's account, who was with Lord Byron; and I also thought the journey, if not *over* fatiguing, would do me good and set me up again; for though without a deranged function, I felt a good deal worn down by hard service. I therefore determined to ask Mr. Coan. In a quiet way he said, "As to fatigue, his whole family had often been there; the journey would be performed on horseback; he thought I would be gratified,—and he would go with me." To have such a guide was alone sufficient to induce me to go, and Monday was named as the day of starting; it would occupy four days, and we could be back on Thursday.

Immediately after, Mr. Pitman, who is an American, the *man of substance* of the place, who married a daughter of a chief,—is now a Hawaiian subject, collector, and agent for the king.—wrote me a polite note to say he had a mule belonging to His Majesty Kamehameha III., who had directed him to offer it to the captains of all vessels of war arriving at Hilo who purposed ascending the mountain. I readily accepted, for mules are greatly preferred to horses, as more sure-footed. I slept at Mr. Coan's on Friday and again on Saturday night. It rained most of the time. Mr. Coan had engaged to come on board Sunday and have service, but the rain again prevented. I went with him to his Sabbath-school, and was a good deal interested. He asked me to say a few words to the scholars, which I did without hesitation, as I saw that he desired it. The scholars seemed pleased. Of course what I said was very commonplace. I alluded to my own relations being long engaged in conducting a Sabbath-school, the good derived from these schools, etc. Mr. Coan says they are always much gratified when any strangers seem to take any interest in them, particularly if they be officers of vessels of war. I came on board, and returned in time to attend the afternoon service at the native church, an enormous thatched structure of striking appearance. Mr. Coan preached in Kanaika, with a wonderful fluency, which all the missionaries seem to acquire. In the course of his discourse he would frequently deal in interlocution, which is his practice. His questions were always answered, and though I, of course, could not understand, it was done in such a way as to show the congregation followed the preacher with attention. The singing was by Mr. Lyman's boys. The Rev. Mr. Lyman and his wife keep a self-supporting *labor* school; that is, partly self-supported. The boys work in a field and garden, and raise their taro and vegetables. These boys sing very well. After the visit of the United States frigate, Commodore Jones, who frequently landed his band, a passion for music, and wind instruments particularly, seized the population; many of these boys play well and by note on the flute and violin.

After a walk to the river and view of the cascade, I went on board to prepare for our visit to the volcano. The party was to consist of Dr. Maxwell, Mr. Price, Lieutenant McRae, Midshipman Vanderhorst, Mr. Coan, and Mr. Ricord, late Attorney-General of the island, now on a tour of the Islands preparatory to an emigration to California. Before coming on board that evening I should have mentioned that I took tea at Mr. Coan's. The excellent milk was a great treat to have in liberal quantity. I know not if I have told you that my steward Patterson some months ago picked up a goat, which supplies my table with sufficient milk for tea and coffee, and a great comfort it is to me, and, I doubt not, beneficial; for drinking so much strong coffee and tea, though I never felt any nervous effect from it, cannot, I think, be altogether healthful. After tea we had family service, a little extended, being Sunday. On going on board I found the surf high, but my gigsmen managed very well, and we got off without a ducking, save from the rain, which for three days had now been incessant. I retired that evening with a very happy and thankful spirit.

On Monday, 19th, there was some let-up to the rain, and after breakfast we all went on shore, provided with proper clothes, and each with a basket of provisions, which, being transferred from the bags and baskets, were nicely packed away in the calabashes of the natives, slung in a net-work, the cover large enough to overlap the under part, and thus making them perfectly secure against all weather. You have seen probably cuts of the natives carrying these calabashes, one at each end of their pole, about the counterpoise of which, when balanced on the shoulder, they are very particular, putting a stone sometimes in the lighter one to have them alike. With these they travel far and fast, going off at a very peculiar gait, neither a walk nor a run, but called a "Lohe," and said to be much less fatiguing than any pace known to us. Each member of the party had his Kanaika, the price paid being $2 for the trip, while each hired horse cost $8, the labor of the beast being thus four times more valuable than that of the man. After the usual *fixing* and fuss, with an immense concourse of natives around, of all ages and sexes, and in all *gradations of dress*, we found ourselves finally mounted, your husband in his brown sack coat, drawn forth from the bottom of the chest for the occasion, a certain pair of gray pantaloons, also old acquaintances of yours; with his California *bottas* of doeskin, to keep off mud and brushes; his Panama hat, which not only shelters from the sun, but is perfectly impervious to the rain; with an oilcloth coat across the saddle, to slip on in the showers; and last, though not least, a good pair of spurs, which I ventured to take, though *I was* mounted on a king's mule,—believing that, unless she were of a very different species from all I had ever known, they would be a very necessary appendage. We found an accession of two nice lads to our party, young Coan and young Henry Lyman, mounted on clever little donkeys,—though it required no knowledge of horse-flesh to see they would not go the journey, or rather keep pace with sailors mounted on horseback; and so it proved,—for the boys, long before the journey's end, had to be disposed of *en croupe*, much to their delight.

We left Hilo at eleven o'clock. In passing out of the village we rode by many bread-fruit trees; the fruit is just forming. The Tatui, from which an excellent paint oil is abstracted, were also numerous. Its foliage is very pale, almost white underneath, and makes a very striking contrast with the generally deep green of the other trees. The Pandanus (*hala*) is also here in great perfection, and is I think on the whole more curious than the Banyan. It has a peculiar umbrella kind of top; sends from the *trunk* itself, some feet above the ground, a great many shoots into it around the roots of the tree, and the latter looks precisely as if it were on a cord of small dry sticks carelessly thrown on end. The leaves are used for thatching; a large fruit is eaten by the natives in times of scarcity; but it is principally prized for its large yellow seeds, which are used for necklaces, etc.

After passing several native huts and taro patches, we entered a forest, realizing all that one conceives of a tropical one,—the rank and luxuriant vegetation, its variety, the creepers and parasites, beautiful beyond description, clasping the tallest trees and covering them to their very top; but it is the embrace of death, for they are killed long before the summit is reached. The sandal-wood was pointed out. It is now tabooed, though I believe its value has been greatly diminished in the markets. On emerging from this interesting wood we met on the plains a variety of plants, but few flowers. The soil is all or mostly decomposed lava, for the whole island has been covered by its enormous volcanoes.—Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea being now extinct. Among the plants, I saw for the first time the ginger. The flower is a red cone, the leaves lying close like scales; it contains much water, and by suction you can get quite a drink. It has a slight aromatic flavor, with some mucilage, is cool, and very refreshing. There is also a huckleberry, which is red, nearly as large as a cranberry, and resembles it, making a most excellent preserve, which I ate daily at Mrs. Coan's table. About nine miles from Hilo the road passes through a cocoanut grove, where we stopped to let the stragglers come up. A few native huts were near by, and the natives soon came with pineapples, cocoanuts, and the Hawaiian apple (*ohia*) a very curious fruit. It is wild, and the tree bears a beautiful flower, some white, some deep red and fringy. The apple is not an apple, though it resembles a little a small Queen, but is more brilliant in its colors, from pink to blood-red, and has a gloss, which when brought surrounded by green leaves makes it look like a *corbeille* of some artificial fruit. It is very white inside, has a delicate meat, juicy and agreeable when one is warm and thirsty. The natives bring them in large quantities. It is amusing, and provoking too, to deal with the latter. A great spirit of cupidity has sprung up among them, but they have no idea of currency and relative value, no more than they have of time; one day with them is as a thousand years. Everything is a *quarter dollar*, and the latter is more valuable to us than a dollar. If a man brings three cocoanuts or three pineapples (that, by the way, grow wild here), he will ask a quarter, and will not take less,—a little dearer than in New York; another comes along and sells twelve for a quarter. The price in Hilo is two cents.

I rode most of the time with good Mr. Coan, whose conversation was of course very interesting. I soon found the old gentleman was a decided *volcano-monger*, and these excursions to Kilauai were always agreeable to him. In Lucy Thurston's life* you will find his account of the awful eruption of 1840, when the lava, after a course of thirty or forty miles, varying in breadth from one to four miles, rushed into the sea in an enormous cascade, thirteen miles below Hilo, on the coast. There was nothing striking to note before our arrival at the half-way house, which we reached about six; and as there is only a bridle path, mostly over hard and broken lava, we pulled up for the night. The house is a good grass one put up by Mr. Pitman, to whose public spirit all travellers owe much, for before this and one at the crater were built by him, travellers had to bivouac on the ground.

The natives came dropping in gradually with the calabashes. The accommodations of the house consisted of a raised platform covered with mats, a tight roof, and a pine table at one end; the platform being the sleeping place. The latter was preoccupied by a party from Oahu who were on their return, who soon made way, and reported the volcano in fine action. A very good Kanaika lives in a grass hut, and keeps a fire, where we boiled our water, and had a good cup of tea, the doctor, as on all such occasions, devoting himself to the good of others. After grace, we made a most hearty meal on cold viands brought from the ship, with butter from Mr. Coan, etc. Before retiring, we again assembled around the table for evening service, performed by Mr. Coan. We then stretched ourselves out with clothes on. I had a skin to cover me, a calabash for a pillow, and slept gloriously. After a short nap at first, I woke, and was struck by hearing the prayer of a native outside. I asked Mr. Coan if it was a native praying. He said, "Yes." I never heard anything more impressive in its way.

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* "The Missionary's Daughter"—American Tract Society.

On the 20th, after prayers, and a good breakfast, we started again. The day was fine. We passed through, specially, a region of ferns, of which, it is said, five hundred varieties are found on these Islands. We saw the edible one; and the tree fern, a foot in diameter, and twelve and fourteen feet high. I also noticed a pretty heath. The animals slipped a good deal on the hard lava of the pathway, but, contrary to our expectations, the ascent had been so gradual as not to be perceived. We saw a large cloud which indicated the volcano. The last three miles the country seems level, and by three o'clock we reached the brink of the crater. The house, similar to the one we had passed the night in, was on its bank. The whole lay at our feet, a black cavity nine miles in circumference, with the burning lake at its far end, two and a half miles in circumference. It was stupendous and awful, and I was repaid with the first look. Unlike Vesuvius or Etna, that are large cones, it is an enormous chasm sunk below the surface of the surrounding plain; surrounded by successive and concentric rims or ledges, marking the flow and changes produced by different eruptions. What is now called the black ledge, some hundred feet down, has yet been upheaved five hundred feet in the last ten years. After a hearty meal (for we were good at that), Mr. Coan proposed to take a general view of the crater by walking round it; it being too late in the day to descend and explore it below. I flinched a little at this proposition, thinking nine miles rather tough; but off we started. The first half was nothing. We had fine views as we went along of the chaos below. When over the lake, we saw it throwing its jets high in the air; then a red wave; all of course paled by the bright sun. But the last half carried us over ledges, we got to climbing and descending, then diverged to see where a river of lava had broken through from the crater, and poured itself with the smooth curl of a mill-dam into an extinct one, whose sides were three hundred feet. We pushed on, Mr. Coan like a deer. It rained hard. We saw with despair hill after hill to climb. Mr. Price and Mr. McRea must both stroll off, navy-officer fashion. They lost their way. At last we saw them on the top of this high crest over the old crater. Mr. Coan said they would have to sleep out. Finally we reached the house, having walked twelve miles at least, wet through; but in half an hour I had not an ache,—surprised at my own vigor and endurance, after such a long confinement on shipboard. I made Mr. Coan laugh heartily by exclaiming when we reached the house, "Well, Mr. Coan, it is a thousand pities the Landers had not had you along with them. They would most assuredly have discovered the sources of the Niger." Such a supper as we ate that night I should not like to tell. But we had work to do before we commenced it, getting on dry clothes. I forgot to mention that, having reached an elevation of four thousand feet, we had changed our climate, and a fire was kept up at one end of the house on some blocks of lava, round which cooking and drying were going on extensively. The Kanaikas, who cannot keep away from the whites, besides being cold, were crowding us a good deal, and seated round like Indians in a wigwam. Mr. Price and Mr. McRea got in just as we did, to our surprise and joy. One thing troubled me only that night—boots, boots!—the want of *proper shoeing* having been one of my thorns in the flesh this cruise. My only pair of coarse boots, and these well covered with patches, were wet. If I gave them to a Kanaika to dry, he would be sure to put them in the fire and burn them. I dried them myself,—was two hours about it, for it was my only hope of being able to descend the crater; I had ridden up with thin ones full of holes to save this pair, bought out of a hide drogher in California for two Chestnut street prices. Finally I hung them up, with some faint hope of being able, after a hard tug, to get them on in the morning.

After breakfast and morning service on the 21st, with long staves sold for the purpose by the natives (having, after awful efforts, assisted by my knife, got on my boots), off we started for the interior view of the crater, and boiling lake of lava. The elevation of the house is some seven hundred feet above the black ledge. The descent is generally steep, some places rugged, others a little dangerous if one be careless. We reached the bottom, however, very soon; walked over the broken surface, which is more like the breaking up of ice suddenly arrested; the top crust, like hard snow, breaking under our feet. The broken scales of this thin covering, cellular in its formation, presented the prismatic colors, with a combination and brilliancy not to be described; looking like the most rich Chinese enamel work. The large surface of the black ledge is likewise covered with cones that have been thrown up, the lava having run down their surfaces, and cooled in all manner of fantastic shapes. Two ridges cross nearly the whole length, upheaved seventy feet, a kind of gigantic mole furrow; the stream of lava underneath having forced up and broken the crusts of previous eruptions above it into huge blocks. Another very curious feature presented itself. The enormous fissures which run over the whole surface, very deep, say ten or twelve feet, but not separated so far but we could stride over, had been filled by other flows, and the lava resembled an enormous anaconda, which had laid itself at the bottom of the cracks. It was hot, and the walking severe, but we explored thoroughly. Finally we drew near to the great phenomenon of all, the lake. I cannot describe this. If I were with you, I might verbally. The first impulse was awe,—indeed, some of the party fell back for an instant, seemingly over-excited by the proximity to so terrific a cauldron of molten lava, red and lurid and rolling. The lake has not been correctly measured, and the estimates vary from half a mile to one mile in diameter, or from one mile and a half to three miles in circumference. You stand on a level with its surface, or nearly so; a rim of two feet of broken lava surrounds and encloses it. It is in violent agitation. Wave after wave rolls towards you, and then a whirl, then jets from three to nine feet high, throwing large particles over the rim, and but for the circumstance of being to *windward*, we could not have stood a moment where we were. The lake has risen three hundred feet in ten years, and, as I said, is now within two feet of the ledge. We approached close to it, and, through a cleft in the rim, inserted our staves and had them well burnt. Some of the party dipped the lava up; and I, remembering putting a copper coin in Vesuvius, suggested this kind of specimen. We used dollars, and I have a beautiful one. This, however, is scorching work, and the skin was peeled from the faces of the dippers.*

It seemed very dangerous where we stood, but I had not a single sentiment of fear, feeling such confidence in Mr. Coan's judgment, though in two or three cases his life has been in imminent peril. Finally we turned our heads towards the houses. I was satisfied,—for I had seen what I now conceive to be the greatest wonder of the present world. No other *one* sight of my life can compare with it. As for the night view from our sleeping-place, it beggars description. Imagine the white crested rollers of Cape May converted into waves of fire, and you may have some idea.

The walk back was terrible. My feet were dreadfully blistered, for my boots, in walking over the heated air and steam from the fissures, had become like cords of hide. The ascent out of the crater was very severe. We met a native with some Cape gooseberries, that struck me as the best fruit I had ever eaten, so parched were we with thirst. The water had given out. What should these Cape gooseberries be, on coming to the spot where many were growing, but *your favorite* ground cherry, a little more acid, a little larger and more flavor. How much I thought of you! I remember your putting down a stick near the house, that some might not be dug up. Here they make excellent jellies and preserves from them. For dinner this day we had a *luau* turkey, cooked in the steam fissures near the spot where the house stood, where the vapor rushed up out of the ground in all directions. The natives enclose it in leaves, and the juices are all preserved. At three o'clock we got back. From that time till daybreak the following morning was spent in resting, eating, sleeping, packing up specimens, admiring the lake at night, etc., etc. At daybreak we were stirring, had a good cup of coffee and breakfast, and off we started on our return to Hilo, the boys *en croupe*. Mr. Coan left us at one of his stations, to follow on next day. We touched at the half-way house, got fruit at the cocoanut grove, where I left the party and galloped off ahead, getting into Hilo at four o'clock in the afternoon, not at all fatigued, and delighted and invigorated body and mind by the excursion. All was right on board. I had been absent four days. The men were getting their liberty.

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*The specimen Captain DuPont had was dipped by Midshipman Vanderhorst.

I had intended leaving Hilo soon after my return from the volcano, for the rain and the rolling would prevent the overhauling the rigging of the ship. Yet the quiet of the place, the beautiful scenery, the helpful society of such men as Mr. Coan and Mr. Paris, made so agreeable a change that I felt loth to depart. A circumstance induced me to tarry a few days. My men who had had a run on shore, and had discovered that there was such a thing as enjoyment without *rum*, petitioned to have their full liberty here, instead of Honolulu. This of course I granted, though I had had some idea of reaching Honolulu by the 31st,—the anniversary of the festival held in commemoration of the restoration of the Island by Admiral Thomas,—and this delay made it very doubtful.

We had pleasant walks every day, spending one in visiting the coffee and sugar plantations of Mr. Pitman,—and the beautiful rainbow waterfall; the natives diving from immense heights, and passing under it, made it very picturesque. It is very like the Natural Bridge, with the bed of the river passing over and falling one hundred and twenty feet below. The geological formation is very peculiar, and the same as Stonehenge, and the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. Finally we had to leave all these pleasant scenes. A couple of days before we left, I had all the families of the missionaries, with their children, on board, gave them a collation, with lemonade, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Coan, and Mrs. Lyman gave me some books in the native language. One of them was the Bible. To Mr. Coan I gave Mr. Wolf's "Bokarrah," which pleased him greatly, and to the little girl the "Life of Lucy Thurston," that you put among my books. It greatly pleased the whole family, who had not seen it, though it contained letters from Mr. Coan, and his account of the eruption of 1840. To the son I gave "Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise." The way they devoured these books was gratifying. Young Henry Lyman I gave a passage to Honolulu, where he is at the school at Punahoe, near by the town, kept for the children of missionaries alone.

But there is no rose without thorns. I was three days getting away from Hilo, having to anchor several times,—and it is fortunate you *can* do this. The winds are very light, and the swell of the ocean against you. Once I had to anchor in a very dangerous place, and passed an anxious night. After the pilot left me, the wind again failed, and the swell was setting us in on the north end of Hawaii, where the breakers were only three miles off, and *no bottom* to anchor. I was very anxious, but the current seemed to keep us off, and on getting a little further we opened the passage between the Island and Maui, when we got the trade with force, and off we went, carrying for an hour or two more sail than I have done for a good while. I gave Mr. Ricord a passage to Honolulu.

On Sunday, the 1st August, we had our little service. The day was beautiful, and we sailed along the east side of Maui, which is high and mountainous. It was really the first pleasant day we had had at sea for a long time. On Monday morning we rounded the east end of Oahu, passed Fort Diamond, and anchored outside the reef on the 2d of August; the wind not letting us enter the harbor of Honolulu.

Mr. Stevens came off and brought me two or three letters: one from Commodore Shubrick, telling me of his arrival on the 24th June at Monterey,—Biddle at San Francisco,—and then says he did not send my letters, for Mr. La Rentrie, his secretary, said I told him to keep them. This was a mistake. I only said, See that they did not go in the Columbus home again. He says, however, "I have letters to January, and Mrs. Shubrick writes that all were well at Wilmington up to ten days back." This was a comfort. Another letter was from Rowan, who, seeing two letters in the same month, took upon himself to send one; so I had the joy of getting yours of September 28th, No. 30, the one immediately preceding my last of October 18th and 19th. Though not so late, yet it was a blessing, and gave me fresh spirits and patience under the disappointment of not getting all. The next morning we got into the harbor, sixty natives tracking us along the reef, making a queer scene. We are snug enough now, and the ship motionless.

Harbor of Honolulu, August 23d.

I have much to say to you of the last three weeks in this place, though I have no special item to dwell on; it has been pleasantly spent. The only fault I have to find in relation to myself is that the people are too kind, and one's time is too exclusively taken up in social duties. Dinners with the people of the world by day, teas with the missionaries at night, have been the order of our existence. We have given the ship a pretty fair overhauling, our rigging requiring it a good deal; with a good painting inside and out. Having succeeded in getting the stores so required by the Independence, I must think of moving, though Mr. Turrill, the consul, is very anxious for me to remain so long as I possibly can. The season is approaching when the immense whaling fleet begins to arrive, their crews almost always in a lawless condition, and the presence of a man-of-war in the harbor is the greatest service, combining, as it were, the whole machinery of a well-ordered police. But it is necessary for me to be in California in October. There are other reasons, too, why we should have a vessel of war here. The political condition of the Islands is still in its infancy. This place, grown to considerable size, is a good deal distracted by party spirit. The Americans are much divided, and the English consul-general, Miller, is in hostility to the government. He knows well how to use such dissensions to the advantage of his country. The Juno, English frigate, arrived ten days since with some demands; but all seems less disturbed than was anticipated, and I hope the independence of these Islands will be eventually secured. I believe the king's ministers here are honest and zealous to do what is right. I have made the acquaintance of Dr. Judd, who is the leading man, and being an American, hence the jealousy of the English. He is a thorough-going person, of untiring energy. Mrs. Judd is a superior woman, of imposing personal appearence, with a fine face, and a delightful smile like sister Victorine. I made an excursion the other day with Dr. Judd over the Pali, to the north-east side of the Island. The scenery is beautiful, reminding me much of Madeira. We dined at

Mr. Parker's, the missionary of that station; the wife, a little *skin-and-bone* woman, of intellect and energy. They seemed discouraged, however, and lonely; their children being cut off from advantages which others had. The Catholics too seemed to be encroaching upon them, and building a college near by. I cannot learn much about their actual progress, but infer it is very considerable, without at all interfering with the progress of the American missionaries. Of course operating more by visible signs than mental cultivation, they must easily add to their converts; coming late, too, they reap the fruits of the labors and toil of many years of their predecessors,—the written language, books, etc. The priests are French, of good conduct, but affecting extreme humility in dress, habitation, and mode of life; *taking* with men of the world, but I think of great injury to the natives, who of all people require reformation in personal habits and domestic order. The American missionary, while scrupulously avoiding all luxury and useless show, is an example of neatness and propriety in his domestic household Leveling should never be downwards.

There is a great question now being mooted in relation to the American missionary. You may remember my mentioning to you last year, when writing from here, that I thought their vocation, *specially* as *missionaries*, was at an end, by the organization of a civil and political government, and it struck me that they must now fall into the path of parish ministers. This idea is now agitated. The government offers to grant all the lands now occupied, and more if necessary, as glebes, and getting the people to support their ministers, etc. One or two have already disconnected themselves from the board, others are disposed to follow; but many still are opposed, and I believe the board itself does not like the plan, feeling, of course, a natural reluctance to let go as it were their power in their greatest and most successful field. Dr. Judd, who is in favor, thinks it will be a slow process, and will take some six or seven years. All that I have seen during my visit more than confirms the favorable impression I formed last year of the missionaries,—their zeal, integrity, self-sacrificing spirit, and I think liberality in their opinions. They have progressed and improved *themselves*, while saving a race. Generally from very humble extraction, and without any advantages but a religious education and spirit (of course the greatest of all), they have in their intercourse with the world out here become more refined and observant of those conventional social proprieties which have tended to give them still a certain ascendency in the growing worldly society around them. Their children are well trained, music and drawing cultivated, and pianos are found in many of their houses. The liberal education the young chiefs and chieftesses are receiving from Mr. and Mrs. Cook is highly praiseworthy, and you would be astonished at the progress made by them. Their writing, drawing, coloring flowers, etc., etc., would do honor to any class in the United States. I have much to tell you about all these things which will doubtless interest you, when we meet. I always think of you and Mrs. Couper, when in these Islands.

I have had the most agreeable intercourse with Mr. Turrill and his family. It has been a kind of home to me, and I step in at all hours. They are very comfortably fixed, and the business of the consulate very lucrative. He has shown himself a most judicious person; the government made a good hit in him. Mrs. Turrill is a remarkable instance of a prudent woman, and is highly appreciated by all parties, a quiet discretion and unobtrusive temperament being the elements of her success.

The commissioner, Mr. Ten Eyck, has, on the other hand, made a failure, allowing himself to be drawn into a *clique* opposed to the government. His intercourse with the latter is not very friendly. He has made no treaty; became counsel for some American merchants in a suit *against the government*, and made, I think, many blunders. Amidst all these contending parties I have managed to steer a straight course. Conciliatory and polite to all, taking no sides, though listening to all, and learning, in every way I could, the true condition of affairs, political and social, that I might report them truly, though unofficially, to Commodore Shubrick. In the general game of *grab* going on, I think England has her eye on the group.

I do wish the government would send out some suitable diplomatic agent here. Mr. Frelinghuysen would be an excellent one, and might do a moral and political good to these Islands incalculable.

We have found here some newspapers up to January of this year. They contain some documents we were anxious to see on account of the affairs of California; among them the report of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and a letter from Colonel Benton setting forth the services of his son-in-law, Colonel Frémont.

Sunday, August 29th, Honolulu.

Since my last date to this letter we have been getting ready for sea, [illegible] I have been returning the many civilities I and my offi[illegible] have received; this ship, it is said, having produced more social intercourse among all classes than had happened for years. Mr. Turrill told me last night that our visit here had been more opportune than anything that had happened for a long time; that my conduct to the government as well as the opposition had been so successful that he really believed most beneficial results would flow from it to these Islands, and to American interests in them. Many people, who had got tired of strife, gladly availed themselves of the chance which dinners and parties gave of getting again on good terms with persons they had long been estranged from.

I gave first a dinner to the commissioner, Mr. Ten Eyck, and our consul, Mr. Turrill; inviting all the others of the diplomatic corps, with gentlemen, American and English, who had given us entertainments; making a dinner of fourteen, comfortably accommodated in my cabin. With the assistance of Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Turrill I got through admirably, and the dinner was pronounced very successful. It was certainly harmonious and pleasant. General Miller and Captain Blake, of the Juno, were among the guests. The latter is a grandson of General Gage, of our Revolutionary memory, and is a kinsman of the Kembles, whom he resembles in feature. He is not so social and frank as Captain Walker, but is highly educated. He is very inimical to this government, though his conduct is much more moderate and quiet than it was last year when here, having then had many difficulties.

The dinner was followed by an evening party which included everybody. Everything here again went off well. The night was exquisitely fine, the moon being full, which, in this region, makes it light beyond conception. Mrs. Turrill and others are in the habit of dividing the society. I could not do this well,—invited all, and left it to each to come or not. I believe it was the wisest course, and they all seemed much gratified by the invitation. Among the missionary ladies, I like much Mrs. Diamond, who seems a woman full of life and soul, as well as piety, reminding me of Mrs. Couper. I sent an invitation down to Ewa to Mr. Bishop, who wrote me back a long note inviting me to come and see them, which I still will endeavor to accomplish. The schools have been on board; that of Punahoe, as well as the chiefs;* and the young people seemed to enjoy it. Mr. and Mrs. Judd came to the party and stayed a short time. They behaved with discretion, having a difficult part to act; that is, to reconcile the social duties of a high station with past ideas and associations. I think they succeeded perfectly, without the slightest violation of conscience or principle. One can hardly convey an idea of the progress of society here to persons at a distance, who associate native barbarism still with the Sandwich Islands. We had from twenty to twenty-five ladies on board, dressed in Paris fashions and materials. Mrs. Jarves is exquisitely pretty, with a Jewish cast of countenance.

Yesterday there was a good deal of life on the plain near the town, produced by a cricket match between the officers of the Juno and the gentlemen of Honolulu, who, in a similar encounter, had beaten last spring the officers of the Modeste. There was a booth put up, surmounted by the Kanaika flag. The king sent down the band, the foreigners went out on horseback, and many ladies; others of the latter drawn in their hand-carts. Many of the sailors of the Juno were there, behaving most creditably. After a while the chiefs, John Young the Premier, Paki, chamberlain, with the young chiefs of Mr. Cook's school, rode out. But the prettiest sight in all such gatherings is to see the native women riding. They sit a horse like a man, with a man's stirrup, yet the dress is arranged so ingeniously, with a *taiai*, a long piece of stuff arranged as an apron in front, flowing on both sides, that it not only does not strike you as unfeminine, but is positively graceful. The *taiai* is always of some striking color, the bodice of the dress different, and the hair ornamented. They ride, too, most gracefully and swiftly, and, as is the case in almost everything, surpassing the men. They go at the fullest gallop without moving a hair from the saddle. At the anniversary of the restoration of the Islands by Admiral Thomas, a thousand women were mounted, forming the suites of different chiefs, who for the occasion furnished them bright-colored *taiai*.

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* The school for the chiefs' children.

The Juno's won the cricket match. This was followed by scrub races, in which one of my midshipmen, Vanderhorst, was the most successful against the English officers. He is, by the way, a nice youth; was with me at the mountain, where I got to know him better. I told him running horses might be very innocent so long as he avoided *betting*. Some of us rode on to Waituti, where was the finest cocoanut grove I ever saw. We saw where Cook always landed, never having discovered Honolulu; sent a native up an immense cocoanut tree to throw down the fruit, the milk of which was most delicious, with the unformed pulp. We galloped back to the plain; easily passed on the way by a party of women with orange streamers and red ornaments around their heads, all finely mounted. The king was not out. He is a very superior rider, and goes down the Pali without dismounting, he and Dr. Judd being the only persons who have done it. All left before dark, following the music. I made Judge Turrill laugh heartily by saying it was better than a mass meeting, for there was not a drunken man on the ground.

We have had service on board this morning, Mr. Damon, the seamen's chaplain, having come on board and preached for us. I spent last evening there. I believe Mr. Damon does much good among the sailors, and the society on shore fills his chapel, where the only English services are held. I met, at Mr. Turrill's, Mr. and Mrs. Gary, missionaries returning from Oregon. They go in the whale ship that I am now writing by, which sails to-morrow; a slow but sure conveyance. In visiting some of the whale ships yesterday, I met a Captain Taylor, a nephew of my former captain. He was very glad to see me, and gave me some very beautiful things — a cane, and some winders of his own turning from whalebone, etc., most perfect in finish. The whalers have ceased gathering shells.

Monday, August 30th.

I see preparations on board the William Hamilton for sailing, and as I am squaring up and very busy, I will not add much more to this long letter.

I will leave here on Saturday, the 4th September, touching at Lahaina, where, if we find, as we doubtless will, a returning whaler, I will write again. I shall get away from Lahaina about the 12th September, and expect to reach Monterey from the 1st to the 5th October. My visit here has been useful and honorable, if I can believe all I hear. My crew have behaved admirably, though much exposed to temptation. The officers have generally, with the exception of the forward officers, the boatswain and sailmaker. These are a very difficult class to manage. If you treat them as officers, and endeavor to increase their self-respect, it seems an indulgence they cannot stand. If you watch and coerce them as if they were still a portion of the crew, they have no incentive to behave otherwise than as sailors.

Give my love to all at home individually. Moments of deep sadness come over me when I think of my exile from you all. If I could have received my letters in due order, I would have been more sustained, but to be a year from your last date is very, very trying. But I put my trust in God, believe in his great mercy, and I am resigned to his will.

Cyane, Sept. 17, 1847. At Sea.
Latitude 37° N., longitude 148° W.

My preceding letter was closed at Honolulu on the 30th August, and left there on the 31st, in a good substantial whale-ship, the William Hamilton, of New Bedford, the captain of which had fixed the 20th January, '48, for the period of his arrival, and I trust it may reach you about that time to cheer a long winter's day. I often wonder what number of my letters have reached you, for strange to say, I am still in utter darkness on that subject. Those written at Callao, more than sixteen months ago, I *know* you received; since then no acknowledgment has come to hand! But a glorious breeze is driving us on toward the coast of California, where our letters await us. I long, among other things, to have your views about my change to this ship, for, as I have heretofore remarked in previous letters, I have yet to receive one directed to the Cyane. In a few days more it will be fourteen months since I took the command of her. I have had some trials, some hard service, a good deal of fatigue in body and mind, and, what was a little harder to bear than hard service, a want of appreciation of those services, which were not given even the full chance of speaking for themselves; yet all these things have given me but momentary *twinges*. It has pleased God in his great mercy and goodness to prosper me in every way most essential; to bless me with a contented spirit, to discipline my mind in such a way as to enable me to smile with sincerity at the little disappointments of worldly vanity or professional ambition. I trust he will touch me with the spirit of his grace, and give me strength to strive still more to serve him, as well as my country.

My command sits easier and easier upon me every day. I have had from certain circumstances to give more attention than formerly to details. I had a little brush here and there with an officer, but only leading, I am happy to say, to a better understanding afterwards. The ship never was in better discipline, in finer order, or more excellent harmony. The crew I am very proud of, and their conduct during our whole visit was most praiseworthy. The quarter ending the 30th June, my punishment return was eight. The quarter ending with this month there will be a few more, because the temptation was greater; but I rarely have to punish a man at sea. This is always a source of real happiness to me, for this part of my duty is most onerous, and requires always the greatest moral effort. Yet I brace myself up to it, for every day of experience convinces me that over-leniency with sailors is the sure precursor of severity. To be prompt, but moderate, I find an excellent system of action. Two offences deserving court-martial occurred while at Honolulu. I kept the two men confined during our stay there. On coming to sea I punished them to the extent of my own authority, telling them to thank the crew for this moderate result; that *their* general excellent conduct deserved at my hands, that the ship should not lose her high name on joining the squadron by my asking for a court-martial. This had a happy effect all round, the more so that the two culprits belonged to that class of *mauvais sujets* who are always popular in spite of their iniquities. They subscribed, as usual, liberally to Mr. Damon's little paper, the "Friend," and for his chaplaincy. With my addition it ran the sum up to $70 or $80. As I mentioned, I think, they had already subscribed at Hilo for an English chapel and reading-room.* Mr. Damon, who is their sincere friend, said it would help him out of his difficulties (his paper having got in arrears), and he would be now certain to get all he wanted from the whalers, etc., they were so influenced always by what "*men-of-war's men*" did on such occasions. I do not know if I mentioned to you in some of my other letters that the crew of this ship, during her last cruise under Captain Stribling, gave Mr. Damon a horse, which he yet owns and drives, and would take no money for him. He calls him *Cyane.* In consideration of my last and previous subscription, he sent me a diploma, which makes me a life member of the "Seamen's Friend's Society," New York, which I was well pleased with. I did not know before he was connected with it. I have thus spoken of my crew and command, because I believe you like me to do so, and in the absence of special news it keeps you *au fait* of the atmosphere I live and breathe in.

My letter by the William Hamilton will have given you an idea of our visit to the Islands. I will only observe in general terms, that from the 16th July, when we entered Hilo or Byron's Bay, until the 6th of the present month, when we left Honolulu, has been an oasis in this long dreary ocean desert, the North Pacific. I enjoyed it exceedingly, physically and morally, in every way. It has given us all a new lease in our powers of enduring this most protracted cruise,—or what promises to be so. The visit to Kilauai alone would have made an event to remember all our lives. I have enjoyed much the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the actual condition of the Islands, their government, politics, parties, and men; their wants, their intercourse with foreign nations, etc., and the continued injustice they receive from these. I live in hopes that I may be able to do them some service at Washington. Certain am I, if I were there at this moment, I would ask to see Mr. Polk, and have a talk with him about this last great effort, now nearly successful, to civilize an aboriginal race, and beg him not to send out political agents who, instead of assisting the king and his counsellors to overcome the difficulties of their tasks, are throwing every impediment in their path, and giving false impressions at home. Mr. Ten Eyck has followed in the footsteps of Mr. Brown, and became the advocate of a firm (Ladd & Co.), who have trumped up large claims against the government, without the shadow of foundation. I have read everything on the subject since we came to sea, and to my best judgment it is no better than swindling.

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*$94,—as is mentioned in one of Mr. Coan's letters.

From the date of my last till the day of our departure, I was busy preparing for sea, paying off visits, business with the consul, shipping men who were on his hands at government expense, taking out others confined in the fort, etc.

Two evenings of interest deserve notice: the marriage of one of Mrs. Cook's girls, at the Royal School, with an American lawyer and notary established there. The king and all the high chiefs were there, and it was altogether a scene worth viewing. The bride is the least handsome of the young people, but has a great deal of mind, — plays with considerable execution on the piano. But what was still more interesting, I went with Mr. Armstrong on the last Sunday evening, to attend service at the palace. The king does not attend afternoon church, but has it instead at eight in the evening. It was a beautiful sight. Oh, how I wish you or Mrs. Couper could have witnessed it! The hall and two large parlors were open, handsomely furnished, and well lighted. We arrived while all were gathering, and strolling in the halls or verandahs. I had some pleasant talk with the king, and was walking conversing with Dr. Judd, when the king himself, with a slight tap of the hand, said, "It is the hour of service." We all went into the large parlor, where there were seats for all. The company consisted of the king, queen, the chiefs of the court, such as John Young, Paki (the six-feet-six-inches chief), the royal school, Dr. and Mrs. Judd and their two eldest daughters, etc. The service was in Kanaika, except the hymns, which were well sung, with an accordion, by the Misses Judd and others. Mr. Andrews officiated; he and Mr. Armstrong take turns. I rather regret it had not been the latter's Sunday, as there is much more spirit and life about him, than with good Mr. Andrews. The king and all were neatly dressed, a kind of undress uniform; everything showing neatness, order, and reverence. And yet there are persons who will tell you missionaries have done no good! After service a quiet and social intercourse took place with all present. The centre table had upon it the folio edition of the exploring expedition, with the king's portrait, etc.; also a handsome book, a present from Mrs. Fry; with some other books and engravings.

Saturday, 18th September.

This is your birthday, is it not? * * * What would I not give to know how and where you are! Perhaps at home, receiving visits and flowers, books, or other nice presents. The next one, if God in his mercy be willing, I will be with you! though when I think of my return, which I rarely *dare* do, and still more fear to write to you about, a strong feeling arises against the Navy Department, for its gross neglect of this station. A large force in the Gulf can no longer be necessary, and yet we hear of nothing coming to relieve the Portsmouth. But enough of this. I will not get angry,—not on your birthday anyhow. We have had a most wonderful run during the last twenty-four hours, exceeding that of the day previous, having made by observation two hundred and sixty-four miles, which is the best this ship can do, eleven miles the hour. It is the longest distance she ever made in a day.

But I am not yet quite through with Honolulu. You would have been quite touched if you had seen the interest of the Turrills at my departure. It had been a kind of home for me; almost always, when not invited out, getting my tea there, and almost always leaving there the last place every night before going on board, about ten o'clock,—for, excepting two nights, I slept on board always; those two were while some painting was going on in the cabin. The course of the old judge, too, had been so agreeable to my sense of right and humanity towards the government there, that we sympathized fully on all those points.

Mr. Armstrong* thanked me most cordially for what he termed the moral support which I and my officers had given to the good cause. I regretted so much he had been so long absent at Maui during my visit. He is a smart man. His temperament and sprightliness make him accord better with men of the world than some other of the missionaries—but

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* Father of General Armstrong, of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Virginia.

I liked them all better and better every time I saw them. Mr. Armstrong has great influence over the native population. He publishes a little native paper, to which he has five thousand subscribers. There are more persons read and write in the Islands than among the white population of Virginia or Maryland,—if I am not much mistaken, more than in the State of New York. Of course one does not mean by this to establish a standard of relative civilization in the proper meaning of that term.

We left Mr. Richards dying, or rather, in a state of palsy where the mind has been affected. Dr. Maxwell attended him. He will be a tremendous loss to the king's government. He was the minister of public instruction, a member of the Land Board, etc. His long residence, knowledge of the language, and knowledge of the king, whom he may be said to have almost brought up and reclaimed,—as Mr. Armstrong says, "He knows the king better than the king knows himself,"—all this, with the most entire confidence and devotion of the natives towards him, will make him difficult to replace. Dr. Armstrong has some similar advantages, and is a more talented man, but I do not know if he would leave the mission, as Mr. Richards did. The interest of the native population in the latter's condition is very creditable to them. Whenever his name is mentioned, a wail is set up, the most peculiar and doleful sound I ever heard. A man and his wife walked from the extreme end of the Island on hearing he was sick, and have been in attendance ever since. The last time I called to see him I met the queen there by his bedside. She had taken the *kahili* (fly brush), from the servant, and was waving it over him.

It is becoming the custom of the captains of whale ships to bring their wives with them, leaving them at some of the ports of the Islands while on their cruising grounds; though some continue along. I met three at Mrs. Turrill's, and invited them on board. They came one morning, never having seen a man-of-war. I gave them cake and lemonade, and they seemed delighted with the attention. On coming into the cabin one of them, a Mrs. Green, a sprightly, well-looking Yankee woman, exclaimed, "Oh, captain, with such a cabin, it is too bad Mrs. DuPont is not with you!" The cabin always makes a striking impression, and a delightful one it is, it must be confessed. It is getting fast stuck around, however, with Sitka and Sandwich Island canoes, Fiji axes, bows and arrows, funny native calabashes, dried kelp, and I hardly know what not.

Monday, 20th September.

Our prospect of a very rapid passage is all at an end. Light head winds and calms have succeeded the strong southwest breezes which wafted us along at such a rapid rate. We are now six hundred miles from Monterey, with hearts yearning for letters. Eleven months to-day since your last date, 20th October, 1846! Some of the officers predict the letters will all be at San Francisco. Very likely.

We had several arrivals while at Honolulu from the coast of California. The day we sailed the Mount Vernon came in, having left the squadron at San Francisco. She gave us information of the departure of the Columbus on the 25th July, and Commodore Shubrick being left in command once more. The captain of the Mount Vernon stated the Independence was going immediately to the coast of Mexico. I rather doubt this, though by the papers he brought, we find a new declaration of blockade by Commodore Shubrick, making the *third*. This one includes San Blas, as well as Mazatlan and Guaymas. On hearing this, I sailed instantly, thinking this ship might be wanted, though when I parted from Commodore Shubrick, he did not intend to go to the coast until November. There has been so much fuss and irregularity about the previous blockade, that I presume this one will be kept up in earnest, and until there is a peace we will be kept down there. Fortunately the good season is at hand. I am hopeful about a peace. The news must be very interesting by this time, and there may be some in California, though the communication is rare from the lower coast. Sometimes a scrap reaches Santiago through the Indians, for which there is always some foundation. Speaking of blockades, etc., one of my letters from the coast mentioned a very perplexing case which I had to decide,—whether a certain brig, the Rocafuerte, under the Ecuador flag with a rich Chinese cargo, was not a legal prize so far as the cargo shipped to a Mexican house was concerned. The question turned upon whether there was a treaty or not between the United States and Ecuador, recognizing the principle that free ships make free goods, for which the United States have always contended; that is, that the flag should cover the property. When Ecuador formed part of Colombia the treaty existed. The volumes furnished us only went to 1832. I was very worried. It would have been a great blow to the house, De la Torre & Co. (Spaniards), to have sent her north to adjudicate. I took the liberal view, and let her go, though feeling greatly the responsibility. The first thing on arriving at Honolulu, search was made and a treaty with Ecuador soon found, containing the required clause most specifically and fully inserted. So I was right, and right thankful I was for it.

I was sorry to leave the Islands without going to Lahaina

(Maui). A change in the port regulations brought the whale ships mostly to Honolulu, and Mr. Turrill thought my stay there was preferable. Still I should have beat up that way, but for the arrival of the Mount Vernon. I wanted to see a little of Maui, Lahainalula, and Wailuka. On the other hand, it is very hot there, the dust suffocating; surf landing, open roadstead, with rolling sea, etc. Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Turrill's brother-in-law, who came out with us, was very anxious to see me. He is the commercial agent there. I wrote him a friendly letter, which I doubt not will please him.

September 22d.

We have a fair wind once more, but the last three days have destroyed our hopes of making a run to "talk about." We shall still probably make a good passage, and it has been a very pleasant one, the weather very fine, air bracing, and the ship remarkably steady, enabling one to write comfortably, which is of rare occurrence in the Pacific, the long swell always keeping vessels tossing about. I have been busy getting all my papers in order,—quarterly returns, expenditure, books, letters filed, etc. My report to the commodore of my proceedings since our separation is also made out. Patterson took advantage of the cool weather to kill a large hog that had grown upon us, and salted it down. A French cook that I am giving a passage to the coast made some *boudin*, and a most capital *fromage*. It gave me a *home twinge*, however, which did me no good.

We hope to get into Monterey on Saturday, and there find the Southampton. She was at Valparaiso in June. If William Hobson has not sent my box, I shall grumble. In the letter which Rowan sent me over, you specially speak of it. We cannot get a line from William Hobson; we have often written, but to no purpose.

I have been reading over Jarvis's history of the Islands, his last edition, published at Honolulu, bringing down events to last year. It would interest you exceedingly, I think, the events since '42 or '43. I have also read his "Scenes and Scenery," which you will, perhaps, have seen at home. It was published in Boston. If you have not read either, we will read them together. Jarvis is a very smart fellow. His paper is very ably conducted.* I have subscribed to it, and have ordered it to be sent to Wilmington. I have written on about nothing long enough for one evening.

Friday, September 24th.

Yesterday morning I was called in the morning watch, and informed a sail had been discovered ahead. I directed at once to overhaul her if possible. She was ahead, standing the same way we were. After an hour or two she seemed to shorten sail, and looked like a vessel of war. A flag was seen flying at her masthead, but we could not make out the colors. Our number was hoisted; still we approached slowly. I felt sure it was the Preble returning from Callao. It so turned out; having about ten o'clock obtained her number. It took us two hours more to get up,—moments of thrilling suspense, for we hoped we might have letters, yet no great certainty about it; for we had heard the letters were not forwarded from Panama. At one o'clock I ran under her stern, hove to, and, being junior, jumped in my boat and went on board. What a hit! a bearer of dispatches on board! (Travelling by the way with two daughters); had left the United States in May. "Many letters, particularly for you!" Our ship's had all been sorted out while we were coming up. I was so happy, though I had not yet opened the bag; but

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*The Polynesian.

I felt relieved, I was sure you were well,—felt it instinctively.

The foregoing pages and previous letters will speak, more eloquently than I can now write, the extent of my feelings when that bag was opened, and out came *six* long, deeply, thrillingly interesting letters, though a long gap is yet to be filled up between the last before received, No. 31, 18th October, '46, and the first of these, No. 46, 2d April, '47. These were the latest, and so unbroken in their connection, that no words can tell the relief and comfort they gave, and renewed life for future exertions,—a gushing fountain to a thirsty soul.

I received, as above stated, from No. 45, 2d April, to No. 50, closed in Philadelphia on the 15th May, making seven days only over four months. Under such circumstances it takes me some time to get inwardly calm; *outwardly* I fancy I pass for the embodiment of calmness, if not indifference. I saw you were well the last date, etc., but could not for some time after coming on board and "filling away" in company with the Preble, pretend to read consecutively *your* letters. I laid them out according to number; then read Charles's, one from Captain Barron, looked over the slips, and this wore away the afternoon. I got my tea, and then quietly "fell to." Oh, what a treat! yet what scenes I had to go through! What trials you had! I read all. It took until one o'clock. I then went to my room. * * * *

This morning I thought the first thing after breakfast I would recommence and read them all over again, but I felt I could not do this until I said a word to you first. I must now touch on the few items which so deeply interested me, those left on the mind after a hasty perusal of so many sheets. Your No. 46 was deeply affecting, containing all the particulars of poor Thomas's death. If you get my letters through Mexico, you will see how unhappy I have been made by it; yet I feel now, after hearing of the shock at home, of all the woe and all the sympathies, that I was not half affected by that poor young man's fate. If so, I made up for it last night, for I wept long and sadly, and, as you may suppose, there were circumstances that did not lessen my tears. You know how differently these things fall upon us amid the bustle of a man-of-war,—how soon they give place to the din of daily routine; but, thanks to your letters, the halo of domestic life, its moral purity and holy sympathies, were thrown round that sorrowful catastrophe, and my heart and soul were benefited by its perusal. How I sympathize with his parents! the resignation of dear Julia; the fathomless woe and manly fortitude of Irvine.

There was a decided presentiment; and it never struck me before, that these might be explained as evidences of God's mercy to his erring creatures. The extent of that mercy no one can tell, but I can understand the immense comfort which Irvine has derived from the fact. If you knew a *steerage* as I do, you would be still more struck with the forebodings the poor fellow had. It is not the *ton* to make any provision in act, word, or writing for any such event. There is a false shame about it, but more than all, a reckless, thoughtless hilarity imbues the atmosphere of that place. Then Thomas, poor fellow, wanted system,—was indolent about such things, specially careless of his effects; while on this occasion, he gave more attention to the circumstances of his station and the direful contingency which might arise, than thousands and tens of thousands of older and wiser heads have been known to do. My feelings prompt that there has been some great and hidden mercy in this blow. Of course my reason and religious faith *know* its wisdom, and the more I dwell upon it, more and more do speculative thoughts arise, only had he been in a measure prepared! I like to think that he was. All that you have told me of the general sympathy was very interesting and gratifying, and must have been a balm to his parents. It must inspire Frank. Give my love to him, and tell him I am sure he will meet with renewed exertions the additional call which this heart-rending bereavement will have made on him, to become the hope and stay of his parents and sisters. But it is time to leave this sad paragraph; yet only to turn to another, that of the terrible explosion.*

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*Extract of a letter dated Louviers, April 16th, 1847. * * * * *
"There has been here the saddest explosion since 1818. All our beloved brothers are safe; but many of the best men in our employ have perished. It occurred at six o'clock in the morning on Wednesday, the 14th of April. The press-room and the packing-house in Henry's yard blew up. The press-room went first, and the flash communicated to the packing-house, which followed instantaneously; so much so that the men at work in it can scarce have heard the other shock ere they were themselves killed. As far as I can learn, there have been sixteen men killed; all what might be called *picked men*,—the tried and true, and at their head the faithful, the invaluable Willie Green! I have not heard the names of all. Besides him, Matthew McGarvey, Sam Brown, Dan Dougherty, John Dougherty, William King, Tom Holland, Malcolm Baxter, Conner, Pennington, and a Frenchman named Althaus. They were all men whom Henry had trained,—whom he could confide in; men who, to quote Jim's expression, "thought so much of Mr. Henry, they would have followed him through everything." The pecuniary loss is not great; the moral loss is awfully great. Henry is grieved and wounded to the very heart by this calamity, which no mortal can account for. Willie Green and one or two more appear to have been just coming to the door of the press-room, for they were not mutilated. When Charles entered the powder yard and reached about the distance of the refinery, he met eighteen or twenty of the Hagley men running back, who called to him the Eagle packing-house was on fire! He turned with them, but immediately asked if any one was there? They answered, "Mr. Henry and Mr. Alexis." So Charles turned back and ran to them. Alexis was rolling barrels of powder out while the roof was on fire, and Henry and a few men trying to put it out; in which they succeeded. But oh, think what an escape they had! How close they were at that moment to being precipitated into eternity, like the other valuable husbands and fathers I have told you of."

Tell Henry he has my deepest sympathy. After his own brothers, no one can appreciate more than I can the loss of *picked* men. Men, who by their character and conduct, and long devotion, have given practical evidence of having received the impress of a superior mind upon theirs, while following their daily avocations, creating mutual confidence and mutual reliance. I knew most of them, three or four very well, and the names of all were familiar. I felt sorrowful, indeed, at the loss of that noble fellow, Willie Green. Such a man cannot be replaced, except in a series of years. But oh! what cause of thankfulness have we not! I shudder to think of the risks Henry and Alexis ran, after the explosions! As their exertions were to save *life* as well as property, I do not think a more heroic act has occurred during the war. How *you* stood all this I cannot imagine, and this brings me to a more agreeable theme, that of your improved condition of health; for that it is so on the whole I feel convinced, attaching great weight to what Charles tells me in his letter, for he is not wont to see such things in their most favorable light.

While I think of it, tell Charles his letter was most interesting, and if he knew how much I had enjoyed it, with a paragraph here and there read to one or two of the officers who could appreciate them, he would not regret the hour he spent in writing it. His sketch of the business, politics, etc., of the country, the war feeling, and morbid appetite for exciting news, all transported me once more to a rail car or steamboat, where I could see before me my extraordinary countrymen, from the politician and partisan, to the vagrant urchin hawking about *food* for his depraved taste. What was better than all this, I could see that Charles himself was in good spirits, and not oppressed by business. I also have to thank him for the slips, which, with yours, I have read through since I commenced writing this. You cannot tell how these things are appreciated out here. I feel quite comfortable at being thus posted up. One does not exactly care for every item or detail, or even for any one thing specially striking, so much as to get hold of the tone and spirit of the day.

I have written this much to relieve, as it were, the first gush of pleasure and excitement caused by the receipt of your letters. I do not think it best to take up all my paper, and wear your eyes out in replying in these long intervals and great distances, to all your items of interest, much as I would dearly love to do so. If I do not, you must not think they are the less interesting. I will, before I lay down my pen, mention one or two things which fell upon my mind agreeably, and have there remained. One was the increased appreciation of our good Bishop by the society generally around him, and still more by our brothers. I am so glad Alfred is so impressed in relation to him. I hope he will have got my letter, and that it pleased him; though, if I remember right, it was not a very happy effort, for I wrote it more to show my regard and remembrance, and possibly to suggest something which might lead to good, than with much hope of interesting the worthy man. I am so glad he and Irvine are brought together.

Next thing, I do not *despise* the poor Mexicans as you think I do, though perhaps my letters last fall may have led you naturally to suppose so. With you, I pity them. I think, too, they have, under all the circumstances of their political and social existence, done very well. I think them quite *brave* when properly led. They have fought at great disadvantage except as to numbers. They are patriotic, too, when you think how distracted their government has long been. I think their rulers are selfish generally. But the longer they refuse overtures of peace the more they will put us in the right.

We shall hardly get in to-morrow, but if the fogs do not stop us (and this is the worst month for them), we hope to do so Sunday. Among the news which has struck us most is that of the Ohio coming out with Commodore Jones to relieve Commodore Shubrick. Barron says in his letter "The latter applied to be relieved," and asks, "What's the matter?" He did ask when Biddle came out, but that application could not have reached until a long time after the Preble sailed. The best news was that the Albany and Germantown were coming. That item made us *sloop-of-war* gentry prick up.

I hope you will have to open your house for me in October, 1848, but I fear you need not one day earlier. I was afraid to talk this way before, but you seemed so courageous, and as this will not reach you until '48, I now venture to do so. My officers always insist upon next summer, but I can see no such good fortune. You did very wisely to break up housekeeping. I am sure your health will gain by it, and you will have much comfort in consequence.

September 30th, Monterey.

As I hoped, we got in on Sunday afternoon. In the morning the land was discovered, but only its high points, as it was foggy. At ten we had our little service. It cleared off soon after. Having penetrated a belt of fog, we recognized some land marks, and shaped our course accordingly, anchoring about five o'clock. The Independence, the store-ships Erie and Southampton, and the old Warren, were here. I immediately called on the commodore and informed him of meeting the Preble at sea, and that she must soon be in. We beat her a good deal. The commodore was very glad to see me, but seemed dreadfully concerned at hearing Jones was coming out to relieve him. I found to my great regret that he had applied, when McKean went home, to be relieved; done under a fit of nostalgia, and the mortification of Biddle's coming here, of which he alone had felt sûre. I told him to wait and see all about it when he got his letters from the Preble. I found here a huge parcel of letters and papers. I was so happy to have the six last mentioned above, at sea, when I had the quiet enjoyment of them before getting in. There are yet some gaps to fill up, but I hope they will all finally reach me.

I left the commodore in the evening early, to come on board and read my letters, and was at it until ten o'clock at night. I am amazed at the complete manner in which you have mastered the events of the war, the acts and tone of the country, the spirit of the people; your appreciation of the difficulties of military men in serving the "*public of a republic.*"

October 2d.

The Preble came in on Monday afternoon. I was dining with the commodore. He was nervous, and anxious to get his letters. Sent a boat to hurry them. His social and domestic affections are very strong. Finally they came, great bags full. The dispatches were soon culled out, and he shut himself up in the after-cabin while the forward one was full of officers selecting their letters.

Among the letters one more was found for me, a November letter, sent to Jamaica and post-marked there, 17th April, '47. It was a very deeply interesting letter from Philadelphia, spoke much of the pastor of St. Luke's,* your attendance there, etc., had more of religious topics in it, and as I recieved it on my birthday (27th) I believe I was more in a frame of mind to enjoy and appreciate its religious and heathful spirit.

October 3d, Sunday evening.

This morning we had our little service on board, which I had a half hour earlier than usual, that I might afterwards go and hear Mr. Colton, who was to preach on board the Independence; where the service was on the gun deck, with seats, good music, and good choir, altogether refreshing. Mr. Colton gave us one of his capital sermons. Indeed, I never heard him preach an indifferent one. I considered it quite a treat. The commmodore, who by the way, is a member of the church, said, "Why, Mr. Colton is a Paixhan." It is queer with considerable lore, poetical fancy, and without apparent attempt to accommodate argument or illustration to the capacity of seamen, he always commands their undivided attention. His historical analysis of any portion of scripture is always excellent, and interests them much. That we are all anxious to die the death of the righteous was the subject of his discourse; he gave out no text. This was most admirably handled and made apparent, from the highest statesman or warrior, to the reckless sailor on the deck of a pirate.

I perceive from your letters and the papers, that Mr. Colton has lost ground at home, as he did for awhile out here, having been myself put out of all patience by him on several occasions, and by the *Californian*, from which he has long since withdrawn. I believe I wrote to you, before on this head, exculpatory of the little chaplain, who is a peculiar man, and a study too. The commodore said to him the other day while we were walking all three together, "by the way, Mr. Colton, I had a letter from a friend of mine, a clergyman" (I fancy Mr. Smith Pyne), "who tells me I must decapitate you, that is, that I must either take off your clerical head, or your alcalde head." The chaplain laughed heartily. His self poise is perfect always, which gives evidence of an easy conscience any how. The truth is he has done much good in Monterey. It has been the best governed place since the occupation of California. He makes a most energetic alcalde, and a capital judge, and as for his clerical duties, they were all broken up on board the Congress, and I doubt, with all the fuss and excitement kept up there, if he could have been of the least service. He is very popular on shore. All the foreigners, Californians, etc., say they do not know what they will do when he leaves. As an instance of his energy and keenness, he has nearly completed a fine large building of stone for a town hall, built out of the grog shops and gambling tables, making the prisoners work. The former alcaldes found it hard to balance their accounts, but Colton has actually out of the fines and proceeds of the office put up the finest *modern* building in California. Jim Watson, of the Erie, who is a humorous fellow, gives amusing accounts of the chaplain's procedures. He slips in most quietly, for example, into a room where there is gambling going on, strikes his cane with the two tassels (the badge of office), twice on the floor, and calls out, "Alcalde de Monterey." There is then a general scampering, while the chaplain exclaiming, "I know you, gentlemen," pulls out his handkerchief, goes to the table, and sweeps the money. He is now the admiralty judge, has condemned the Julia, and I have sent Mr. Price to San Francisco to sell her. Our cargoes I have also *libeled* for him to adjudicate, which business will then be closed up for the present. Selden will return with Mr. Price. He is destined for the Preble, but wants to come back here again, and I suppose Commodore Shubrick will not insist upon his commencing a new cruise. There have been many deaths in his family. His brother-in-law, Lieutenant Graham; a very beautiful sister, well known in the navy; a brother killed in the army; his uncle, the navy storekeeper in Washington, who replaced his father, have all died since he left. My ship is over full now of officers. Rowan has come back to me, to my great joy. I will *now* confess to you that he was a great loss. Tilghman is one of the nicest gentlemen I know, zealous, indefatigable, most perfect temper without exception I have yet seen, but Rowan is older, a seaman and officer of force, with system; altogether a reliable man. I have also got a master in passed Midshipman Fairfax (Donald McNeill), of Virginia. I know him not, he came here in the Columbus. When I mentioned he was ordered, Chatard and Page held up both hands and said, "Well, you are a most fortunate man. He is one of the finest young men in the whole service, a perfect gentleman," and so he seems. He was on the coast survey and skillful with the instruments.

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*Rev. A. D. W. Howe, afterwards Bishop of Central Pennsylvania

The ship seems popular having the name of being active and all these young men are "fire eaters," the "one gun men" as I call them; chaps who could take San Juan or Acapulco with one gun, who would sacrifice fifty men to be enabled to say they had "been in a fight." Past-midshipman Bullock, of Georgia, who was master of the Shark, wants to come in the *steerage*, but the commodore has him on board the old Warren. Tilghman remains on board, does not wish to leave except to go to the Congress, if she returns before us. Hull at last is going home, Commodore Shubrick having heard that Commodore Rudd was at Panama, permits him to go to the latter place in the Preble, which he is going to dispatch for Commodore Jones. It is just four years since he left home.

October 5th.

I have yet many things I would like to touch upon in your letters, but it would interest you more to hear of things here probably, than to have comments on your own news to me, already so long since written. I must, however, while it is in my mind, ask you to say to Mr. Richard Smith, that I got his kind letter with the file of papers, that independent of the pleasure I felt he should have remembered me, they were specially acceptable as connecting with the file received from you or Charles; Intelligencers,—and contained the proceedings of the Senate on General Taylor's vote of thanks, with Mr. Clayton's speech, etc. I am also indebted to William Young* for an April file up to 12th of May, of "Inquirers," please thank him also. These papers were very acceptable, for they were very late. I read them over at sea. Since my arrival here, I have but little time, it seems taken up by others. The evening, my time for writing to you, and "reading up," the commodore always wishes me to spend with him.

I am now writing in the morning to send by the Preble, which ship will go by the 8th. I have seen all the fuss of the Kearney and Stockton affair in the papers.

I agree with you what a true hero old General Taylor would have been could he have refused the nomination. The consolation, however, is that had he declined, it would still have gone to some other military man, and probably of fewer civic virtues. The course of the administration has mainly led to his nomination. How strangely events have turned at home, and how differently from the expectations of the originators of this extraordinary war. Oh! if I could only be near you to talk over all these matters, aye, and matters still more important, matters pertaining to the welfare of our souls! But when will that period come?

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*Lieutenant William S. Young, United States Navy.

I may as well tell you all I know as to it. In the last dispatches Mr. Mason writes the ships must be sent home, as their term of service expires. This is something. But no ships come out to enable them to do so, and the length of coast, and the number of ports to be blockaded, renders it very difficult for the commanders-in-chief to spare ships even when they are *willing* to do so. We have had no reinforcements except such as have done us injury. The Columbus did us incalculable injury, by interrupting a series of well matured plans, and wound up the *coup de grace* by carrying off the stores and all the canvas sent out for the squadron, instead of getting what she wanted at Valparaiso. I hope, however, to get away by 1st April. This would carry us home by the 1st September. A certainty of this would cheer the hearts and nerve the hands of all on board. The time would pass like nothing. The crew would then be two or three months over time, but they would not mind that. The vague uncertainty makes it terrible, for *the law* they will not understand. As I have often said, with them after three years it is *impressment*. They submit. We have the law, the moral influence, the *cats*,—submit they must. But it is all wrong. The law was intended to meet particular and special emergencies; for instance, the investment of a place, the sacrifice of great public interest, etc., not to counteract the want of foresight and inefficiency of a navy department. I have had great trouble within these two days with four of my valuable marines, who are long over their time, who ought not to have been sent out, and whose enlistment was defective. They almost refuse duty. The Erie going home, they insisted on going. They finally have this moment agreed to wait, and return in the Portsmouth. One of them was in a state of mind approaching to monomania. The law of 1837 makes use of the word "persons," as all our naval laws do. An issue was made that it did not apply to "marines,"—a very silly one by the way, but which led to an explanatory act by Congress saying, "the law of 1837 was to be construed as including marines," which of course it did. But this explanatory act was passed in 1846, and those marines enlisted before '46 consider it "ex post facto" law, that is, retrospective, which is unconstitutional. It is not, but they have this idea, and it is difficult to get it out of them. Then again the marines sign rolls on shore, and the law of 1837 has not been entered on the enlistment articles, as on ours for seamen. In connection with this, I need not say to you what a terrible business this never ending change of commodores has been to us in this squadron. Jones will make the fifth I have served under. A fresh man cannot appreciate the endurance of the past on the part of others, which he has not witnessed. Jones doubtless will arrive here expressing astonishment that *any* one talks of returning during the war! All the vigor of a new broom!

Still I hope it will please God in his mercy so to order events that we, in this ship, may get away by the date I have named, though I should be most happy to sign a compromise *now* to be insured of leaving this the first of May, God willing. I could then drop in on you the 1st November, at the commencement of the dreary season which I would cheer for you, and which would be most consonant to my feelings, for we would then be more alone. If this happiness be in store for us, how full would my Heavenly Father have filled my cup,—He who has been so merciful to me!

Within a few days a vessel has come in from San Blas. Mr. Forbes, the British consul at Tepic, came in her. He brings news from the city of Mexico to the 15th August. Scott was near at hand with only twelve thousand men; Santa Anna with thirty thousand. Terrible odds! Yet Mr. Forbes says Scott will enter the capital. But there is no government to treat with, and no prospect of peace. This is what Charles says in his letter to me. Here we have always considered the existence of the Congress as evidence of a certain organization. I have always been sanguine about a peace, and *yet* hope to hear of it when we get to Mazatlan, for which place we sail with the Independence on Monday next, or a few days later. The average run down is ten days. Mr. Forbes brought with him two very late papers, Picayunes of the 25th July and 2d August, and as they reached the 30th September, it made forty-nine days, the shortest date ever brought from the United States to this coast.

The commodore speaks of taking the places on the coast. There is no difficulty in doing this, for they are defenceless almost, but the *holding* is another matter. The government is anxious to establish its new revenue system in the enemy's country. Mazatlan is a suitable port for this, but I doubt if it will work. I have not yet mentioned that William Hobson* came to this coast some time since, having left Valparaiso in May, with two vessels, trading. My note of last November first gave him the idea; indeed, I told him of the opening. Had he come *then*, he would have realized something handsome; but deferring it so long, many have the start of him, and I doubt if he has done very well, though he has not lost. He was at San Francisco when I came in but got back last night, and was off this morning to see me, looking very well, and the same gentlemanly person as ever. He inquired after you and all on the Brandywine.

10 o'clock, P.M.

Afterwards I took a walk on shore and met old Mr. Forbes, the English consul. We had a pleasant talk. It was the first time I had encountered him. He says "he never heard a man in Mexico yet say he wished for peace." He told me my name was quite familiar along the coast. I told him the first year I believe they thought me much of a buccaneer, but I hope did not think me quite so bad now. He said, "Oh, not at all," and added, Captain Sir Baldwin Walker was a great friend of mine. He tells me Sir B. Walker has been made Surveyor-general of the British navy, a very high place. Mr. Forbes says Santa Anna's army is a rabble. He states also that the Mexican Congress cannot get a quorum together.

I met Lieutenant Page on shore, now lieutenant commanding of the Independence, in full chase of Mr. Alcalde

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*William L. Hobson, of a very excellent Quaker family, of Baltimore, went to Mr. Bullock's school in Wilmington, when Alexis and James Beiderman were there. He was a friend of Alexis, a little younger, perhaps. He often spent Saturday and Sunday with him at home. He was then a pretty, rosy-cheeked boy, with dark eyes and a profusion of fair hair in short curls all over his head. He entered into mercantile business, was sent to Valparaiso, Chili, where he had a commercial house in 1845-47.

(Colton), to get him to break up a grog shop near the landing, and ruinous to our men, in which I heartily joined, for I had to punish six men for drunkenness since I came here. The chaplain took the license away instanter. I went up afterwards and took a cup of tea with him.

I have been greatly interested in all you have written me of Eleu and the doctor. I hope they arrived safely. What a joyful meeting all round! Give them my love. I long to hear Eleu talk of her travels, for she is one of those who will have traveled for the benefit of others as well as herself.

Thank my dear, kind sister Victorine, for her short letter. I will not write to her by this occasion, referring her to you for all that concerns me. You must tell her, however, that the wide space that separates us, and the prolonged absence, have not weakened my love and esteem for her, or the remembrance of all her kindness to you and myself. Few families have had such an elder sister; and a most thankful thought it has often been to me, that I had been given head and heart enough to appreciate her worth, however inferior in all other respects. I am glad to hear Uncle Charles is well, and softened by increasing years. Remember me to him. In one of your old letters, received the other day, I saw for the first time, the extent of Wm. Breck's illness. What an escape! Tell Amelia I often think of her, and can well understand many of the feelings which she experiences at the changes going on around her. What a sad blow poor Thomas's death must have been to her! There were many reasons why it should have recalled our dear mother, who had always felt much love and pride for Julia's first-born. How much, as you say, has that dear parent been spared!

1st October, Wednesday.

William Hobson, Chatard, and Thorbun, of the Southampton, dined with me to-day. Hobson says the Hortensia put into St. Thomas, and had not arrived when he left Valparaiso. He will look out for the box and keep it for me. I should now give you some directions about your future letters to me, but I scarcely know how to arrange it. * * * I think this one may reach you Christmas week,* provided the Preble gets to Panama by the 25th November, steamer day. A bearer of dispatches goes across, Midshipman Wilson, who came out here in *this* ship last cruise, that is in 1841. Commodore Biddle would not let him go home, and would give no reason. When the Savannah left where he belonged, he was absent soldiering with Frémont. He is the nephew of Captain Wilson, who came out to see me, you remember. Commodore Shubrick sent for him the other day, and said, "Mr. Wilson, how long have you been out here?" — "Six years, sir." — "Well, you are young and healthy, what think you of beginning another cruise?"—"My patience, sir, I have been flattering myself you would let me go home in the Erie!"—"Well, I am going to do better than that,—you shall take home the navy and army dispatches, which will defray your expenses." (He had previously asked him how much money he had due to him. "Not a cent," of course, was the answer.) "Get ready to go in the Preble to Panama." He fairly jumped with joy, and then said, "You may rely upon it, sir, I shall look out for the arrival of the Columbus, and pay my respects to Commodore Biddle, the moment he gets in."

I lose one of my own midshipmen—until taken sick, the best one I had,—young Crabbe. He is quite broken down, having first taken sick from watering ship through the surf at San José, last fall, and been declining since. He goes across the Isthmus, the surgeons recommending his not going round Cape Horn. He lives in Philadelphia, a nephew of Purser Todd. I did him some service and he is very grateful and came in the cabin to thank me, and ask if he could not do something for me at home. As you are not at housekeeping I will not ask him to go down, but I will ask his address in Philadelphia, and if you should be up there any time in the winter you might send for him, and he will be able to tell you a good deal of things out here. Though of course from the steerage the views are not very enlarged. I believe I mentioned about his being a shipmate of poor Thomas, as was Vanderhorst. They say he was the bravest fellow they ever saw. I think, if I can get a snug box made, I will send you home by Mr. Crabbe a couple of winders, or reels, made on board a whale ship by the captain (a nephew of old Captain Taylor, of the Warren), which he gave me. He turns beautifully. The stout part is of hippopotamus teeth; the other of sperm whale teeth and the tortoise shell.

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*It was received January 30th, 1848, Saturday morning.

This is the last sheet of my good paper. I must get some more from Missroon when we meet, which reminds me I must write a note to his wife by this opportunity, and tell her of Commodore Shubrick's intention to dispatch the Portsmouth very soon after we get below. Poor old Captain Edelin goes home in the Erie. His wife writes him, his brother, whom he left his attorney, has fallen into old habits it appears (gambling), and if he does not return he will lose every cent of his property; that she has had already to take her children from school. The old gentleman has been quite broken up by this,—so much so that the surgeons have condemned him. There is something hard in these situations, for there is no advancement beyond a certain rank. This old man (not very old by the way) was out here twenty years ago, holding the same situation, messing in the ward-room of the United States, with Captains B. Kennon, Armstrong, Purviance, Latimer. In fact, William Nicholson, now high up the list of commanders, was the boy of the mess. I came across, last night, Major Nicholson's marriage. If I remember rightly that Miss Carroll was a pleasing person, and well-looking. But what she wanted with all those children I cannot well imagine, though perhaps it is merciful to them. Give my love to Mrs. Henderson. I would like to write, but she will, I know, excuse me. You must tell her I think much of the general, and all her circle. I was much interested in all you tell me of Charlotte. Send *her* a special message from me, that I hope she will not confine her visits to our house to you alone, but come too when I am there.

The governor, Col. Mason, came to-day from San Francisco. All is quiet. The emigrant population this year will equal the native. The governor and Commodore Shubrick were discussing, this morning, the new tariff sent out by Mr. Walker, to put in operation. It will do great injury if put in force. In fact, ruinous will it be to California, besides falsifying all our promises made here as to low duties, which circumstance had much to do towards pacifying the country. Mason is decidedly opposed to obeying the order, and he is right. It is worse a great deal than the Mexican tariff was. I expect Messrs. Price and Selden to-morrow night, from San Francisco. The latter wishes to rejoin this ship. I shall then have two lieutenants over complement. I have forgotten if I mentioned that Captain Henry Ogden had sent me a book on Court-

Martials, by his friend Captain De Hart, which seems a valuable work. I wrote to him last summer through Mexico. Pendergrast I have never heard from, though I wrote to him by Gray.

I shall be curious to know if you get the numerous note-letters I wrote from Mazatlan. I shall write across there so soon as I get down, if it be possible, and the letter might anticipate this one. I had seen, in two English papers, some extracts from Darwin. It must be a very interesting book. I will bring a Falkland Island dog, if love or money can procure it. But it is getting late. I cheated the commodore out of another evening and devoted it to you.

October 7th, Thursday.

Don Walter Colton, chief alcalde of Monterey, Judge of First Instance, and Admiralty Judge, dined with me to-day tête-à-tête. We talked maritime law and prize courts, etc. He will soon leave his judicial honors, wishing to join his ship again. He will be very much missed, there is no doubt of it; and whatever there may have been unclerical in his course, there is no question of his having been a most efficient and salutary magistrate. He is a *character* sure enough. To-day I was much amused with him. A foul murder was committed near the mission of San Juan, a short time since, on a foreigner, by two Indians, who were apprehended and brought to trial here. Colton had been worried at the circumstance, and said to me once or twice, "I don't know how we are to get over hanging a couple of Indians." This morning he charged the jury in the first case (and a curious charge it was), directing them, if they found the prisoner *guilty*, to award *also* the punishment. This, the sentencing, belonged of course to him. The jury, however, were too shrewd to be thus hoodwinked, and gave a very sensible verdict. The guilt of the Indians was unquestionable, but they declined passing sentence, saying they were not sure of the laws. If a Mexican law prevailed, the case must go through three courts. If the American, they were not sufficiently conversant with it. You could not have told by a single muscle in Colton's face but what the result was of the most satisfactory kind, until the last juryman's back was turned, when he said, "Well, I think I am in a pretty fix!" I think I see where the shoe pinches. His calling has come back to him at the thought of sentencing a fellow-creature to lose his life. I fancy he will get the governor to promise a pardon before he passes upon the unhappy creatures. The Indians rarely murder. They steal horses, and if pushed use poisoned arrows. This man stopped them to ask the way, when they led him three miles into the woods, and murdered him. No man has ever yet been hung in California. Castro used to shoot, but never hung. You are aware with all aboriginal races it has a most appalling effect, and doubtless will cause great dismay here.

The Preble will not get away until Sunday. The bags close Saturday. I will let this go with the dispatches. My little box, which was made to-day, Mr. Crabbe will take, and I will write a note by him which you might get first.

In speaking to-day with the commodore about keeping men over time, he said the Department had ordered the ships to be sent home when their times were out, without regard to reliefs. But, I asked, do you count the passage or not? If you keep them *here* until their three years expire, then you keep them five months over, for five months is the passage home from here, or any part of the west coast of Mexico. If I should be kept until the 1st July, which I trust and believe not, I should yet be with you the 1st December, just escaping the bad weather on our coast. Do not be worried about Cape Horn. Though by this last calculation we should double in mid-winter and have the long nights, still it is down-hill work compared with coming this way.

Friday morning, October 8th.

I have a word to say of Midshipman Byers, the young kinsman of Mrs. H. D. Gilpin. He has been, poor fellow, from ship to ship until I found him, on arriving here, on board the old Warren, entirely laid up with sickness, and among those included in a medical survey, which took place, and resulted in his being invalided, with recommendations to go to the Islands instead of home. I went to see him yesterday to see if I could be of service to him in any way. He merely requested that I should inform his aunt of his present condition and whereabouts. His case is very serious, being threatened with tubercular consumption. I fancy he was never strong, and his yellow fever in the Vandalia wrecked his constitution altogether. At the Islands he will be kindly received and attended to by Mr. Turrill's family, who are much attached to him, and who are all kindness in such cases. But he will probably live with his cousin, Mrs. Andrews, the wife of Judge Andrews, the ex-missionary. I hope *he may*, for, if in the precarious state represented, he will want the consolations which that most excellent and religious family will be able to give him. He did not look badly to me in the face, though, lying in his cot. He says he is much wasted. I could see no apprehension on his own part, however, as to his health. He will go in Mr. Hobson's vessel, who will, I know, be kind to him, for I spoke to him of the young man yesterday.

One of your letters greatly relieved my mind about gun cotton, which had given me some concern. You will find some reference to it in previous letters, but I was sure you would anticipate my inquiries on the subject.

Mr. Crabbe has been here this morning; says he knows Mr. Gurney Smith, etc. He says it would give him great pleasure to see you.

11 P.M.

I went on shore this afternoon to see some target practice from the fort, which overlooks the shipping and harbor. The artillery company, under Lieutenant Ord, were in the battery. We afterwards had shell firing from mortars, such as were used at Vera Cruz. It was wonderful the range and distance thrown of the projectiles. Some fired after night were beautiful, like shooting stars; followed by the bursting, like rockets. The governor, commodore, and a large party of officers were present. Lieutenant Warner, of the topographical engineers, having got through his regular duties, has now charge of the ordnance. He spoke of Henry again this afternoon; said he was his professor of French at West Point. He is a grave, quiet, steady fellow, with excellent capacity. Halleck, though, is the brilliant man—I mean in mind, for personally he, also, is a quiet, unobtrusive man. The more I meet with such men, the more I value West Point, which some miserable radicals would long ere this have destroyed. What interested me most was a barrel of gunpowder from our works (1846), with the familiar cross-cannon label, on a high hill of California, overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

There was a ball also this evening, given by Mr. Larkin to the officers. Miss Toler was the belle, recently arrived, as I before said. I noticed an absence of the native population. It is difficult for these to be entirely reconciled. Early habits, difference of race, and feelings of patriotism, are slow to give way under such circumstances; though gain and amelioration are certainly evident, even to the most loyal in their sentiments, and the most opposed to the new order of things. I, however, pity them. Mr. Price returned this evening from San Francisco. Selden comes by water.

October 9th, Saturday.

We have had the crew ashore this morning, drilling, some seventy marines and two hundred and fifty seamen, with muskets. They looked very well, and manœuvre and fire remarkably well. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," seems wholly forgotten in such times, where all one's mind, energy, and ingenuity seem devoted to the production of the most skill and readiness with which one man may destroy his fellow.

Captain Hull has just been on board to say farewell, being off to-morrow morning in the Preble. He brought with him a very handsome walking cane, of some rare wood, all mounted, and presented it to me as a parting memorial.

I have been *two hours* writing the above, so frequently have I been interrupted. It is time to close this, for I wish to see it mailed myself this evening, on board the Independence.

In the note in the box, I send my remembrances to all at home, but I forgot good Bishop Lee in my list of friends. I am well in health, quite well.

Cyane, October, 24th, 1847. Sunday.
150 miles from Cape San Lucas, L. Ca.

My *letter* paper is out, and until I can make another *raise* from Missroon, I must content myself with *note*, which I got sometime back, from Mr. Price. He procured it in Paris himself, and it bears his initials. It was on his return after the burning of the Missouri. At that time we were unacquainted. Who would have supposed I would one day be writing upon it from the coast of California! It is a beautiful Sabbath, clear, bright sky, gentle breezes, smooth sea, and pleasant temperature. Our little service is through, my mind peaceful and happy, and with you, as ever, in my thoughts, the moment was fitting to recommence my journal. My last, a most voluminous affair, was closed on the 9th inst., and on the 10th left Monterey in the Preble, now wending her way towards Panama, where she will leave Captain Hull and Midshipman Wilson, the latter bearer of dispatches, among which my letter was deposited. On her return the Preble will, I presume, bring us Commodore Jones, for which purpose she was especially sent. This will make the fifth commodore and sixth change of flag since I entered the Pacific (Commodore Shubrick having been twice commodore). I trust and believe it will be my good fortune to fare as well with Jones as with the others, though we can be but a very short time, if at all, together. With Commodores Sloat, Biddle, and Shubrick, my intercourse was of the most agreeable and gratifying character, and so continues with the latter. From them all I had both uniform cordiality and professional confidence.

In my epistle above alluded to I acknowledge the receipt of your letters, so long looked for, so often sighed after. The latest I got out of the Preble at sea, giving me three or four days' exquisite enjoyment, free from the interruption and bustle of a port life. On reaching Monterey, from the islands, I there met with the many back ones. But I hope no accident will happen to the dispatch bag (though to give midshipmen charge of letters is always a doubtful operation), and my letter in it will tell you all about the harvest of letters I there met. I must repeat, however, once more, how deeply interesting those letters were, and still are to me, for I read one nearly every day yet. Parts of them too were very sad, but these also did me good, for it is well to weep occasionally in our hard military existence, lest we grow cold and callous and worldly.

I dined to-day in the ward-room. The return of Rowan and Selden to the mess brought things back to their old natural appearance. Every day that I was associated with Tilghman made me like him better and better as a man. There is a purity of character and amiability of temper about him that I have never seen surpassed. But his health is very bad, adding much to a peculiarity of mind which unfitted him for an *executive* officer. The return of Selden, as well as Rowan, carried him to the Independence until he meets the Congress. He left us with much regret, wanting to remain here as *third* for the whole cruise. Rowan, as I told you before, is a superior seaman, has force as an officer, altogether a reliable man for any emergency, lightening very much my duties and feelings of responsibility. He is nearly of my age, I should think, and an agreeable companion. While on the subject of my officers I must tell you of my great satisfaction with my new master, Fairfax. He is perfectly *au fait* with his instruments, having navigated the Columbus on her late cruise—is accurate in his calculations, pleasant in his manners, gracious, handsome; above all, modest. As he holds a situation which brings him much in contact with me, it is quite refreshing to have such a person near one. He is now poring over the charts near me. He is not of the family of Fairfax that our Alexandria friends are intimate with, but a nephew of General McNeill.

Cape San Lucas, or the highlands off Todos Santos,
in sight, Oct. 25th.

Between the closing of my letter the 9th of October, and our own departure from Monterey on Saturday, 16th, in company with the Independence (the old Erie failing to get out), two incidents took place in that most uninteresting region. The first, the arrival of *James Heyward!* His uncle and I were standing conversing together at the end of Mr. Larkin's piazza, when the former exclaimed "Look here!"—my eye fell on a young man whom the first glance did not fix,—though the second did, while he had us already both by the hand. His hair to his shoulders, and moccasins on his feet, spoke for the *mountain route.* My first remark almost, was to exclaim at his resemblance to Frémont. And stranger still, Selden, who has been much with Frémont, and who was standing a little behind us, seeing James come up, had also been so struck with the likeness, saying, "Hullo, what's broke loose? Here is Frémont got back." The same shade of blue eyes, the nose, mouth, and hair,—principally after all, the effect of the latter on his countenance. For so soon as he cut it, the resemblance was less striking, though still considerable. He was in *ahead* of the emigration, having come alone from Johnson's, beyond Suter's Fort, a very dangerous business. But he seems to have shown a good deal of character and force; stood the hardships well. Got lost from the party in going after game; was two days without eating, and but three percussion caps left to shoot game, which, however, would not appear. Slept where he heard the bears go by him to drink, and could hear them lapping the water. On the third day he unexpectedly and mercifully came on the wagons again. Passed General Kearney, Commodore Stockton; saw Passed Midshipman Thomson, the only one of the parties he had a chance to speak to. What brought him over I could not make out, but if ever a chap was thoroughly satisfied, it is he. I was amused and pleased at the manly frankness with which he admitted the absurdity of the *equipé*. He said to us, after relieving his mind by a candidc onfession, "I did not intend to let this out, but I could not help it; I had to unburden my mind when I saw you both. If any of my friends have ever given me any credit for sense, they were wofully mistaken. A greater proof of folly never occurred," etc. What pleased me most was, that this extreme disgust has not arisen from the physical privations, but principally from a long association with very low people, the character of the party he traveled with. His misfortune was, not to have been able to get up at Independence "a pack party," as it is termed; that is, carrying their baggage on horses and mules, as well as themselves, instead of the slow and tedious operation of wagons drawn by oxen, by which he traveled. Finding he could not do this, he purchased his wagon and oxen, three yoke, hired a man to cook, etc., having a fine horse and mule for his own riding. Hearing at the "settlements" the ships were soon going to sea, he pushed on, and caught us two days before we left. His uncle wanted to bring him along, and let him continue on to Callao in the Erie, and get home again by Panama. But he said, "No! now he *had* come, he would not run away before seeing something of California." Besides, his wagons, oxen, etc., had to be disposed of; —these were to follow him on to San José or Upper Pueblo, as it is called in contradistinction from Los Angelos. He will get more than he paid for them. His uncle said to him, "James, you only now want a rancho and a wife to be a thorough Californian," but he replied, "he had been offered two wives on the way for his rifle, but he had seen enough of the country to consider the latter more necessary than a wife." He says he will return about June, I understood him, probably by the Isthmus, and says the first thing he will do will be to graduate. I liked his tone much, and I think the trip has been of great service to him, and one he may feel a certain degree of satisfaction in. It has produced a manly development, without injuring his refinement of feeling. The only thing which repays in the journey, according to him, is the buffalo hunting, of which he shot many. The meat is bad and tasteless. He came on board here with me, and I gave him a vest, which finished off his refitting. He lost a good coat and pair of boots on the way, in a singular manner. He laid them on a log and went to sleep, near their camp fire. In the morning he found the latter had reached the log, and burnt it and coat and boots. Patterson happened to have some sponge-cake in the sideboard, which I produced. If you had seen his astonishment and enjoyment of it, you would have been amused and pleased. The association of it with *home* was uppermost. I got a few items out of him about local affairs in Delaware. It was altogether a pleasant meeting to me, and I thought I would speak of it thus in detail, for though he has written by the Independence, I dare say he has not said half as much about himself as I have. Like most persons, he is greatly disappointed with the country, and says it has been much overrated, which reminds me of something Mr. Colton told me: A man by the name of Smith, a Quaker I think, has found his way over to California, who told him the government ought to build a lunatic asylum on the mission frontier, capable of holding 50,000 people, and every time an emigrant train appeared, to walk it off and lock the people up.

Larkins says he told the Californians long ago, if they wished to save their country from foreigners, they ought to contrive some way to fill up the Bay of San Francisco, for that was all that made the country valuable. Oregon has greatly carried the day *this year*; most of the emigration has gone there, I presume on account of the territory being organized, and hearing California was not quiet. The climate would certainly make me prefer California. It is very curious to see the gradual changes in customs and work. I was amazed myself the other day, on landing in Monterey, to see a fine six-horse team, two abreast, attached to a fine wagon, winding its way up the hill towards the fort, a long-spliced, sandy-locked Yankee sitting on the tongue-horse cracking his whip; having done more hauling that morning than all the Californians in Monterey could have accomplished in three weeks at least,—who insisted *their* horses could not be broken to harness. It is true this establishment belonged to the regular artillery company, and somewhat more perfect than the emigrants can yet turn out. Selden tells a good story about the San Diego people. The last time he was down there in the Julia he found a party of Mormons had *dropped in*, but very well-behaved people. Finding San Diego, suffering as it always had, from want of water, it being procured at a distance, and of bad quality, from holes a foot deep or so; they proposed to Bandini and others to dig a well in the town. Though evidently believing then, what they had often been told, that the Mormons were a little crazy, they assented. In a very short time, a well thirty feet deep was dug and a large supply of excellent water had. A windlass and bucket were soon rigged—the good people of San Diego all the while astounded. Selden says now they hardly take time to finish their breakfast in the morning, but out they go and *sit around the well,* smoke their cigaritos, while one of the party is everlastingly drawing up a bucket for the edification of the company. The *Mormonitos,* as they always call them, are consequently in high favor. I have strayed off a long ways from James Heyward, but I believe I had finished with the youth.

The second event I alluded to above, before our coming away, was a hanging, which took place the Friday before; the first execution of *this kind* in California. Two Indians were fully convicted by a jury, half of which were Californians, of a very foul murder on an emigrant, who, enquiring the road from them, was led off and killed for his pistols and wallet. The judge, Colton, passed sentence, which he did in a peculiar way, to ease his conscience a little, it being an awkward thing for *him* to do; while Colonel Mason, the governor, ordered the execution. The scaffold was erected on the outskirts of the town, near the beach and church. Under all the circumstances of place and scene, the absence of vulgar crowds, etc., I felt for a moment a desire to witness it, most of the officers going. But we are told to avoid the *appearance* of evil, as well as evil itself; and I thought this injunction should extend to matters of feeling and good taste likewise. My duties did not call me to see the sufferings of a fellow-creature, though inflicted by the law, and I did not go. Glad am I that I did not go, for it was an awful affair. The hangman, a respectable constable of Monterey, was so frightened, though frequently instructed, made his knots badly, and when the trap was knocked away *both* slipped, and down came the poor wretches to the ground, both still grasping firmly the crucifix which each held between his hands. A haughty priest from Santa Clara, who to his credit, however, had been with them several nights and days, rushed forward and unfortunately called to the poor Indians, "All is over, all is over;" and turning to the officer of the guard, wanted him to go away and give him up the culprits, saying it was a Mexican custom. But the officer quietly shook his head, and remained firm. The clerk of the court had galloped off to the governor, who directed him to proceed with the execution. "The men were sentenced to be hung until they were dead, and if not dead, the sentence must be fulfilled." The priests soon came in, but Colonel Mason could not be moved. And for many reasons, most imperative in my judgment, he was right, and I believe there is but one opinion on this head. Before the priests got back the men were hung. Both showed great composure. They both confessed the murder, and one of them had been guilty of two previously, and had once been sentenced to be shot. Yet, from the old superstition, or idea, if the rope breaks the culprit can claim his life, there was quite an excitement among the women of Monterey. None of them attended the execution, though the American women of the place *did*.

We sailed from Monterey on Saturday, the 16th inst., in company with the Independence, as I have mentioned, getting out of the bay in a few hours, a very rare chance. The wind afterwards was light with dense fogs, etc. But it cleared the next day, and a pleasanter sail I have never had. This desert-like Pacific being, for the first time, relieved to us by the presence of a ship side by side with us. For, to my astonishment, they sail more equally than any two ships I ever heard of. The weather was most delightful and the sea smooth. Every evening but Sundays, we get close under the quarter of the Independence, and hear her band as if it was on our own deck; the officers recognizing each other without glasses, bowing and pulling off hats to each other, sometimes both ships having identically the same sails set. Then the Independence is so large and so splendid a sight under sail, not more symmetrical, but more formidable looking than the Congress, and much larger. The other evening, while listening to the music, it struck me how such a scene would have impressed you. On Saturday the commodore telegraphed, "Come and dine, and bring the doctor and purser." At three o'clock the ships hove to for a moment, and in my boat we dropped alongside; had a most agreeable time, meeting Chatard at dinner, and returned on board at sunset. It was as pleasant an incident as ever happened to me at sea. And as I remarked on leaving, I can now say that I have *sailed* in the Independence. It is now ten o'clock, there is a glorious moon shining, and Fairfax, who has just come in, tells me the land can be seen, though thirty miles off yet. Good night.

26th October.

This forenoon the commodore made signal to go and speak two strange sail that were in sight. In the course of the afternoon, though the wind was light, we came up with them. One we had already recognized as an old Dutch whaler that we had left in Honolulu repairing her rudder, the Suid Pole (South Pole). I dropped a boat to board her while we passed on to the other, a mile further ahead. This was an American whaler. He had left San José on the 23d, and reported a kind of insurrection in Lower California. Mr. Mott and the Americans had been obliged to leave San José and go to La Paz, where the Dale is lying, and where Colonel Burton is stationed with two companies of the California regiment. A force of 200 men were reported to be in arms. I am inclined to think it was more of a marauding gang than anything else. They are said to be in the neighborhood of Todos Santos, an out-of-the-way place on the west coast of the Peninsula. The whaler had not seen anything of the Congress or Portsmouth. They had been ordered to rendezvous before this off Cape San Lucas. The boat from the Dutchman having been picked up again, I shaped our course for the Independence, making a signal that I had some intelligence to communicate. The old Dutchman had no news. He had left Honolulu a few days after us. He sent me a Polynesian of the 11th September, and an enormous green turtle. The old fellow said he knew this ship at once. Strange to say, the Polynesian contains some items of news from the United States which, with all our late arrivals, we had not clearly ascertained, such as the positive arrival of the Ohio in Norfolk, Mr. Todd, etc., going passengers. The steamer Union was also coming out to form part of Commodore Jones's squadron. Unless they have made great changes in her, she will in all probability be lost off Cape Horn. The Gulf squadron is greatly reduced, but not a sloop-of-war coming here to replace the Portsmouth and this ship. We are completely outdone out here by these doings at home. We see the cool announcements of ships going to the East Indies, Mediterranean, etc., yet we have not a force here to cover most important points, or protect a flag where it has been hoisted. People forget that when things are quiet they are only kept so by the presence of the ships. The crew of the Portsmouth have already been aft to beg to be sent home. This ship ought in common justice to leave in January, and the Congress in March. But I see no hopes of it.

We soon rejoined the Independence, and informed the commodore of the news by *hail*. The ship had sailed remarkably well, and we had done this little job very nicely. We are now standing up for Cape San Lucas, but with light airs from the east, it is a difficult place to get round.

October 28th.

Yesterday morning the commodore made signal for me to come on board, and was about sending me to La Paz, but seeing another whaler coming from the direction of San José, he sent a boat to her first; she returned with about the same news I had received the day before, but adding that Ritchie, at the Cape, had letters for the commodore. We did all we could to get ahead, but with light winds it was impossible. I remained on board until sunset, and then returned to my ship, having dined on board the Independence. At night, again, the wind was light, and the current sent us fifteen miles to westward, so we are much further off than yesterday.

Yesterday was dull and very close, a spurt of rain; looking for all the world like hurricane weather. There were great electrical phenomena last night—sheet lightning all round the ship close to the water, also rising from it like a jet, then rolling on like lighted vapor, or mist. To-day the weather is bright, but hot.

San José, at anchor.
August 30, 1847.

After writing under the last date, I went on board the Independence, the ships being close, and the winds light, the commodore having asked me to come whenever I could, without waiting for a signal. On leaving him I proposed, as my ship outsailed his in the kind of winds we had, to run ahead in the night and get off Ritchie from Cape San Lucas. This I did more literally that I thought I could. After firing two guns, and finding Ritchie did not come off, I dropped a boat and sent her in. She came back about two o'clock in the morning. We then stood off for the Independence. At four I went on board to give him the news, which I considered important. It was that General Scott had taken the city of Mexico. There had been a battle, but we had few details. The Congress and Portsmouth were at the Gulf, and were going to bombard Guaymas. I soon after left him, having been up all night. I had hardly laid down when I was awakened, and informed a large ship was standing out of San José, which proved to be the Congress. I forgot to mention I was ordered to stand in here to get the letter for the commodore, alluded to above, which Ritchie had not, but was in the possession of some one at San José. Supposing the Congress had it of course, I stood back towards the Independence. Captain Lavalette soon went on board, and the commodore made signal for me. It was blowing fresh, and I was very tired, but I contrived to get on board; found them at breakfast. The commodore was in good spirits, and Lavalette quite elated. He and the Portsmouth had actually taken Guaymas, having got both ships into the inner harbor. There was no resistance. A rather imposing looking fort had been built since I was there, but with only the guns they had before. The *commandante* declined surrendering, but in the night left with the garrison and *all the guns.* Two guns from the ship had been placed on land, at favorable points, and at sunrise, not knowing the garrison had retired, they opened a furious cannonade on the town and gunless fort, doing much injury. Finally a white flag was raised on a point near the town, and the ships ceased firing. Why the foolish people did not send word before, so soon as the *commandante* had left, I know not. After the firing commenced they were afraid to expose themselves to show a white flag. The only person who attempted it from the town was killed. Strangely enough, it was the same and only individual who was hurt there in our affair, having been then wounded. The flag was raised on shore. The town was much injured — all neutral property. The merchants declined remaining, and have asked to remove their property to some place twenty miles higher, saying it would only compromise them with the Mexicans, and no commerce can be carried on with a force immediately in the neighborhood. I am glad our flag has been raised there, though without a particle of result more than a blockade would have done, because it serves to satisfy the morbid appetite for such things. But destruction, not humanity, is the best military capital now-a-days, and weak human nature will act up to it.

The Portsmouth was left to guard Guaymas. They have fifteen or twenty marines on shore. It is to be hoped the ship is near at hand, for I look upon this as great folly, even with Mexicans to deal with.

From Captain Lavalette we learned a few more particulars of the fall of Mexico. There had been five hundred of our people killed and sixty officers; General Worth mortally wounded. But I believe these are Mexican accounts; and withal, no peace yet. It will be another Algerine war. In what way it will be overruled by an all-wise Providence we cannot tell yet. The duty of the soldier or sailor in all these matters is clear, and we should be thankful we are relieved from any responsibility as to the origin of the evil.

Our present movements here are to go to Mazatlan and take it; as I have before said, it could be done, I think, without firing a gun. To keep it we shall have to fortify. We wait off here till the Portsmouth joins. The Dale, now at La

Paz, goes up to relieve her, and I was sent in here to send her orders up by express from San José. Mr. Price has gone up to town, four miles from the present anchorage, to find one. Meantime I am getting in water; the Independence and the Congress cruising in the offing and in sight. I think it will take two weeks before the Portsmouth can get here. One object in sending for her is to let her go home soon; her *crew* have written to the commodore on the subject of their detention.

This is an anniversary for me. (28th October.) Two years to-day I sailed from Hampton Roads in the Congress. With every new event we speculate what its bearing will be on our getting home. For some cause which I cannot explain we all feel dull about it, and think things look against us.

November 1st.

Soon after concluding the last page on Saturday the Independence and Congress came in and anchored, much to my satisfaction; for the south-easter season has passed, and this anchorage is safe; making it preferable to boxing about outside, wearing out sails and rigging, which, during the third year you cannot nurse too much, but which on this coast since the war is no easy matter, for I believe I have been more at sea than during three Mediterranean cruises, being close up to my fifty thousand miles of sailing. I have contrived, however, to keep this ship wonderfully *up*. Among other things, we are the only one of the squadron that has the full complement of men. Through motives of humanity, and to oblige my friend Mr. Turrill, the consul, I shipped twelve men at the Islands, and they have turned out admirably; better young men I have not in the ship. The Independence is short, and the Congress *very*, being deficient sixty. She lost many by desertion at San Francisco, and they look more like a used-up crew than any set of fellows I ever saw. Tilghman, who is now on board the Independence, but comes often to see me, says there is no comparison between the crews, that this one is very superior, physically and morally, to those of the frigates. This gratifies me, because I know that contentment has much to do with producing this difference among seamen.

Just before the ships anchored on Saturday, Mr. Price sent me off a large package of Mexican newspapers. It seems a man was just up from Cape San Lucas (twenty-five miles below), who had arrived there in a launch from Mazatlan, and Mr. Talbot had given him the papers for any of the ships he might meet, so we fell heir to them. They were as late as October 7th and 8th from the capital, and 10th from Durango, Guadalaxara, etc., and of course very interesting. In the bundle was the American Star, of the city of Mexico, of the 20th September, containing some of General Scott's general orders, the first after entering the city, all in good taste, thanks to General Taylor, whose simplicity and modesty in these dispatches have met with commendation in Europe and with all people of good taste, and have set an example in this way that all seem now disposed to follow.

At sea, 9th Nov., Tuesday evening, in sight of
west coast, bound for Mazatlan.

Since my preceding date to this I have written to you *twice*. The Thomas Benton came in at San José bound for Guatemala or some port of Central America, stopping first at Realejo. A Captain Peterson, of the Admittance (the cotton ship the Portsmouth took), goes in her to disembark at the latter port, expecting to cross to San Juan de Nicaragua, and then take the British steamer on its way down to Balize and Chagres. They thought they might be in time for that of the 20th November, but I think this impossible. Still I thought instead of sending these sheets I would merely fill a single one, but I wrote two when I set about it, and moreover, wrote *freely* on many subjects, and after putting the letter on board the Benton, with money to pay the postage, and sleeping one night afterwards, I thought I would not trust that letter by that route, but substitute for it a still shorter one, to say I was well, etc., which I did. Note No. 13 will therefore go with this; note No. 14 by Realejo, etc.

The principal item in the one still in my portfolio was the acknowledgment of the receipt of your letter of 4th July, through Mexico, which had been sent to Mr. Bolton at San José where he then was, and forwarded by him to La Paz. It was altogether as great a treat in the letter way as I have had out here. Your improved health, the knowledge that my letters *had* reached you through Mexico, and this a reply to some of them, the probability of your getting *all* mine through that country, and my finding more of yours in a few days, was all so pleasant that no single letter ever gave me more joy. You will therefore find it a good deal replied to in the note accompanying this. I hope Irvine got my letter. My note will explain why I deferred writing sooner about our poor nephew. I thank you greatly for telling me all the *on dits* and writings of California at home. How posted up you are! Still I hope the doings out here will not be sifted out at home, for much harm and but little good will come out of it.

From the 1st November until yesterday, the ships remained at San José, quieting by their presence Lower California, in which country there is a decided insurrectionary movement, some Mexican officers, and Padre Gabriel Gonzales of San José, now at Todos Santos, being at the head of it. An expedition of thirty mounted marines and sailors were sent off to the latter place from the Independence, Dr. Maxwell and Selden going from this ship. It was rumored many men were assembled there, but they found none. The old priest first left, and then returned. The account of his shrewd cunning and duplicity is very amusing. He contrived to get half the men drunk one night when he expected an attack upon our party. When they left, the people said not one would come back alive; but I knew better than that.

They returned safe and sound, having travelled between Tuesday and Sunday one hundred and sixty miles over wretched roads, and on broken-down horses. In the meantime Col. Burton came from La Paz, evidently anxious at the withdrawal of the Dale from there, and considering his command of one hundred and six volunteers as very small. Mr. Mott and his family came also in his schooner from La Paz. The people of San José were in terror. They have all been friendly, and of course subject to harsh treatment from their countrymen in arms. The best people came down and slept on the beach at night, to be near the ships, covering themselves with sand. Earnest appeals were made to the commodore for protection, to which he finally yielded; my ship of course suffering the most. I furnished ten marines, while the frigates each furnished five. Lieutenant Heywood, with four passed midshipmen, and a nine-pounder, form the garrison. For their barracks they occupy Padre Gabriel's, or the mission house. They are ample to protect the place.

One thing which gives more effect to this movement, is the painful doubt upon the minds of that portion of the country who have committed themselves, and who have believed in our promises of protection, as to whether the country will remain to us or not. Commodore Shubrick has issued a proclamation on this subject to quiet them, and, *I* think very indiscreetly, says that in no contingency can the Californias revert to Mexico. It is true this is the language of the Secretary of the Navy to him, speaking for the President. Yet we all know *Congress* alone can arrange this, and moreover, in all we can learn of Mr. Trist's propositions, Lower California is not alluded to. I begged the commodore not to commit himself or the poor people any further in this matter, and yet, strange to say, I could not move him. It is true General Kearney on his arrival will enlighten our amazingly ignorant executive departments about Lower California. If the game of *grab* is the order of the day, they ought by all means to hold this peninsula. Bolton brought down with him three American Stars from the city of Mexico, up to 2d October. They contain a list of officers killed and wounded in General Twiggs's and General Worth's divisions, in the series of conflicts which preceded the capture of the capital; some twenty-seven killed and some sixty-seven wounded. This is tremendous! Only of the regulars, too. What a cormorant of blood this war has been! Have our people reflected, in their shouts over a fallen foe, that this foe, despised as he is, has killed more of our people than Britain did in a three years contest by land and by sea, ten times over, already? The loss of the British in India in the Sikh war was nothing like it. Yet I have that within me that says a kind Providence will overrule it for the benefit of both countries; but woe unto them who make so many widows and orphans!

November 10th, Wednesday, 1 P.M.

We are approaching Mazatlan under a signal to prepare for battle. We do not any of us believe that it will come to this; yet such things inspire deep thought. But I am in the hands of my Maker. I trust in him. He knows what is best. I have had no part or lot in bringing about the present condition of things; yet my duty is clear, and I have been given moral courage and physical nerve to meet any emergency, I think.

The wind is light; we will scarcely arrive before midnight, so nothing will be done before to-morrow. (Eight o'clock, at anchor in the harbor at Mazatlan.) This afternoon the commodore called me by signal to come within hail, and asked if I thought I could get my berth after night. I told him I could run in after night, but it was very doubtful if I could reach my place. He then told me to push on, and anchor where I best could. He had just said the same thing to the Congress. Up went the sail again, and each ship shaped her course to her destined point. The town, islands, and headlands were all in sight. It was a beautiful show. The Independence steered directly for the town, which shows over a white sand beach, but where there is no landing, the harbor being on the other side, where I was going. The Congress kept to the left of the Independence and went to the old harbor, so as to intercept all retreat, her guns being able to reach clear across the peninsula. Night soon closed in. As we passed I saw the Independence's broadside lighted up, making a most imposing appearance. We rounded Creston, and got up further than I expected. The wind then came off shore, and being near a dangerous sunken rock, I anchored. We saw two vessels outside of us; one, the British vessel-of-war Spy, a brig. The other we took for the Erie, which, on sending a boat, she proved to be. They have been on and off here ten days while we were at San José. Watson has just been to see me, and says he thinks no resistance whatever is contemplated,—the guns have been carried off. The commodore sends the summons to-morrow at daylight, by Captain Lavalette. I applied to take it, but the former claimed his rank.

As this will be an interesting time, I will add a word or so daily, though I shall have to be folding all these little sheets for Mr. Talbot to send. I am thinking if I will get a letter from you to-morrow. Good-night. * * * Watson's visit disturbed me, and it is now ten, and we have had a long day.

November 11th, 8 A.M. Thursday.

We warped closer up this morning, being nine-tenths of a mile from the town. The consular flags are all flying. The place looks deserted, with no show of resistance; the guns on a near point, that could have struck us every shot, have been removed. The barge of the Congress, with Captain Lavalette and a body of officers, has come into the passage and is pulling up to town, with a flag of truce flying in the bows.

(Nine o'clock.) My aide, Midshipman Vander Horst, whom I had sent to the commodore with a report that I was in position, met the truce boat returning, and Captain Lavalette sent me word the town would capitulate at twelve o'clock to-day. I have just had a message to take my crew alongside the Independence by eleven o'clock,—I suppose to take possession.

(November 12th.) The landing took place yesterday.

(November 13th.) I was stopped when I had just commenced yesterday to give an account of the day before, by the arrival of the commodore alongside, soon followed by Captain Lavalette, and my having to go ashore with them. But I will resume in order. All the boats came round to this harbor, where ours joined. I led in the right or starboard line, Capt. Lavalette the centre, and Lieutenant Page the left or larboard line. The launches all had their guns, and six other boats with heavy pieces of artillery. The sight was most imposing. Presently the commodore hove in sight, and passed along the lines with his broad pendant, and led in before all. Telles could have made a noble defence, and not a few thought ambuscades, etc., had been planned, so no precaution was neglected. On approaching near the mole head, Capt. Lavalette having given orders to land wherever we could, I pushed in, and was the first person who had his foot on shore. The crews were soon formed. To get the artillery ashore was somewhat longer, but all was landed in half an hour. We had about one hundred marines and five hundred sailors. The flag was hoisted on the cuartel, the Independence saluted, and the line was formed. We marched up to the barracks, where the flag was waving, surrounded by five or six sailors on the housetop,—a picturesque sight. Captain Lavalette has been charged with the defence of the town. Lieutenant Halleck, of the engineers, is reconnoitering, and will point out the points to be occupied. The first impression of all who had not been here was surprise at the extent of the town; it is much hidden from sea and from the harbors.

The *ayuntamiento* having asked to present their views, a commission was appointed to meet them, to agree upon terms of occupation, similar to other towns where the *juntas municipal* have retained their places. Myself, Lieutenant Chatard, Mr. Price, with Major Miller for secretary, were named by the commodore; and we met at ten o'clock yesterday. I have never had my patience so sorely tried; yet it held out; but I can now understand why a peace with this country may be long delayed. There is an idiosyncrasy of temper among this people which is indescribable,—a shrewdness and obliquity combined,—attaching the greatest importance to a single word, and for a word they would clasp their hands, smoke a cigar, and see destruction and ruin carried to thousands around them. They cannot appreciate consideration or liberality from the strong, for the reason they do not ever consider themselves weak, never mind what circumstances of ignominy they may be placed in. We meet again to-day. I am so interrupted I cannot write further.

(Seven o'clock P.M.) I have just returned from another day on shore, but fortunately we got through; the *junta* signed our articles, which at one time I was fearful they would not, and if they had not, martial law would have had to be declared, and the whole municipal duties fall on our shoulders, without troops to maintain order. There was no difference scarcely as to the points, but ours were not wordy enough for them; and as an example of their peculiar talent for these matters, they drew up their articles, embodying the essence and substance of ours, but in such a way as fifty years hence, if any one had read them, they would naturally infer *we* were the conquered and they the masters. Yet everything we required was conceded. They burnt some launches up the *estero* to-day, belonging to their own people. I sent an expedition up, when they scattered and ran in all directions, but the boats were not in time to save those which had been fired.

They landed yesterday one of the large pieces of artillery brought down from Monterey, which had more moral effect than a battalion of troops. They have been mainly conquered in this war by artillery, and hold it in great dread. We have been welcomed here by all people of property, who were daily expecting to be sacked by their own soldiers. What strange details I will be able to give you of all these things by-and-by. I must not go too largely into them now.

13th November, continued.

I must now tell of you of my disappointment, made doubly so by Mr. Price, who, soon after we landed on the 11th with the forces, met Mr. Talbot, who told him he had letters for us; but it turned out they were for Mr. Price and the doctor, of July 21st and 4th August, having come that very day. As you said in your letter of July you would write further by that route, I am at a loss why I did not get one too. Mr. Price's were not from his wife, though from home; those from her are on board the Portsmouth, and mine may be also; but I should be patient, having heard as late as four months.

Sunday, 14th.

I have been busy all day. I was signaled for by the commodore just after I got my breakfast. After going through business I attended service on board there, though half the crew and officers were on shore. After that I had to go ashore, and to the cuartel, where our people were stationed. Many hundreds of people came to hear the band, which, though Sunday, Capt. Lavalette under the peculiar circumstances permitted to play, and I think he did rightly. I there learned the *junta municipal* had been frightened by letters from Telles, and had declined serving. This will increase our labors, already tremendous. To govern a town of eleven thousand inhabitants is no small matter. The commodore is crowding me very much, but I will do all I can. He wishes me to collect the revenue, under Mr. Walker's stupid tariff, which has to be done by army and navy (without a clerk or even a quill allowed), in addition to other duties. Appraisers, weighers, gaugers, guards, and officers all to be taken from the navy and army, when we have not a man or officer to spare from the whole squadron, to say nothing of our ignorance of these duties. People will find, before we are done, what taking a town, without *suitable* force to keep it, will be. Not a ship can leave here for any other service, I see clearly. We have to fortify in all directions, *estero* to guard by launches with guns, etc., etc.; in addition to which I am president of a court-martial to meet Tuesday, to try some men for leaving post, etc.

Telles's forces are all deserting him, and he has a rabble that will never approach the heavy artillery we have landed.

To-morrow I shall be very busy, as I expect to be night and day for any length of time, and I must close this and let it take its chance. The Spy goes to San Blas, and through Guadalaxara the English mail is still carried, while beyond here it would be stopped. I have just got some October papers (American) from the city of Mexico. They are very interesting; yet strange spectacles do they present; thrilling accounts of the late bloody contests, long lists of killed and wounded, side by side with American theatres, operas, cricket matches, Virginia serenades, etc., etc.

A note-letter from San José goes with this. The Erie sails to-morrow. Dr. Hudson goes in her, after being absent over four years. Have no anxiety about me. Those fellows do not come near us, having let slip the only chance of hurting us,—the time when we landed.

(From note-letter alluded to above.)

Cyane, San José, Lower California, Nov. 4th, 1847.

An opportunity of writing to you, which may be an expeditious one, just occurs. It is not sufficiently certain, however, for me to trust the journal letter I have on hand by it, which already contains four sheets closely written. These I will send from Mazatlan if practicable.

Sometimes I am out of all patience with the folly which has characterized some of the events out here, only equaled by the ignorance of the Government at home, or more particularly the Navy Department. We cannot now cover half the points necessary for want of ships; and what do we hear? The *Ohio* (!!) is coming out, containing in her gigantic maw four if not five such ships as this one and the Portsmouth, and for the nature of the service in hand she cannot do as much as either of us, for there are many ports she could not go to from her great draught of keel, and does not carry as much water and provisions, in proportion to her crew, as the Cyane. Nor do I blame altogether the Department, for I doubt if a single commodore, of the five we have had, has written such a letter as could remedy matters, giving for instance a general description of the service required, the number and class of ships best suited;—if conquest be intended, and more ports are to be occupied, what force required to hold them, etc., etc. A double complement of marines in all the ships would have been of an immense importance and saving to the Government. If the commodores had done this, and the Government had not heeded them, they might with some grace have yielded to the force of circumstances and detained ships; but not having asked for more ships, they should not, to cover such omission, keep those that are here to do double work, perfectly heart-broken as to the vague uncertainty when they shall get home. The Portsmouth is now following in the footsteps of the Savannah and Warren's crew. Their three years of long and arduous service have expired, every man of them, and she is guarding Guaymas, three hundred miles up this gulf! I told the commodore most emphatically yesterday that she ought not to be kept. Her crew has written to him on the subject, and the Dale has gone to relieve her. She and the Congress took Guaymas; the military having retired and carried off the guns.

But I know not what set me off on this growling tack, when I took the pen under anything but soured feelings. In fact I should not even to *you* growl for a moment, when I have such sources of thanks for continual protection. Indeed, in this *California atmosphere,* I might bless my stars that I continue to rise every morning with my senses about me, so many around me having become bereft of theirs.

I have now a surprise to tell you of. I went on board the Independence yesterday evening. A little vessel with Col. Burton on board had come in from La Paz. A bundle was handed me directed to me. Page and Chatard were standing by. On breaking the package, "Halloo!" I exclaimed, "why, here is a letter from my wife!" I guessed the rest instantly—my letters had got safely *across,* and here was an answer from you! I jumped down into Page's cabin to have a quiet read, and sure enough, your letter written from Dr. Smith's, commenced on the 1st of July, and finished on the 4th with the sweet and excellent prayer, were in the envelope. I never enjoyed anything more in my life. It had been sent over here by the Talbots to Mr. Bolton, who sent it down from La Paz, where he had removed to be more secure. It had reached his hands on the 3d of September, and must have got to Mazatlan before the end of August. You say if I get it in November I may think of you at Washington or Alexandria, and so I have, and hope you are there, and as well as you have been, if not better. I cannot realize your walking to Meta[illegible]a.

The package contained a letter from Dr. Maxwell, who has gone with an armed party sent from the Independence to Todos Santos to catch some of the agitators; also one from Lieutenant Henry Lewis from Washington. His was sent to Mexico, and from there by a Prussian officer who went to the war as an amateur.

As I consider this note a mere lottery ticket, I will not answer in full, yet reply to one or two direct inquiries to which you call my special attention, in case the note does reach you before my journal letter through Mexico. In reply to your inquiries about our home, I have given the subject full thought, These are my views, subject to your approval or not, to your judgment and discretion; you will find me give a most cheerful and willing assent to anything that strikes you as preferable.

I have always wished to establish a permanent homestead for you and me, so as, among other reasons, not to be drawn into navy yards, shore stations, etc., for want of one; though always at liberty to make a change of this kind if we should see fit, but for which I have no present desire.

We have already lived enough in our home to be associated with it; it has a place in our affections; it has holier sympathies still: my dear mother breathed her last on that hill. It is in sight of your own homestead, where your sweet mother yielded her last sigh. Yet more, the range of view from it takes in the spot where the ashes of all our parents are mingled! The double tie which unites us, seems to add to the depth, mutuality, and sacredness of these associations, and all that pertains to them. * * *

In my journal letters I have written in full of James Heyward's arrival at Monterey. We left him there well, returning home by the shortest route, so soon as he sees a little of California. "*Sufficiently amused*," I can tell you. But he has shown a good deal of stamina and courage, and I think it will be of great service to him. He is very frank in calling it an act of unsurpassed folly. He writes to his mother by the Independence, to go through Mexico. I mention him here in case this should reach first.

I am going to pull alongside the Benton and see how things look about sending this letter, and therefore must close it. Your items about California news are very interesting. The letter from San Diego which you quote was written by Mr. Hall, I think, a member-elect then to Congress from Illinois, who came over with Col. Cook to see California, and has gone back and will be in his seat this winter. A plain, sensible man.

U. S. Ship Cyane, port of Mazatlan,
Nov. 21st, 1847.

On the 15th inst. I closed a long journal letter to you, bringing up events to that date from the 10th October, on which day the Preble sailed from Monterey to Panama, taking the preceding journal letter. My last informed you of our taking this place without any opposition; but finding it, as I always thought it would be, a more serious matter to hold a town of this size. There was some trouble to get the *junta municipal* to serve. Finally that is arranged, and the city government moves on. People are returning, and things on the whole look well. The cuartel is well fortified, the people friendly, and as the ships are going to remain, we shall, I think, enjoy quiet possession. Telles, the ex-military commandant, has fallen back to old Mazatlan, or the Presidio, as it is called, where his troops are in a miserable condition, and not over four or five hundred strong. He is himself in resistance to higher authority, so it is thought his force will melt away. Old Mazatlan is eight leagues or twenty-four miles from this. For a few days the market supplies were a good deal cut off. Mounted men were seen hovering about, and parties of ragamuffins, under the ex-captain of the port, a German renegade, were assembled along the *esteros* and roads leading along the inland beaches, intercepting people and goods, opening mails, etc. It was thought advisable to prevent too much intercourse with the town. The Mexican officers had penetrated, and even Telles himself came in one night, and went to several houses, asking for drink, etc. Night parties scoured around in the neighborhood and in front of the cuartel. On one or two occasions a little firing occurred, but at great distance; at others our patrols were very near taking some Mexican parties. Things were in this state, when it was represented that, by landing some force about five miles up the *estero*, another force moving out of the barracks at the same time, would hem in the parties under the German, composed of the *matriculados*, or registered sailors. This captain of the port had been burning launches, and was very obnoxious to the mercantile community. Mr. Mott came on board here, spoke to Rowan, who followed me on board the Congress, where I was on a visit, and told me of it. I thought rather well of the plan; looked upon it, however, as a wild goose chase to attempt to catch any of these people, who know every bush, path, rock, and swamp,—but thought it would throw them back further into the country, and open more avenues for the rancheros with provisions to come in. I therefore agreed, if the commodore approved, to furnish two boats under Mr. Rowan, to whom I could confide the men. The Independence furnished a third. This part of the expedition left at one in the night, pulled up five miles; landed on the wrong point; found their error; re-embarked; landed again, and found themselves on top of a party of thirty or forty, being the *avanzada* of the captain of the port, who was further back with another. Our people lay on the beach within seventy yards,—heard the others drilling; waited for daylight, not knowing the ground. At dawn the boats were seen, and when this was observed, the order was given to fire, which was done by our party, about sixty strong, killing two unhappy Mexicans. They, however, returned the fire pretty sharply, hitting no one except Mr. Wise, who was slightly grazed; the party charged, and, yelling at the same time, of course the others, a ragamuffin set, ran off in all directions. Our people then moved down to meet the *shore* party. All here had succeeded perfectly, and we had no one hurt. But a different tale has to be told of the others. It was God's mercy, however, to mitigate what might have been a great catastrophe, and but one life, a sailor of the Independence, killed by his own comrades, was sacrificed to such blunders as *have* happened with the best discipline, though very rarely; but which it is only wonderful have not happened every day in some shape with sailors. As soon as it was arranged about the boats,—feeling anxious about the movements of the shore party, lest they should meet the boat party in the night,—I would not trust this matter to messages, but landed myself, went up to the cuartel to inquire who was out, etc. I found it was the turn of the Cyane's company, but it was to be reinforced; that Selden was going, with McRae, Stanley of the Congress, and Mr. Halleck of the Engineers. This put my mind at ease, as I knew they would have military direction; for, finding I had men in both branches of the expedition, I felt doubly anxious that all should go right. I had scolded on previous occasions about officers leaving their men to "go ahead." Some reports that more people were out on the hills, etc., than usual, induced them to run the force up to about ninety men (the party in the boats were sixty). The former moved off about ten o'clock from the cuartel. At half-past two firing was heard both by the cuartel and the *esteros* party, already landed. It ceased. At four some other volleys were heard. When the market boat returned about eight o'clock in the morning (yesterday), the officer reported there had been a good deal of firing heard on shore. I felt curious,—not *very* anxious; thought it probable skirmishing at long range had ensued. I found, on getting up, the Independence had had earlier information of it, and they had sent boats up to the *esteros;* even the commodore had pulled up. I had ordered my boat, when we saw all the boats returning, and those that had left in the night. I saw something had happened, and seeing my boats, instead of being crowded down, with only half crews, I then became very anxious; though I soon thought the land and boat party having made their junction, all might have marched down,—which proved to be the case. Yet I soon discovered men stretched out in the boats, heads bandaged, etc. And sure enough, six of my best and stoutest men came over the gangway wounded. One only had to be carried, however, though all severely hurt. I saw they had not gone in the boats, but were artillerymen that had gone with their little piece with the shore party. Six more were passed up on board the Congress, making twelve wounded. The only one hurt of the Independence was killed instantly.

Now to the explanation. The column moved on, with a detachment of the Congress in advance about three hundred yards of the other companies, the field-piece with my six men and the six acting for a guard on each side of it. Mr. Halleck and Mr. Baldwin were ahead, when they came to a knoll and bushes, and were hailed once, twice, when Mr. Baldwin ordered the men of the advance to fire, which Halleck tried to stop, but was too late. The moment this fire took place, a general rush, sailor-like, was made from the rear, and a tremendous fire opened, not upon the bushes, but upon the head of our column, which those in the rear took for the enemy. This fire fell from some cause on the spot where the little gun was, and the twelve men were instantly struck. The man of the Independence was shot further in the rear, evidently by a man behind, who must have held the muzzle close to his head without seeing it, though it was bright moonlight. The enemy may have fired and done *some* of the execution,—were only twelve in number, placed there, it is thought, not as an ambuscade, but lookout after *our* scouts, to inform Telles, who had come in for some private purpose. Order was finally restored; the bushes charged,—of course no one there,—and the party moved on, when they came upon the captain of the port's headquarters, where they drove out his nest of land pirates, who ran away, he at their head, and no one on either side hurt. Soon after the junction was made. The men most wounded were in a cart, the others walked. Dr. Maxwell, who was with Mr. Rowan, dressed them, and they were put in the boats. One man of the Congress, a Frenchman, and a fine fellow, had to have his arm amputated. Selden and others were grazed, and most of my men were struck twice. So with the Congress's, howing that twelve Mexicans firing once could not have done all that.

These facts have come out little by little. A friend of mine coming from the country knew all on the other side, which I compared with Halleck's, and I have no doubt of its general correctness.

22d November.

The circumstances attending this expedition, well enough planned, attended with all the results that could be expected of clearing the roads, which would have been done without loss (save by our own hands), has brought home to me the fallibility of human testimony. It is perfectly incredible the discordancy between eye-witnesses to the same facts; and if the type of my mind of late years was not faith, I should be inclined now to doubt all history.

On the first return of the party it was asserted positively the enemy had three pieces of artillery, etc., while they had no such thing, and none to send,—but enough of this. Please give the account of this no publicity. You will doubtless see other accounts, for the versions of the first day are as different from the second as light and darkness.

The Southampton arrived a few days since. She left

Monterey a few days after us. The overland mail arrived there after we left, and I had the great joy of receiving three of your back letters—letters you sent to Washington to go via Chagres, but forwarded to the frontier to go by the mountains. They were most interesting to me, connecting many events I was at fault about. I have read and re-read them with great interest. * * * I think I never had any I liked more, except those that spoke of improved health on your part. They were the February and 12th March letters,—speaking of Guaymas, which pleased and amused me both,—of business,—of Mackenzie's Life of Decatur, etc.

The Portsmouth is in from Guaymas. She goes home soon, probably by the 1st December; her crew could not be retained longer. Being all Americans, their home attachments are stronger than those of any vessel here, and the law of 1837 they cannot and will not understand; particularly when on other stations, where ships have had no hard and thankless service, they are being relieved within time. I hope the Ohio's arrival, which should be in December, will let me off soon after, but I can say nothing with certainty. Our force being weakened, every day of course, renders those who remain more hampered by the necessities of the service. I care not for myself. I am resigned to any protraction so long as I am wanted. It is my duty, and I must do it, and do it cheerfully; but it is terrible to keep the crews beyond the three years.

Love to all at home. The signal for the court-martial is made, and I must go. This goes to a friend whom I met last night, and who sends an especial express to Mexico. He assures me of its safety. I cannot take time to say a thousand things more I would like to say. * * * My own heart is ever thankful and cheerful.

Cyane, port of Mazatlan,
December 1st, 1847.

The preceding note to this went on the 22d November, to take its chance through Mexico. Mr. De la Torre took it to San Sebastian, from whence he can send it, and thus escape the detention by the forces under Telles, who have entrenched themselves at old Mazatlan, or the Presidio, as it is termed. They are in a miserable condition, and are under a mortal apprehension of being attacked by us,—but as they are twenty-five miles out, this is not likely. I have nothing to add, save that the forces on shore have been at work fortifying the approaches to the city, and it can now be held without difficulty, so long as the Congress and Independence remain, which they can do until June; and if the benighted conduct of the Government in not sending ships and troops to this station continues beyond that time, the place will have to be evacuated. The withdrawal of eight hundred men in the Columbus, who had a year to serve, and keeping out the Portsmouth, whose service had long been out, has been one of the operations of this chaotic squadron. We are now a little "over-cropped," as the slang is; but I hope all will go well. The insurrection in Lower California continues, and I have just been ordered to prepare for sea with all dispatch, and I shall be off to-morrow to guard La Paz, the withdrawal of the Dale from there having emboldened some of the Mexican party, and they come in at night and burn the houses of those persons who are well affected to our cause. A ship lying off the town prevents all this. The Portsmouth is on her way home, after looking in to San José to see the garrison there was secure. We shall miss this fine ship very much, and it was a great trial to the commodore to consent to her leaving, but her crew were worn out. Three years and six months have many of them served. Humanity and justice required some kind of faith kept towards them. She has specially an American crew, all eastern men, and their detention much more irksome to them, for they are all sailors who have *homes*. I can fancy some people in and out of the profession, by a quiet fireside, saying those men ought to have been kept, they knew the law, etc.,—*war times*. Let them come and try, and see what those fellows have gone through. And why should whole regiments turn their back on their enemies and march homeward at the expiration of a year, from the very heart of an enemy's country, and this before their relief had even landed on the coast, and all this be natural and right, while a sailor, after three years, because the Department does not think of him, must be detained, provided you increase his pay one-fourth, the very thing he is the most indifferent about?

When the Portsmouth leaves, we come next in seniority on the station. For myself, I conceive the Government can keep me and all officers as long as it pleases, but I do pray that I may be given a new crew; which of course cannot be. On the other hand, I will not take trouble upon trust. It has pleased God to bless me with a remarkably contented spirit this cruise. There is a good deal to try me, and this is more felt just now that I cannot indulge in the great comfort of telling you all about things; for the transmission of letters through Mexico is now too uncertain, and I even said more in this than I intended. I am glad I am going to La Paz, though it cuts me off from all news, and how long I shall be there I cannot tell. Mr. Talbot told me yesterday he had a letter from his agent in Cincinnati (*beau port de mer* to get navy news from), dated 19th June, who tells there will soon be a large American force in the Pacific,—the Ohio, a frigate, two sloops, and a steamer. Drowning men catch at straws, and every one determined to believe it. The Grampus is still here. I dined with Captain Martin, with the Motts, on Monday. He is a C. B.,—has travelled in the U. S. He is a clever man, but all fall short of my friend, Sir Baldwin Walker, who is the *beau ideal* of an officer and a gentleman.

One of my lieutenants, Mr. Higgins, leaves me to-morrow to go on board the Portsmouth. He has been invalided today by a board of surgeons, and goes from Valparaiso, where the Portsmouth will touch, to Panama, etc. I shall, so soon as I close this, write by him a kind of duplicate of this, in case this does not get through. I shall part with Mr. Higgins with regret. I can say truly we have never had an unkind or excited word passed between us. *Below*, he is said to be very censorious, and critical of his superiors, but I fancy it is only the conceit of the passed midshipman, which is a matter that cures itself rapidly in our profession, so soon as responsibility reaches us. I know not what he thinks of me, but I have ever found him respectful and pleasant. He has been in every skirmish and fight this ship has had, up to the last one at Urias,—in the shore part of which I had some men wounded by each other, as I wrote you in my last. The Dale has as much as she can do to keep Guaymas, even as she attempts it, by having the flag on an island. I know not if I told you that Captain Selfridge landed there with his marines and sixty men to make a reconnoissance, thinking no one was in the town. They were surprised to see a good many people. They were advancing to the square, when the shutters were thrown open around them, and they were fired upon from the windows and houses with great spirit. They returned the volleys, fell back to the fort, which overlooks the plaza, and then drove away the enemy, some two hundred strong. After this they retired in good order with their boats, when the enemy returned to the town. This is what is called "*holding places.*" Poor Selfridge on the first fire was badly wounded, and the only person touched. The ball entered his instep and passed out of his heel. The surgeons all say here if the ball did enter as described by Lieutenant Smith (who came in a little vessel to get ammunition and provisions, and brought us the news), the leg should have been amputated, and his life is in great danger. It seems an artery was touched, which was bleeding when Smith left. The assistant surgeon is young; according to some, very smart; according to others, not so. Selfridge sent me a letter for his wife, which goes with this; that is, I leave it to go with this when an opportunity offers. His men behaved admirably,—the marine officer of that ship having taken special pains to train them himself, and they are said to be like regulars. Selfridge could only stand by leaning against the houses,—saying to his men, "Give it to them."

I see Major Twiggs was killed at Cherubusco. I saw a slip from New Orleans 13th October, saying all overtures from us were to cease. This is right, and will accelerate greatly a peace. The Mexican character is a deep study, and has been misunderstood from the beginning. Every act of forbearance or consideration is ascribed to fear, weakness, or some hidden motive.

I forgot to mention that the purser, long detained at Panama, and now on his way to Monterey, is a Mr. Christian, who comes out to relieve Mr. Price. He left the United States in June, and I expect poor Mrs. Price is anxiously looking for her husband. This is a sample of such things in the Pacific. It is true the officers who come out are as stupid about such things as the Department itself. No one goes into the bight of Panama that can help it, now. I shall be very sorry to lose the purser. He has been the most uniformly friendly and polite gentleman; withal, a business man to a degree rarely equalled. He has just come in, having been to the Independence on duty. The few marines we have are kept *here*, which is a sample of my trials; half in San José, half in Mazatlan. Four wounded men to go to the Independence, too sick to go with us. So my ship is always broken up, which is poor encouragement to keep efficient.

Cyane, December 10th, 1847.
Harbor of La Paz, Lower California.

An opportunity offers for Mazatlan by which I will venture a note through Mexico, which I will enclose to my friend De la Torre (I ought not to have mentioned his name), to forward for me. If my journal letter No. 17, and two preceding note-letters, reach you, you will be posted up to the 2d of this month, on which day I sailed unexpectedly from Mazatlan to come to the assistance of Col. Burton, who has been sorely pressed by the enemy, as Lieutenant Heywood has been also at San José. The death at the latter place of Mejarez, a brave Spaniard, and the captain of one of the gunboats I burned at Guaymas, prevented a very serious issue to affairs, I think, — but Providence is with us this war. The Portsmouth is strengthening Heywood, and the presence of my ship here, which I have got up opposite to the town, which I can rake in all directions, has restored confidence, and families are moving into town again. I did not think I would get this ship up the devious and very narrow channel of four miles, but I am inside the reef, with two feet to spare under me. I came yesterday sometimes half a mile, with only fourteen inches to spare. Had this ship pitched any she would have touched. To-day is windy, but we are very snug.

I think this insurrection will melt away; but if the Government does not send out a regiment of regular troops, these insurrections, which take the place of cards for a while, will be got up on the withdrawal of every ship. I have mentioned, however, so often the ignorance of the Government at home, and the neglect of the senior officers out here, in not enlightening it as to affairs in the Pacific, that I will say no more about it, save to add, that our tenure of the whole of the Californias, of Guaymas, and of Mazatlan, to say the least of it, is not respectable, and unworthy of our country. A few sailors here, fewer marines there, ragged volunteers in a third place, give no evidence of the strength or power of a great nation. But, as I said above, Providence is with us, evidently. The Lower Californians are much more spirited than the inhabitants of Upper California, but their organized parties plunder the ranchos, so that the people at large get disgusted with them. A certain Padre Gabriel, and two hidalgos whose vessel I took, but left here under pledge, in 1846, are the moving spirits. The latter have left and gone to Tepic. I found the rigging and sails belonging to the brig, and am going to fit her out, and will take her over with me to the coast.

I am very well, and things go well with me. I cannot write you in full, for these opportunities are so uncertain through Mexico that I might see myself in print in a different way from what I wished—headed "Intercepted Letters," which is part of the capital of the American Star at the City of Mexico—a matter I do not admire in Americans. Official dispatches are fair game, and any information of a public nature are legitimate rights in time of war; but to publish private letters because they are amusing, is rather tough.

The Portsmouth's are in a terrible way at their detention. They are afraid they will have to wait at San José until the return of the Southampton, which vessel came from there yesterday. My boats are getting provisions out of her for Colonel Burton's command, when she proceeds to Guaymas to relieve the Dale, while the latter comes here to water,—for at Guaymas the enemy commands the watering place. I do not think this can all be done before February, as the winds are now strong from the north in the Gulf. Missroon and Montgomery both write for assistance from me to enable them to get away before the Southampton returns, but I have too many men sick to spare a man; besides, Heywood is now abundantly strong. Our crew took a fever at Mazatlan, produced by the villainous liquor, green plantains, and the miasma from the *esteros*. The Congress had sixty men down with it,—I have thirty-two. It has no special type, except the convalescence is slow. One good thing, there is no rum in this place, and the colonel and I have agreed to keep it out; and I promise you a drop will not come in from seaward. It is a literal fact, I never had a man to punish, or even scold, when at sea, or when in a port where rum cannot be got; and what is curious, they never seem to miss it themselves. My crew were never more cheerful than here. I can scarcely realize the change of temperature now, compared with the baking heats of September, 1846. The air in the day is delightful; you can wear cloth or thin pants, as you prefer. The former are most agreeable to me, but at night it is positively cold, and Patterson has just asked me if I found one blanket enough.

I brought over with me old Don Francisco Palacios, the ex-governor of La Paz, whom I wrote you of in 1846. He is with us, and has shown himself very faithful to Colonel Burton. He came over in the launch that brought us the news at Mazatlan. He had picked up a Spanish copy of the "Wandering Jew," printed at Valparaiso in 1844. The intensity of his interest was curious indeed. "*Muy interesante, señor capitan, il Judio errante!*" he would now and then exclaim, and then talk of Eugene Sue and Alex. Dumas. He would forget his burnt house, uprooted vineyards, and plundered rancho; even his wife, stowed away near the colonel's cuartel, without floor to the house; where I saw her to-day, with her niece, Colonel Urissa (another person committed to our cause), and the old governor, neatly dressed and perfectly happy. It is the queerest race in the world! The Padre Ramirez soon joined the circle. Afterwards he, the governor, the colonel, and myself left, to consult about the affairs of the country. We hear that old Padre Gabriel wishes a pardon, etc. He is a great old scamp, with much influence over the lower classes. The priest here whom I knew in '46 seems very superior to most I have met with. He is strongly our friend, being one of the few who can understand the propriety of yielding to circumstances, and this without compromise of honor. My old friend, Mr. Beloc, the Frenchman, came to see me from two or three miles off, with his little son. The old fellow drinks less than he did, but is not less cracked. The colonel is a little doubtful of him. He is living on board one of his vessels. On the last attack, some seventy of the enemy got in and behind his house. The colonel had told him he would certainly fire into it, if he would allow them to come there; and, sure enough, he blazed away a couple of shells through it, which brought the old man on top of his roof, extending his arms, and crying out, "*Tirez! je n'ai pas peur!*" His clothes were literally cut to pieces, and yet he was not touched,—but the enemy scampered from his house very soon. I know no country that has more representatives among the "*beach combers*" of the Pacific than the subjects of Louis Philippe. I meet with French sailors everywhere, who always come and speak to me. There are a dozen here now,—fine-looking men generally,—accommodate themselves to circumstances, and are great scamps, yet it is amusing to talk with them.

I must tell you an anecdote, which, springing from the ingenuous mind of youth, is interesting. I gave passage over here to a couple of boys, one ten, the other fourteen, perhaps; one the son of Lafuerte, the ex-superintendent of this port, the other, of an old pilot who had been on board some of the ships. These boys were overlooking some operations going on, without seeing the doctor, who overheard them; when one said to the other, "One American is worth more (*vali mas*) than three Mexicans."—"Three! five, say! yes, than one hundred, I believe!" Now you could not get any such observation from a man of education in Mexico. But I have run on here more than I intended, and I must close.

The year 1848 is at hand. Two long, solid years, besides the fraction of 1845, will have passed away, and my eyes have not seen your face! * * * I do not know what the arrival of Jones and the emergencies out here may not produce. Yet I am content and hopeful, and will not take trouble on trust, but will rely upon God to give us both strength to meet His will. Love to all at home—Mary DuPont in particular. I have been reading over your letter of February, in which you speak of her so sweetly.

Christmas, 1847. Harbor of La Paz,
Lower California.

I cannot retire at the conclusion of this holy day, without saying a word to you, whose image has been flitting so before me—and with my mind so filled with speculations as to the welfare of all at home. I have been with you all in heart, and I trust with you and your sisters in sympathy, and with all, I should say, who think of the day as one connected with the salvation of our souls. I hope some letters from me may be reaching you about this season; possibly the one from Monterey of the 10th October, which was to go across the Isthmus. Next month you will have the one from the Islands, wending its slow way around the Cape in a good whale ship. I think this last will interest you, but I hope still more that the several from Mazatlan, from 12th November to 1st December, will be in advance, or certainly a short time after the above in reaching you, for I fear our renewed operations on the coast of Mexico may have brought you some uneasiness, though faintly hinted at in my letter of 10th October. All went off well there; but I left it to come to serious matters over here,—matters, however, which I am pleased to tell you are coming to a conclusion also, the presence of the ship having prevented any further attack on the post on shore. The people are gradually returning to the town, and the insurrection got up by a few interested leaders, and from no motives of patriotism, is dissolving away—as all such will. This peninsula (L. C.) has suffered greatly from the war, first by the breaking up of its commerce, which it was my lot to do in 1846; then the silly hoisting of the flag at two different points, which it was Montgomery's lot to do,—making promises and committing people without the shadow of a force to protect them; then finally landing garrisons so weak and contemptible in numbers as would have invited the attack of a nation of Lilliputians; producing insurrections more disastrous by far to the country than its foreign foes. For it is one of the peculiar traits of Mexicans to be perfectly ruthless with respect to each other's property in such circumstances. Cattle have been destroyed, *cavallados* taken, ranchos plundered without number, all "*por la guerra.*"

All this might have been avoided, and this territory, instead of being almost ruined past recovery, for it is a most miserable country to recuperate, might have been now in the enjoyment of a thrifty coasting trade with Upper California, and the inhabitants its fast friends. But I will not enter any more into these matters; and one may be led, too, into a criticism of the past through a knowledge of the present, which would not be just. I have the consolation, however, of knowing that experience has proved that my views in '46 (in relation to Lower California), elaborately set forth, were correct, and if attended to, would have done much good. The misfortune has been that no commander-in-chief out here ever took a comprehensive view of the whole theatre of his operations, —and consequently never represented to the Government the quantity and description of force necessary. Had half the men-of-war which arrived in the Gulf after Vera Cruz had fallen, been dispatched to this station after that event, with the marines who were serving in Mexico (the bitterest pill we've had to swallow, out here,—that is, the increasing of the marine corps for the benefit of the army, when the latter could be supplied so easily by volunteers), we should now have been in *respectable* possession of Upper and Lower California, with every port on the west coast of Mexico from Guaymas to Acapulco; their environs clear of the enemy, commerce flourishing, and the advantages as apparent to the Mexicans at we could desire. All this, too, without the loss of a single life, and without knocking down towns which did not return a shot. As it is, our tenures are almost disgraceful, and if Providence was not evidently with us in this war, and thus overruling evil for some great blessing yet hidden to our short sight, we should have been overwhelmed. We are now only overworked, everybody worn out; with no relief in view. I don't know sometimes whether my men are sailors or soldiers. How in their desultory life and duties I have kept the control of them, or my ship in decent order, I know not. For instance, since coming here I have rigged a brig, one of my prizes of '46; built a wharf one hundred feet out; caulked my ship; landed a company every night to reinforce the garrison, and have had as many as thirty-two men on the sick list with the Mazatlan fever. System and attention to details will do much. I do wish our old officers would think more of this, and instill it into the minds of the younger men by their own example. But as you have often said, people will not read history; and, as I have remarked before, Napoleon, when contemplating the invasion of England, found nothing too insignificant for his personal attention. At Boulogne he could stand on the sea beach and see a brig loaded and unloaded, give directions about the stowage of a horse, or a piece of artillery,—in the same spirit that would make him write letter upon letter in his own hand about shoes, wine, portable soup, etc., to be deposited at different points in the Alps, remembering that his soldiers would be shoeless and half famished when they reached there. But our modern heroes must have a shorter cut to glory than by painstaking. General

Scott has more of it than any man in either service, and it compensated him for his want of numbers. But where have I got to? Good-night. * * * A Merry Christmas to you. I have a million things to say to you,—but it is so hard to dole them out through the nib of my faithful gold pen. 1848 is nearly here. I fairly long for it. I want so to be able to say, "God willing, I shall see Sophie this year."

7th January, 1848.

Since I commenced this letter I have sent you two notes via Mazatlan, to be forwarded through Mexico when the opportunity offers. If they reach you, what I say here may be a repetition. By this time you will doubtless have heard of our operations on the coast, the capture of Mazatlan, etc. Before going over there, having, as you know, also called at San José, we found affairs threatening a rise and resistance among the people of Lower California. This was not much listened to. Finally, a most meagre garrison was eked out for San José. So soon as the ships left, both ports were attacked, San José and La Paz, the latter twice. Had the enemy had half as much discrimination as valor, the first place would have been taken, or have had to capitulate, for the supply of water could have been easily cut off; but the chief was killed, and that probably saved them.

In haste I was dispatched here; the Portsmouth, though with her orders to go home, to San José. The crisis had passed; and things are quieting down. There is still a body of Californians at San Antonio, sixty miles from here; but already reduced in numbers. Col. Mason has been written to for three hundred men more, when, if they arrive and the forces under Piñeda have not dispersed, Col. Burton may take the field; but I anticipate this will not be necessary. The whole trouble was caused by the withdrawing the Dale from here, and not leaving a store ship at San Josè; in other words, we are lamentably deficient in force.

From Missroon I have letters; you may imagine their feelings at this detention. They have to wait the return of the Southampton from Guaymas before they can leave, and are dreadfully afraid of being caught by Jones; but as, by your letter, the latter was to leave Washington the 20th October, he will only be at Panama the 25th November, and they will yet get clear. The Preble will just be in time for Jones. We have been led to believe the latter would be at *Panama* the 25th October. The shortest passage the Preble can have up will be fifty days. She may possibly be much longer. The Dale, a faster ship, was fifty-six days; the Malek Adhel seventy-eight; so Jones will not reach Monterey before the 15th January the very earliest. Now *will* he go to Monterey, the point of rendezvous given by Commodore Shubrick? I think he will; because there was a kind of appeal made to that effect, and Jones is so elated, evidently, at getting the squadron on any terms, that he will not be over hasty in relieving Shubrick. Besides, Jones is not deficient in magnanimity; he has indeed many good traits. Your father of old liked him very well, calling him one of his pupils in the ordnance service. I am under the impression he requires no flattery, has no hangers-on, etc., and *further*, does not dislike a man because he differs from him; is social, hospitable, a pretty good Whig, though a Texas and war Whig. One good thing about him is, he is interested in and friendly to the Sandwich Islands government; a friend of the missionaries, and strives to be a religious man. I am very glad for the Islands that *he* is coming. I feel much interest in that people and nascent government. He is evidently (to say a word more of him) coming out here under a mistake as to the condition of things, and the duties of the squadron. He speaks in the letters received from him of building dockyards for Upper California, etc. As if the squadron were confined there and in idle possession! A ship could not now be spared for Upper California if every man's throat was being cut there.

January 9th.

I wrote to Missroon inculcating patience, of which he has had not enough. I only wish I had done so earlier. He has been in a complete fever. The public opinion in the squadron was against the Portsmouth's going at all for the present. The officers seemed more anxious than the crew. She was the only ship that had made any thing to speak of out of the war, and could afford to wait, etc., etc. This was the tone—uttered by those doubtless who would be most restive under a similar detention, yet rendering calm patience more necessary. The Portsmouth's crew have been behaving badly at San José. They broke into Mott's house, etc. I told Missroon they ought to be well thrashed. I have had to do more of this unpleasant duty latterly myself than I would wish. The necessary intercourse with those wretched volunteers has done my crew no good; but fortunately they are always easily brought back, and I have been drilling them in all the exercises, from target firing down to any minutiæ. I grieve to punish them, though no one ever stood on a firmer footing to do so than myself, having always indulged them to the greatest extent propriety authorized, and this they know and feel. My whole mind has been put upon this subject, and I know that consistent firmness is mercy in the end, and mercy most effectually applied. But this portion of a captain's duty is by far the most difficult,—

at least I so find it. Callous men do not, I presume, and weak ones have disorderly ships. If I err, *I* think it is rather on the side of severity, but my officers I am sure think me over-lenient, so I may be pretty near the mark. The mistake they make is to require the lash for that which an earnest, energetic attention on their part would prevent. They want a man-of-war to be a perfect piece of mechanism, in tune, wound up and ready to respond to their slightest touch,—but they must not have part or lot in bringing this about,—"the *captain* now must do all that,—he is the only one can punish," etc. But generally harmony continues between myself and officers; I have, too, drawn the reins a good deal tighter on these, having determined to keep the ship up in every respect during her *third* year, a very difficult thing.

It is a month to-day since I arrived here from Mazatlan; it seems much more. We have done much work of one kind or another, too. If my notes reach you of 10th December, 30th December, and 1st January, 1848, they will put you *au courant* of events here; as the notes were sent to my friend Mr. De la Torre, they will in all probability go safely. He has acknowledged the receipt of the first, which he gave to one of his partners, Mr. Fernandez, who was just leaving for New Orleans, at which place he was to mail it. By the last note, I wrote you of my New Year's gift coming to hand, your letter of 21st October. Such a piece of good fortune as this was, makes up for some of the long and trying intervals which occurred between some of your dates. It was a lucky thought which impelled you to write that letter, for I may be a long time yet before I get the one you mentioned sending the day before to Commodore Jones, or rather the Department. How you have mastered and are keeping pace with the general events of the world amazes me.

You speak also of the war, and the long interval of dread suspense, etc. The news of the fall of the capital reached us sooner than it did you. The Mexicans made much more of a defense than any one expected they would, when we left the coast last June. These victories, with the fall elections gone to the Democrats, will greatly strengthen the administration in its course towards Mexico. I endeavor in contemplating so momentous an evil as war to keep my mind free from that improper bias which my profession would naturally lead to, and which a knowledge of the Mexican character is likely to influence still more. This war cannot yet be judged in all its parts. It is to me veiled in deep mystery. It will be overruled for good, of course, no one can doubt; but to whose share that good will fall no one can say. Of its *origin* nearly all calm and just minds must agree, and it is but common charity and common sense to believe that its authors never intended it to be such a war. Yet has history ever presented such a series of reverses to a country unjustly assailed? Not one single flicker of success has perched upon a Mexican banner from beginning to end. A fraction less than six thousand men entered its capital; that fact alone I know proves nothing, for three thousand burnt our own, while our President and his secretaries were flying as ignominiously as the Mexican Congress to Queratero. I think sometimes Providence has seen something to scourge in Mexico. She has been made blind to the ordinary appeals. The olive branch was always offered her; she cannot plead to the ignominy of the terms, for the terms she would not look at. Prouder and stronger nations have had to yield to circumstances less hope-less. If her rulers and generals were patriotic, they have failed in their appeals to the nation. The selfishness of the Mexican character extends to towns and whole provinces. Guadalaxara for example, rich and populous, has not furnished a soldier to the war. The people are incapable of an indignant rise *en masse*, which you give them credit for, and which would have gained for them the respect of the world and its sympathies, if not the recovery of their soil. They have *one* virtue—patient endurance under trials; and if from the beginning they had adopted the system of non-resistance,—said, We cannot cope with you, but cannot treat with you either, till you leave our country,—there would have been something to respect in this too. But they met arms with arms, and should have yielded, as others had before them. I do not mean to say that they had not the right to resist in any way or to any extent, but I am of opinion that they have shifted much of the moral responsibility of the continuance of the war from our shoulders to theirs.

But be all this as it may concerning Mexico, what is to be our share in this extraordinary conflict? I can see countless evils; but as our career is evidently not yet run, the good may predominate. We are yet, I believe, to *do* good, before our scourging time comes. I sometimes think the Spanish race and its corrupt religion in America have been doomed,—their stewardship has not been satisfactory,—they buried their talent, and have to be cast out; but the history of these very Spanish conquests should make nations beware how *they* undertake to introduce civilization and Christianity by the sword. Dr. Arnold, in that admirable book, his Lectures, remarks that "the great enemy of society in its present stage is war. If this calamity be avoided, the progress of improvement is sure; but attempts to advance the cause of freedom by the sword are incalculably perilous. War is a state of such perilous intoxication that it makes men careless of improving and sometimes even of repairing their internal institutions; and thus the course of national happiness may be cut short, not only by foreign conquests, but by a state of war poisoning the blood, destroying the healthy tone of the system, and setting up a feverish excitement, till the disorder turns to despotism." On the same page, translating from the Greek, he says, "War makes men's temper as hard as their circumstances." I had occasion to pick up the book to refresh my memory of an anecdote, which some things out here had brought partially to mind, when my eyes fell on the above extracts, which I had marked in '46. I thought they were so applicable that I would copy them, in case you have not read the book; and the truth of the last remark has been proved out here to the letter, even in our limited sphere. Our tempers *are* getting harder every day, and moral perception and ordinary humanity, humanity which seemed to exist in all bosoms in '46, are all gone. I see things every day on the part of men better than myself, better Christians, which fairly shock me.

In this same spirit, among many officers the great desire is to kill a Mexican; this seems the goal of ambition, and when in some of these skirmishes some poor wretch, in some particular position, has been picked off, there is quite a contention who did it.

It was in reference to this sort of taste that I picked up Arnold, remembering an anecdote in point. It is in a dialogue quoted from Southey's Colloquies, and made a note to the fourth lecture (page 213). Montesimos says, "I remember to have read or heard of a soldier in our late war, who was one day told by his officer to take aim when he fired, and make sure of his man. 'I cannot do it, sir,' was his reply. 'I fire into their ranks, and that does as well, but to single out one among them, and mark him for death, would lie upon my mind afterwards.'" The whole note is interesting, also the page of the text which calls it forth (page 192). There is on the page preceding the note a characteristic letter in *French* from the Duke of Wellington, another painstaking man, but who was literally the Iron Duke in those campaigns—the discipline being terrific. If you have Arnold by you, look at these pages.

But shall we not have peace? We hear of four commissioners named by the Congress at Queratero, to treat with Mr. Trist, whose powers being withdrawn, they were referred to the Government at Washington; and it is further stated that General Scott has forwarded the commissioners to Vera Cruz, etc. This, we are told, occurred early in December. These commissioners will probably demand a cessation of hostilities, which, we presume, without any withdrawal of forces, would be granted. The difficulty in treating will be the ratification. You will then see probably some queer doings. I can scarcely imagine the terms which the Mexicans will agree to. A dozen revolutions in embryo will spring up on every proposition. As after Cherubusco, they will probably begin in a solemn and serious manner, with a perfect *bienséance*, and offer to give up Texas! Napoleon in all the plenitude of his power at Dresden could not have been so regardless of circumstances as these people in their most humiliating position. I feel for them, yet I know that the only way left to bring the matter to a close is not to temporize in the slightest degree. If you were to withdraw every soldier and every ship, and say, "We have shown you our power, and now respect your misfortune

—will save your honor by not requiring you to treat under the cannon's mouth," they would ascribe it to their own prowess, and *believe* it, too, and begin to higgle about *Texas*. You see something of this in individuals. If for instance you want a house, horse, or anything for public service, and go and take them, the rougher the manner, or rather the more imperative, the better. They never say a word, are perfectly resigned before your face and behind your back—stoical to a degree—this is the Mexican way. But approach them as we always did at the commencement of the war, "Señor, Señora, I am very sorry to disturb you, but you must move your table and bed (generally all the furniture) into another house below here, for we must have this one for a cuartel or magazine. This war is a terrible thing, but you will be paid rent by-and-by; you know this must be a very disagreeable duty to us, but we cannot help it. We will assist you in carrying your things, and see that you want nothing,"—take this course, and your peace of mind is gone. The women get to crying, the men to swearing, appealing to you in every way; and a more miserable, unhappy set of beings, oppressed and trodden-down victims of war, you cannot picture to yourself. There is an ex-Mexican colonel here, now a trader, and committed to our side, who is always reproaching Colonel Burton for his leniency. He said to him to-day, "You ought to make every man a prisoner who comes in."—"Where could I keep them if I did?"—"Keep them! take one of the hulks in the harbor and stow them away i[illegible]e hold; and I would give them a precious short allowance o[illegible]ood, too. They will think you are afraid of them until you do so."

People exclaim they are ignorant, etc. Well, they are! Yet here another anomaly creeps in,—they nearly all read and write. When they wish to convey to you in a very emphatic way how low and brutish a man is, they will say, "He cannot write." Of one a degree above this, they will tell you, "*Es un hombre muy barbara, el no sabe su idioma!*" If reading and writing were made the standard of civilization, there are one or two districts in Virginia that could not compare with a single one in Mexico. As I have said before, we have books about Hindoos and Japanese, etc. It would be more amusing and instructive for some one to describe truly and then attempt to analyze, the idiosyncrasy of the Mexican character; the Aztec race has made a queer mixture. As in all Spanish America, the women are vastly superior to the men in character and force, as well as amenity. It would appear as if they only transmitted these traits to their daughters. In Lower California unfortunately the morals are low,—a sad contrast to Upper California, where the women are most respectable. The men are the laziest, I must think, on the face of the earth, and gambling the vice of the land (I speak of this province). Their perceptions, symbols, ideas, are all tinctured by this vice; they never ascribe any misfortune to their own deficiencies, neglect, or incapacity. *Suerte* decides everything, and for this reason they have never appreciated or been able to see their successive defeats in the war in their true light—the *suerte* was against them, and they have been waiting with their matchless patience until the die turned up sixes. Oh, they are a study! It amuses me to go ashore and get two or three around me. They all know me, and my name being one they can pronounce, it was always brought out with much emphasis after the *Señor*. I am also particular in returning their salutations, pulling *off* the hat or cap, forms of which they are very observant themselves, and are pleased to receive from strangers, and which we are not much given to; though the officers of this ship are very civil, and most of them polite, which makes her very popular out here on the station. The truth is, we have more *'longshore* acquaintances, as I term them, than all the rest of the squadron. The doctor brings us a good share of these, for his skill and success, joined to a never-flagging philanthropy, bring him scores of patients. By the way, I forgot if I mentioned to you, in some back letters, about the cure he effected on the eyes of Don Carlos Castro's old wife. The recipes and directions he left were entirely successful, and the old man for months afterwards, on meeting an acquaintance, would instantly exclaim, "Do you know! my wife's eyes are as good as yours." If you had seen the eyes, however, you would consider his surprise and joy and odd exclamation as less strange. A more remarkable cure I never heard of. The truth is, the doctor's skill and success are becoming to me a source of amazement, and of *some study*; being a little superstitious, I never like to talk about it fearing, the *suerte* might change. In the first place, I believe it is unheard-of in naval medical statistics, for two hundred and ten souls to have been thirty months on board of a ship, sailing fifty thousand miles, in all climates, performing service of a most desultory character, ashore and afloat, suffering often for want of clothing, particularly shoes, at other times on short rations,—several quite old men among us too—yet not a death has occurred. We have had some very sick in this time; the fever taken at Mazatlan we had our fair proportion of. It is true our getting away to this most perfectly salubrious climate may have saved us,—but the frigates had, by last accounts, buried ten between them, with some others expected to follow. As I previously mentioned, it was contracted at the outer port over the *esteros*, where the miasma, aided by the villainous *mascal*, found most convenient *gibier* in sailors. I presume the Congress has lost twenty-five men at least this cruise, and the Independence already a dozen; the Portsmouth six or eight. These single deck ships are healthier as a general rule than frigates, the air circulating more freely below. This ship is the cleanest, I think, and this has been one of the secondary causes for our exemption. Sunday last, when I inspected the ship below, after service and muster, I passed through eighteen cots (for the doctor puts all to bed), and there was not an odor to be discovered. In every part of her the air is pure. We ought to be very thankful to a kind Providence for our immunity in this respect.

11th January.

Since the above date we have had some small craft in from San José. I had letters from Missroon, who is still fretting at their detention; flattering himself, however, that the Dale watered higher up in the Gulf, etc. They are foolish to wait, having made Heywood ten times more secure than when left there by the whole squadron. They have had there an arrival from Upper California, where all was quiet, though many Sonorans were coming in, saying they were starving in Sonora. This is a little suspicious; they had better look out.

In my notes I told you all about the arrival of the Dale here, Selfridge's condition, etc., and my sending him to Mazatlan that he might get relieved, and be left on board the Portsmouth on the Dale's return up to Guaymas. We calculate she has about got to San José to-day. She did not get out of this until the 2d, having got aground once or twice,—a way she has. It will take her about eight days to go to Guaymas, and the Southampton about four to get off and down again to San José; so in about two weeks the Portsmouth may get away, and thus just escape Jones's clutches. This will bring her to about the 24th of this month, the day three full years ago that she sailed from Norfolk, having left Portsmouth in December. The Jamestown sailed in company; what a different period in their cruises!

I was amazed at Dr. Wylie's going to the Gulf. It will, I believe, be beneficial to him, to his health, and in every way, though it must come hard on him, and cause his brother much uneasiness, who is always anxious about him when he is away. I had a letter partly written in my portfolio, where it may as well remain, being now doubtful about his address. Why did you think I would be on the west coast till December only? We are fast here (Gulf or west coast) until June, unless we leave sooner to go home. We do not expect to see Upper California again.

General Scott writes to Commodore Shubrick, as I told you in my last note, that he will send garrisons to the Pacific, when he gets fifty thousand men *in the field*, not *on paper*. This would help us very much. He says he is ordered to occupy the *mining* districts. Lust of gold, eh!

The Mexican tariff sent out here is the most absurd and impracticable nonsense ever issued. It cannot be carried out; and if it were, it would drive away all neutral trade. The duties are higher than the Mexican ever were. The coasting trade is to be confined to American vessels. There are no American vessels to carry it on; and to cut off transportation along this coast of their cheeses, figs, dates, and panoche, in their launches and small golettas and balandras, would be ruinous to a degree, and cruel in the extreme, for these people. If any thing could rouse them to a *levé en masse*, that would. But this is only a part of the general ignorance at home about these countries. As to the Navy Department, it seems to be retrograding, instead of learning a little, after two years. Even in secondary details the bureaux cannot be got right. We are in want of clothing out here. The appearance and comfort of our crews are destroyed for want of it. With the exception of a couple of months, woolen of all kinds are required; *always* at night. Three descriptions of garments are ever wanted, and have been ever called for,—shoes, blue cloth pants, and blue woolen shirts. These cannot be got out here. The difficulty about shoes is terrible. Even officers paying enormous prices cannot get supplied; some of them marched in California with raw-hide sandals. Well, three store ships I believe, loaded in whole or part, are announced, and not one of these articles on board! but a most liberal supply of linen and duck clothes, of which we have ample, the very sight of them giving a man a rheumatic twinge during ten months of the year. While this was going on, Commodore Biddle left fifty thousand dollars' worth of warm clothing in the East Indies, where under-woolens alone are wanted, and where we have had no ship for eighteen months!

January 12th.

I have been looking over the preceding sheets, and am almost disposed not to send them. They are only a repetition of much I have already written you. Yet they may help you in keeping up the connection of events out here. Be they interesting or not, I must bring them to a close, if I wish to send them to the Portsmouth. I should not wish to send them through the enemy's country, as I have spoken so freely in them. Do not infer from this freedom of expression to *you*, that I am in a fault-finding habit or vein. This disposition is closely watched and struggled against, and perhaps because I do not impart such thoughts to others, it is that you get more than you ought of them. I am the more encouraged to patience and resignation to the will of God, to bear cheerfully the trials of my station, to perform its duties with continued and earnest zeal, from the example you have shown me.

In relation to our detention I can add nothing new in this letter. For the present I am locked up in the most stupid place that I have yet been in. The killing of time is quite a study with the officers, who are *aux abois*. I am learning more and more to rely upon my own resources, and though it seems, looking back, that we have been here five months instead of five weeks, yet the days seem to me to fly, fairly. *Shelling* has been the great hobby on board. I have, without getting the *fever*, kept my eyes open since getting on the coast, and will bring you home some very valuable accessions to your cabinet. The conchology of this north-west coast and Gulf is of a very high order in the science, though the shells are not all so handsome as in the East Indies; but more rare and curious.

Mr. Price is anxiously looking for his relief. The movements of that party have amused us much. I have written to you of them before. Captain Rudd, Purser Christian, and four other officers whose names and rank have never transpired, started post haste in June to cross the Isthmus, and join ships in the squadron. They have not yet appeared. The last time heard from they were at Callao, where they arrived just in time to miss the Preble, having waited a month at Panama. They were finally to leave in the Lady Adams on the 20th October for *Monterey*, but we learn since that the Lady Adams had not yet arrived at Callao; they only *expected* she would be there by that time. *En attendant*, a fine American brig, the Cayuga, came direct to Mazatlan before we left, from Callao, leaving the gentlemen at the latter place on the 10th October, bound to Upper California. Of course the squadron could be nowhere else. Mr. Mason I presume told them, as he did Mr. Toler, they would *certainly* get to Monterey in seventy days—they would *certainly* find a man-of-war at Panama, etc.

Mr. Price will of course go by the shortest route when once relieved. I hear his relief, Mr. Christian, very highly spoken of, but never met him. I wish he might be a *Christian* truly, as well as in name. As I have before told you, I think there is not a scintillation of religious sentiment or feeling in this ship, and never was. There is not *much* more in the squadron; most of it in the Independence, where they are inflicted with perhaps the most *perfect stick* of a chaplain that we ever did have in the navy. Mr. Colton and Hitchcock I miss very much, particularly the latter; without conversing much on religious subjects, a matter yet extremely difficult with me, there was a weighing of the actions and events passing around us by applying moral standards to them, which made me appreciate his society very much, and I felt benefited by an opportunity of expressing my own views to one who sympathized with them. With the chaplain, the pleasure, strange to say, was of a little more selfish or worldly character. His scholarship, keen perceptions of men and their characters, his fund of well-applied anecdotes and illustrations, all superior to anything he ever writes, with nothing, I will stick to it, that *under the circumstances* was discreditable to his cloth, made me enjoy his society very much; particularly during my last visit to Monterey. This reminds me, that ever since the Preble sailed with a note of thanks for Mr. R. Smith for his kindness in sending me papers, etc., I have wanted to say a word of correction of what I told Mr. Smith in that note about a clergyman settled in San Francisco, who was trying to build and organize an Episcopal church there, and to whom Mr. Price sold a most suitable lot. The poor man's name I now forget, but he is a doctor as well as a clergyman, and keeps a drug store; but, worse still, he is *said* to be intemperate. Mr. Price had told me, but only after I had written, that he was under some cloud. Page has told me that he preached for them once on board the Independence, and that he formed altogether an unfavorable opinion of the man. Page is a member of the Church and a man of sense; but I think stern in his judgments. At all events, I wish to say this much to you, in case any movement took place, or anything was said among our friends about this Church in San Francisco, as *Yerba Buena* is now called.

I ought not to have commenced this sheet, but I could write on to you forever, about something or other; though not much to your edification. I was sorry to hear of Magruder's sickness. They have been very "roughly handled," as we say, in the Gulf, from all accounts. It would appear Dr. Bache is not dead. As you mention Dr. Kearney and *three* assistants, doubtless it was Bates. The other would be a great loss *professionally* to the navy; his learning and skill are far beyond any of the old surgeons. We hear Charles Hunter has another command. This must be hard for Commodore Perry to swallow. But it is wrong in Mr. Mason; and it speaks well for the soundness of this squadron to say, that the news of this act of Mr. M.'s, yielding to public clamor, as it were, has been met with universal disapprobation out here, even by the officers of his own grade. Yet this is one of those things which I have long preached about; power in the army and navy must be exercised with discretion. We serve, as you aptly observe in one of your letters, the "Public, and that the Public of a Republic,"—the greatest tyrant, it may be, in the world, and from whom there is no appeal. In my judgement Perry blundered in this matter. I doubt, in the first place, the propriety of the *trial*. Hunter did not *disobey* orders, but exceeded them, and success in such cases is, in military acceptation, the criterion of right or wrong. Nelson, when recalled by Admiral Parker off Copenhagen, put up the spy-glass to his blind eye, and said, "I cannot see that signal." If he had failed in his attack, he would have been shot almost without benefit of clergy. As it was, he was knighted, etc., and Admiral Parker never thought of trying him. If Perry had reported the circumstances just as they were—that at Alvarado, hearing of the approach of a large force by sea and land, they had withdrawn their troops, and carried off their guns and surrendered to the blockading force, and even complimented Hunter on his readiness to avail himself of such a circumstance, Hunter would have been, in the first place, very much disappointed and overreached (he acted from pure selfishness, no doubt), and the affair received at home for exactly what it was worth. But if it was right to try him, and the sentence of the court just, the carrying it out was in the worst possible taste. What was to be its effect in a community prone to attack all the doings of organized bodies that are independent of political or newspaper control, such as the army and navy? The sentence itself, though the verdict may have been just, was not a well-selected one,—I mean that part of the punishment which involves his dismissal from the squadron. He had done nothing *dishonorable*, nothing *morally* wrong. This, a less ignorant public than ours in such matters might have been staggered at. Yet it all had been done according to form, was intended to maintain the discipline of the service, and in time of war to secure more implicit obedience; and Mr. Mason should have stood up for a time in vindication of that discipline, leaving Hunter in the meantime the pleasure of being a lion at the Astor House, etc. The above views I have not expressed to a soul, for I was so pleased at the healthy tone out here that I would not utter a view of the case which, taken only in part, as these things generally are, might have produced an unhealthy reaction. This subject,—which I have accidentally run into from seeing my friend the commodore has had a hot time in the papers, the Whig journals thinking him a pet of the administration, while the Democrats guessed shrewdly the latter did not approve of the proceeding,—reminds me of a similar blunder on the part of General Scott, which will, I think, throw him back into his plate of soup. I mean the order which led to the arrest of Worth and Duncan and old General Pillow. Now that order, besides being in Scott's worst taste, was unjust. He accuses these men, Worth and Pillow, of writing their own puffs, or aiding or abetting, of which Duncan's avowal immediately clears them. Now here is a first wrong done by the general-in-chief, which may lead to public opinion at home supporting these officers; and *there* is another blow to discipline, which to Scott in his mixed command may be terrible. I am so sorry at the whole business. Scott has shown himself a superior man, and a credit to the country, yet his terrible vanity is his rock; that was wounded in some way, and made a child of him in judgment. I never knew or heard of but two men *who could puff* themselves, or ask to have it done; they are —— and —— All these blunders, as I call them, remind one of the remarkable freedom from them of that old man, Taylor,—one of the secrets of his prestige. Tact is better than talent, and this because it is only another word for sagacity.

Love to all at home—to all friends, Dr. and Mary Couper, Clementina, etc., to Julia and Irvine. I will wait your letter with impatience that gives the account of the arrival of poor Tom's remains at home, of which you mentioned the fact in your last. Some one told me Edmund Shubrick was at Cherubusco, and distinguished. Tell Charles, if old Taylor needs my vote, to see my taxes paid. I think I shall come very near dropping in about election day; but from our last news from Mazatlan, that Pennsylvania had given twenty thousand majority for the Locos,—Georgia gone for them too, and that most terrible fellow, Frank Thomas, elected Governor of Maryland again,—I do not see much chance for the Whigs. Old Taylor cannot, I am afraid, save them. It will be spring when you receive this, and a cheerful season; and you will not have then many more months to look forward to, if God in his mercy wills it.

Cyane, La Paz, January 30th, 1848.

Besides a long journal letter, I have written you three notes from this delectable *trou*, where I have been since the 8th December, to protect Colonel Burton, who is not sufficiently strong to protect himself, having been thrown ashore here with one hundred men, volunteers at that, to keep *possession* of a peninsula three hundred and fifty miles in extent, containing ten thousand inhabitants. Mr. Polk, however, informs us, through his message received last night, that we are in *quiet possession* of the Californias. I told the colonel this morning he ought to feel very grateful for this news, for as he rarely sleeps at night, he may take a good snooze on the strength of it. It is only a week since two of Mr. Polk's officers, Passed Midshipmen Duncan and Warley, were picked up with a small guard of three or four marines, their arms tied, and, mounted *en croupe*, were carried off to Moreno's camp. They were going to the beach from the cuartel of San José, to get some things out of the schooner over from Mazatlan, and were enveloped by one hundred and fifty horsemen. Fortunately the party did not fire, and the Californians behaved well, and, we since hear, continue to treat them well. The schooner, commanded by my friend Ritchie, the greatest *poltron* I ever knew, though a good fellow, came up to the Cyane of course, and reported he had passed a body of eighty or more horsemen going towards San José, adding he was sure the cuartel had fallen. I was sure it had not, though I wanted much to trip my anchors and run down, but on consultation (agreeably to my orders) with Colonel Burton, it was found very inadvisable for the ship to leave this post. I sent McRae down immediately in the schooner again, to see if the flag was still flying there, to communicate with Heywood if practicable — to run no unnecessary risk; if things were serious, to send a sloop I sent with him, to Mazatlan, and bring me back word immediately. A launch in last night reports all well, they were not even attacked, but the enemy hovering round as usual. As McRae belongs to the fire-eaters, one of the order of people who "would like to kill a Mexican," I have no doubt he will contrive to be made a prisoner also; it would do him good. I mention these items to give you an idea of our life here, and of the country which Mr. Polk has asked a territorial government for of Congress. I think we had better conquer it first. However, the news is better to-day; last night we were on the *qui* vice for a large body of Yaca Indians some ten miles distant; but it seems they have left Piñeda and wish to get back to Sonora, whence they have heard that their tribe has declared for the American cause against the Mexican. We shall know more to-morrow. Last night the people were dreadfully afraid, and were taking refuge on board the small craft in the harbor, hauling off their palm-thatched roofs to prevent their being set on fire, etc. I thought they might steal in to set fire to a house or so, but I knew no attack would be made, though the colonel was up all night. They never will come where there is a ship; particularly one armed like this, with such heavy guns. From one of my sixty-eight-pounders (shell guns) I threw a shell the other day a mile and a half. My crew, too, has a formidable reputation; certainly they are the most able-bodied, athletic set, without the slightest sense of fear, that I have ever met. They drill now in company and battalion, like regulars; firing with muskets with great accuracy. When I can contrive to keep liquor from them, I manage them without the slightest trouble, as if they were infants; but here, in spite of the colonel's endeavors, they procure a great deal. This, and the contact with the precious set of New York rowdies, has given me much heart-rending work to do, but do it I will and must, praying, however, always to be given judgment, discretion, and proper patience and mercy.

Last night a launch came in from Mazatlan, having left the 22d, and bringing us dates from the squadron up to that day, and giving us some interesting items; *one* which has lightened our hearts a little, the preliminaries of peace have been entered into between the Mexican commissioners and Mr. Trist, and as the terms square with the President's message, it may lead to something. If hostilities should cease, and the Ohio arrive by the 1st March, I think we might get away by the 1st April. The Preble had not arrived at Panama in time to meet Jones, who had passed on in the steamer, with a large escort and staff. He was spoken off Payta by a vessel which came off San Blas, and he was going to Valparaiso to join the Ohio. Yet as there is no telling when this ship will have left Rio, his arrival here is all indefinite. Jones may have left orders for the Preble to follow him—a precious employment for men-of-war at such a time.

Besides a very kind letter from the commodore, giving me all their news, I have a few numbers of the Mexican Star, with Scott's official dispatches of Contreras, etc., Mr. Polk's message, a speech of Mr. Clay's about the war, a letter from Mr. Van Buren about the presidency, Mr. Winthrop's election as speaker, some news from Europe, etc.,—quite a budget for *La Paz*. If I only could have got a letter from you, I should have little to ask for. I got, as I told you, your 21st October letter. I am so sorry you did not give a decided preference to this way of writing. I intended you to do so when I wrote. The letters by Panama and Cape Horn take a year to reach us; through Mexico they come as safely as to Pensacola.

To say a word more about public events,—I am very anxious to know what Congress will do about war and peace. The election of Mr. Winthrop seems the very embodiment of an anti-war spirit in the majority of the House. Now, while I think Mr. Polk keeps prating nonsense, when he keeps dwelling on the commencement of the war and its causes, putting himself deeper and deeper in the mire, still he is perfectly right about indemnification for it, and of course indemnification can only mean territory. If the Whigs refuse territory, they will do the greatest wrong ever done to the people inhabiting said territory to be ceded, which never, moreover, can revert to Mexico; save perhaps this province.

If we were to occupy all Mexico, it might be a great injury to *us*. I don't know how that would be; but oh, the countless blessings to Mexico herself no human being can doubt, who sees this country and knows its condition, moral and physical. It is not a *nation*,—the word should not be applied to it,—it wants the main element of cohesion, patriotism. They have been so badly governed it could not exist. My avocation may blind my judgment and sense of justice, and my long service out here may and has doubtless hardened my heart; but be this as it may, I look upon the demand of the Californias and north of the 32d parallel, that is, New Mexico, as moderate; territory which for years Mexico has utterly neglected, and had in consequence no control of, and from which she has derived not a single cent. Yet this proposal we hear that San Luis, Xalisco, etc., declared as disgraceful, insulting, etc.; but, mind ye, there is not a man girds on his sword to resist the insult, not a soldier sent,—the war has not reached *them;* but the armies may overrun, shoot down their countrymen elsewhere. Their efforts are to arrest a peace because the terms are degrading! Instead of defending their soil, if they thought so with a stoical kind of stolidity, they see every day only adding to their humiliation. I have nearly lost all patience with them. I am sorry the Whigs have got into power in one of the branches of government. I think they do not understand this question, and will wreck themselves as a party upon it. Mr. Clayton's view was the right one at first,—condemn the origin of the war, but being *in for it*, the only way to shorten it, and spare the effusion of blood, was vigorous prosecution of it. The administration should have been goaded into more energy, raising more men, and sending proper armies into the field. It was meanly and selfishly frightened the first year by the unexpected amount of the expenses; they were afraid of their places and popularity. If the Whigs had forced the Government to spend four times the amount it did, and send forty thousand men in the fall of '46 to Mexico, there would have been a peace now; not a battle after the two first would have been fought; the party that made the war held to a heavy account for the debt, and the Whigs would have overturned it. I doubt very much now of their success this year. I have had, it is true, very limited opportunities of judging since my last, having only the penny sheets published in the Mexican capital; but my impression is the Whigs are doomed to an overwhelming defeat again next autumn. The running after available candidates, and then dropping them on every change of the wheel, which seems to be the case in reference to General Taylor; making Mr. Winthrop Speaker, the Legislature of whose state refused a vote of thanks to General Taylor, are points which strike me unpleasantly; yet I am not in a situation to judge. I have nothing against Mr. Winthrop, by the way. I think it rather refreshing, in another view, to see decided merit and firmness of character, with very high talent, appreciated and exalted. I had thought Mr. Joseph Ingersoll would have been the man, having longer service to recommend him, with, I think, unrivaled talents for presiding over anything, from a public dinner to a public meeting; unfortunate, however, in being the brother of C. J. Don't think I am turning Locofoco,—far from it. I am excessively disgusted with most of their acts, but the Whigs annoy me by their stupidity. There can be as much fanaticism in an anti-war cry, as in abolitionism. There is a wide difference between preventing evil, and meeting emergencies consequent upon it. I speak mainly in reference to particular points of policy now mooted, apparently, such as our forces evacuating the Mexican territory. If this be done, peace would be indefinitely postponed,—all prospects of it lost in the future. The rejection of territory, the Californias and New Mexico, say, would be the extreme of folly. Knowing what I do about them, if I were to give such a vote, I would be committing a sin.

January 31st.

The Portsmouth left San José the 1st of the month; Selfridge missed her by a week. I wrote you of his coming here, of his crippled condition, and sending him to Mazatlan for the commodore's action; he got over to San José on the 9th, and too late, to his great sorrow; and, as he writes, his disappointment increased by the effect of it upon his wife, whose eyes are affected, and is waiting his return to have a cataract removed, etc. I am a little surprised at Montgomery's departure, for he got my letter, and Selfridge's appeal to him, before he sailed, which letters we had dispatched by a launch, to inform him of Selfridge's coming. But their patience I presume was exhausted, and though Heywood had an angry correspondence with Captain M. about being left without a ship, off they started, frightened out of their wits lest Jones should head them off. Had they known he was flourishing along the coast of South America, with a very long *tail*, to reach Valparaiso only about Christmas, they would, I am sure, have waited for poor Selfridge.

The circumstances of the party above spoken of being made prisoners, which could not have happened if the ship had been there, may make a little stir—but it would be unjust to hold her responsible for cutting off the stragglers. If anything happen to the post itself, then there would be a row indeed. But the Southampton must be there by this time. Selfridge went up to Guaymas again in the Dale, to leave her there (I presume under her first lieutenant for the present), and returns to Mazatlan, where he will live on board the Independence, or the Congress, until some opportunity offers of his going home. Missroon in his last note says he will write to you from Valparaiso. He was nearly demented about his getting home. Seeing his exaggerated state of mind, with my own sense of propriety, have produced a most timely and salutary lesson for my own governance. Yet the *vague uncertainty* more than the detention itself requires a very great moral effort to meet with perfect composure.

I gave you a long story of the speculations as to the turn things may take in the squadron, on Commodore Jones's arrival, in my journal letter last written, closed the 18th of January. Our present hope now is, as I have stated, in the preceding sheet, that the Portsmouth being off, and the squadron getting along without her (badly enough, it is true), the arrival of a one hundred-gun ship, with one thousand men, to say nothing of that "*escort and staff*," will certainly enable a poor sloop-of-war to get off. If also this news of peace be confirmed, I think now that Shubrick may go home via Panama, and we take him to Callao to meet the steamer.

The commodore has done a great deal down here since November to soothe his mind; the truth is, there is nothing else to do but to hold possession properly. In his letter to me of the 22d, he does not say a word of Jones; but I intend to write him, by the return of the launch which takes this over to Mazatlan, that he has great sources of comfort, etc., and nothing to worry him at all, if peace be concluded. We are amusing ourselves with speculating as to *who* Jones's escort consists of. I should like to be at Mazatlan when the Ohio comes there, for more reasons than one,—the main reason, that we shall know what is in store for us. A separation in this station from the commander-in-chief, in our circumstances, might involve a terrible delay to us. It will be a little amusing, too, to see the *new comers*, their high-wrought ideas of California, etc.;—believing, doubtless, that we are enjoying wonderfully our conquests,—will hardly want to go home from this Eldorado, in which, I doubt not, after one look, they would be willing to gratify us, returning themselves in lieu of us. I think it probable I *may* be there, for the colonel will let me off from here before long. Everything is wearing a very quiet aspect, and this movement, so destructive to the rancheros, their cattle and property, will soon end. If we had any force to send in the interior, they would turn out Piñeda instantly. The colonel is looking for three hundred men from Upper California, which would be ample to restore quiet, by its presence alone, at any of the Pueblos, San Antonio, or Todos Santos, etc. But they won't come, those forces.

Mr. Price's relief has not yet arrived. He got a few days since Mr. Mason's letter, dated 28th May, 1847, saying on the arrival of Purser Christian he can return to the United States; but no Purser Christian has yet appeared. I dare say Mr. Mason thought Mr. Price would certainly be home in September last. He may, however, make up some lost time by getting through Mexico.

I have had a letter from good Mr. Coan, at Hilo; very kind, and full of good advice. In a Sandwich Island Polynesian, there is an extract of a letter published in a New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, dated January 4th, complimenting Harrison for the Guaymas affair, of which I hoped I had heard the last. It went home by Beale, I think. I only mention it, as the letter wants to hold out that the ship did not cover the boats, etc., so as to make it a separate action as it were, of Harrison's. It makes no mention either of Higgins, who was with him.

(7 P.M.) We had a norther blowing all day, gloomy and cold, making one think of *home*. What would I not give to be on the corner of the sofa, the grate in full blast, reading you the National Intelligencer, and discussing the affairs of the day and of the last two years. May our Heavenly Father give us such moments again!

I went ashore for an hour after dinner to see the colonel in his cheerless quarters, He thinks all is working right, and I may get away in two or three weeks. He is a widower—has a little daughter; his wife was a Miss Smith, lived once in Wilmington; her brother was a professor at West Point, whom Charles knew, and I also slightly. Lieutenant Colonel C. F. Smith, so distinguished in Worth's brigade, married another sister.

The launch does not go direct to Mazatlan, but a brig which I recently sold, one of my prizes, does to-morrow. I will therefore not add much more to this; having to write to the commodore, and a note in French to my friend, Mr. De la Torre, to send with this, also to Mr. Green, the purser of the Independence, now collector of Mazatlan, who wrote me a most interesting and amusing letter of things over there, after giving me the general news; having sent before writing, too, to the mercantile houses to see if any letter had come for me by the recent mails. He had sent me already your letter of 21st October, which, as I wrote you, I received on New Year's day. Having thanked him most cordially for this attention, I presume brought me this additional favor. His letter is most racy. I keep many of these things, thinking some day, when you come to arrange and file away for me, they may afford you amusement and a further insight into the profession. I have also some requisitions to send over. I want to get over some canvas to be making a couple of sails for Cape Horn, which we might stand in need of.

I have had a good reading spell here anyhow. Among other books, the lives of Drake, Dampier, Cavendish; the history of the Buccaneers, whose voyages and exploits lay in the Pacific; also Rocquefeuille, loaned me by old Belloc, who was in the ship on a voyage of circumnavigation in 1816–19. They were on this coast. A French merchant captain, now here, has loaned me "Etudes sur l'Angleterre," by *Feucher* (1845), a work of high order, I think.

February 2d.

All well to-day. Nothing special to add, save that all things are favorable, and look as if I might get out of this soon. Love to all around you. It is cold here even; what must it be with you?

Cyane, Sunday, 13th February, 1848.
Off Island Ceralto, at sea, Gulf of California.

I came out of La Paz yesterday morning, and am on my way to San José. I was a little over two months at the former place, and during that time addressed you two notes and a journal letter.

The long lay at La Paz was very irksome to most of the officers, and it certainly, particularly in its present dejected state, is the least interesting place we have been in, even on this most uninteresting coast. Yet I enjoyed the quiet very much, and somehow I did not find the days long. But when the Southampton arrived to take our place, with orders for us to go to San José, the *ennuyé* gentlemen were very sorry to exchange its placid basin-like waters, and wretched billiard-table, for the rolling swell of the former anchorage, with its surfy beach. So it is—we are never satisfied with what *is*. I kept telling them there were worse places than poor La Paz. But now we are out, I am glad of the change in some respects, and I have some hopes when I can get with Heywood, where my rank gives me the control, that between us we can get these foolish Californians to go home and make their cheese and panoche, keep from plundering their own countrymen, and render our presence unnecessary. We are also brought nearer the focus of events on the other coast, Mazatlan, from whence we are all anxious to hear, for the fifth grand change of the *commandante en gefè* must be near at hand. I wrote you in one of my notes we had news of Jones up to the 3d of December, when he was spoken off Payta, on the steamer bound for Valparaiso, to meet the Ohio; we are since told he expected to leave with her direct for Mazatlan, on the 1st January, though we know not yet of her arrival at Valparaiso. Of this Jones must have been able to calculate closely, having, doubtless, the knowledge of the Brandywine's movements before he left home, of which we are yet in ignorance also. But Mr. Bissell writes from Tepic that Commodore Jones is accompanied by Captain Geisinger and Commander Stribling, and this has set the whole squadron in tribulation and speculation; not to speak of the increased disgust at the increasing ignorance of the Navy Department. For it would appear, from all our letters from the Commodore and other officers at Mazatlan (who, by the way, have been most kind to us at La Paz), that they have settled, by guess of course, that Geisinger is coming to take the Independence for his flag ship in the East Indies! The commodore, in his letter to me, seems to think so, closing his sentence with a most melancholy repetition of alas! The sapient argument at home doubtless was that the Ohio being the flag ship *now*, the Independence would not be wanted. Of course the withdrawal of comparatively a fresh ship, thus rendering doubly impossible to spare the Congress and this ship, would be absurd; but Commodore Jones, never mind how imperative his orders might be, would be a blockhead (which he is not) to obey them. If such a thing were done, I do not know what would not happen. The Congress's crew would not stand it; mine would, because I would require it of them, and they would do it *for me*, I believe. But they had better look out at home, or they may hear of more than one man swinging at the foreyards of the ships. As I have often remarked to you and others, the Department is not to blame for the inadequacy of the force out here, and the improper class of the ships; or for the absence of marines, another terrible drawback we have had; simply because no commodore ever reported the condition or asked for more. But where Mr. Mason will never be excused is, in not duly relieving the ships that *are* here. A ship should have relieved the Portsmouth last September at latest. A ship should be arriving here now to relieve the Cyane, and *that* would send her home still with every man's time out. In April the Congress should be relieved. Do not suppose I am restless about this, for I am not, and as I have told you in all of my letters, my mind is thoroughly disciplined to be resigned and cheerful, at all event, in public; yet I am pained for others. My crew are getting homesick. My servants tell me they are constantly asked, "Have you heard the captain say when he expects to get home?" etc. If, too, we had had two or three hundred, if not more marines, sent out when the corps was increased, what a world of trouble and harshness would have been spared, in holding the different places we have taken, to say nothing of the imminent hazards we have run. Poor sailors! what substitutes they are for regular soldiers! How little they can stand temptation. I hear they are trying them every day at Mazatlan, for drunkenness at the cuartel. They have stood everything out here this war, the Cyane's and Congress's in particular. The enemy; long marches; short provisions; no clothing; no shoes; building forts; hot sun; night miasmas. Reposing from such labors, the only enemy they yield to is rum. Then comes the whipping, whipping! All of which could have been spared by a single battalion of marines. The other night at Mazatlan the whole of the guard at the outposts was drunk! To show with this, however, how well disciplined and well behaved they are in every other respect, Lieutenant Halleck (engineer) told me the other day there had not been a single misdemeanor of any kind against any inhabitant or property of Mazatlan. Not a complaint from man or woman; yet four hundred have been on shore there for three months.

The weather has been bland to-day, and wind light; nothing to interrupt our little service this morning. I have been reading this afternoon, and this evening I thought I would like to write to you, but it is already late; so good-night.

14th February.

I have told you that our friends in Mazatlan had been very kind in writing. The Southampton brought me the "American Star," and the "North American," of the City of Mexico, up to the 5th January, containing the remainder of the President's message, the part on the war having been previously received. We are indebted to Mr. Bissell, of Tepic, for these papers, of great interest to us in the absence of our own files from home. Mr. B. requests when he sends them to the commodore, that they may be always forwarded to Captain DuPont. This circumstance reminds me that I should be duly thankful for many acts of courtesy all along this coast, from people in all spheres, and I believe it is wrong to make the sweeping charge we generally do, that man is ever ungrateful. My endeavors to interpret fairly the laws of nations, of trade, and of prize, and to act liberally as a belligerent, have been greatly appreciated, I think, by the mercantile community, and by many who have suffered. The ship has a good name. I was amused within a few days by a letter Mr. Price got from Mr. Bissell, who is an old acquaintance of the former, saying, "Tell Captain DuPont if he comes to San Blas (the seaport of Tepic,—but I need not tell *you* this, you know as much of the coast as I do, I believe), he shall have the news, etc., by every mail."

I have told you heretofore that Mr. Bissell is the commercial agent of the great New York house of Howland & Aspinwall. How he has contrived to live quietly and uninterruptedly in Tepic throughout the war, is surprising; it speaks well for his discretion anyhow. His letters to Mr. Price have always been very interesting to us, often containing very recent news from home, such items as he knew would be welcome to navy people. He has a better opinion of the Mexicans than we have here on board—speaks kindly of them, says that they are not at all sanguinary or cruel, only wretchedly governed. I believe he has made a very large amount of wealth for his principals this war. I do not know how their other business has prospered; but I was glad to hear this, for they belong to that class that scatter and yet increase; doing an immense good to seamen, and distinguished always among the munificent and beneficent contributors in New York. The papers we got were mostly filled with the official dispatches of the battles in Mexico.

San José, 9 o'clock.

We got in at sundown. They are firing occasionally a large gun from the cuartel; the enemy, no doubt, were hovering around. Our flag was flying, but also a Mexican one in the outskirts of the town. The latter is a mile and a quarter, perhaps more, from the beach. Things on the whole look squally; no messenger from the cuartel to the beach, so they are doubtless still invested. My first impulse was to land with my men and push up, but it was dark before the boats could be got out. The firing at the cuartel had ceased. On consultation with Mr. Rowan, it was thought best to avoid a night march, so difficult with sailors. The road being heavily ambushed, they could do us much harm, without our gaining anything by it. So it has been determined to land only in case the cuartel be attacked; if not, to wait for daylight, and push up with as strong a body as we can land,—only ninety, however,—and see the condition of things. As the matter involves hazard and danger, I have concluded to go myself. It is my duty, and in every way proper. I have refrained from exposing the crew unnecessarily to-night, but it is the duty of all to go to-morrow at early dawn, trusting a kind Providence will watch over us.

(15th, 4 a. m.) I am off in a few minutes.

Monday, 21st February.

We had a stout conflict, succeeded in our undertaking, relieved a band of brave men, a portion of them our own shipmates, from approaching misery beyond description, and pending capture; and this, through one of those inscrutable mysteries, without loss of life. But four men were struck, and only two disabled. Besides our preservation in the fight, we owe thanks to God that he so overruled my judgment, that I determined not to land the night previous; if we had, and one of us had reached the cuartel alive, it would have been as great a miracle as it was that no one was killed the following day. That determination required great moral courage, and I admit mine was taxed to the utmost. It is true Rowan's judgment assented, but the reasons were mine. There were the usual observations of the fire-eaters,—the enemy would be gone, etc., etc. But I knew my heart and motives were right, and I was firm; yet I never closed my eyes that night, thinking if a sudden catastrophe, a last rush of the enemy, before we could interfere, should succeed, and the post fall, what would have become of *me* before *the world*, waiting eight hours, when two could have saved the post, and honor of the flag. As I know you must hear of it, I had better write you all.

To begin, then: If we saved Heywood, he commenced by saving us. The order of the night was to call away the force at the first gun fired at the cuartel. None were fired,—not because it was not required, but because he was afraid it *would* bring us off. He was pressed several times to fire his pieces, but would not;—"It will bring the Cyane's ashore, and they will be cut to pieces,—they do not know the condition of things," etc. The enemy was pressing him hard then, and they were fighting with musketry the whole night, the flashes of which we might have seen, but it was bright moonlight. We landed at early daylight. Surf low; ammunition dry; one hundred and two all told, viz., eighty-nine seamen, five marines, eight officers,—Rowan, Harrison, Fairfax, Maxwell, Vander Horst (aid), Lewis, and Shepherd. We had our three-pound field-piece,—picked up by Rowan, and brought me as a present (mounted on board). We marched along double file, divided in two companies,—the little piece in advance, guarded by the marines, and under Fairfax; myself a little in advance of the first company, but generally passing along the line and giving some directions.

Soon after leaving the beach the enemy opened upon us, and we had it from the bushes, and every good cover along the road. The distance by the road we took, the very worst, it turned out, was nearly two miles. The ship had directions to help us so long as within range, but Selden would not fire, so intermingled did we seem. They drew up on the hamlet of San Vicente, situated on a mound, and really looked formidable. All the time, too, we were dreadfully annoyed on the right, but we walked steadily up, let fly the little piece, and poured in volleys by companies. They scattered. We passed through the hamlet, descended the other side of the mound to cross the little arroyo,—half knee-deep. As we were going down, the cavalry occupied the houses again behind us, and harassed our rear; we stopped and sent back another volley, and moved on. When a horseman appeared, a man was allowed to step out and shoot at him. When the fire was concentrated, we would halt, face to where it came from, and fire, always moving on. On board ship they thought we were gone at San Vicente, and their anxiety was intense. They could follow us, and see the enemy, which, except in the village, we rarely did, unless single horsemen between the bushes. From a sugar-cane field we had it heavy, and from a plantain and banana hedgerow it was so warm that I was looking to see men drop, and thinking what we should do with wounded men. It takes two men at least to carry one. On board they thought we must have lost half our number; and though they saw us reach the cuartel, were sad enough. The garrison and Heywood were watching us, and Heywood had not much hope. He says, however, he saw the effect of one particular volley, fired like regulars, which so startled the enemy that he gained confidence. He became too anxious, however, and placing himself at the head of the garrison, he sallied forth to our support; but we had passed the last shelter of the enemy. You may imagine the joy of the meeting. This was close to the town; we marched into it together. They could not believe when we told them we were all there. One man with a ball in his arm; another, one of my gigsmen, with a flesh wound; a third a spent ball; a musket stock shot away in the hands of another gigsman; the wheels of the little piece struck, etc.; this was all. But the whistling was constant and intense. I can only account for the circumstance by there being uniform error of aim, from a uniform cause. They had mostly enormous rifles (German), which they overloaded greatly (we found many of the cartridges), and they kick, throwing the muzzle up. The tallest man like myself had an inch or more to spare. The men thought the firing was always hottest on that part of the column where I might happen to be, and I think it probable I was known by my carrying a spy-glass. Vander Horst had my gun, in case they charged. It was very spirited and exciting.

I had no anxiety as to the result after passing the village,—though Heywood had,—provided the men could be kept from dashing into the bushes for a regular bush fight. Not a man of us would have escaped if they had. I found one thing, and made one observation, how much more common bravery is than coolness. This body of men was prodigiously brave, yet I should not say there were many of them cool; Vander Horst was one. The enemy was driven out of town. The men had behaved so well that I let some small parties go out on the hillside where there was no house, etc. We came through three hundred, all mounted but one company of infantry. The Yacas were there, but armed with fire-arms. I did not see or hear any arrows, about which I was rather anxious; there is no joke about a *poisoned* arrow. We now saw what made Heywood so anxious lest we should land at night. The houses past which we would have had to come in town, before getting to the cuartel, were looped, barricaded, etc., and filled with the enemy, perfectly secure from us; but I think San Vicente, occupied *as it was* all night, would have fixed us. The truth is, we were fixed as it was, if they had fired six inches lower on an average. Their fire was wonderfully sustained, and we passed through a mile and a half of it at least. Ought we not to be most thankful?

The enemy's loss of course is conjecture. From the Californian reports it varies from thirteen to thirty-five; my own opinion would be the first number at furthest. My report has been written under constant interruptions, and I have not the time to condense it, as the vessel goes to-morrow to Mazatlan.

But I must now speak of the condition of those whom we relieved, with one word first as to our escape, in another sense. Had the post fallen,—and to say it would have held out ten days is the extreme which Heywood thinks,—the navy, though most unjustly, would have been covered with obloquy. Commodore Shubrick, I think, would have been much blamed. The responsibility would have been made to fall heavy somewhere; my friends of the Portsmouth crushed, and the only reverse of the war laid upon our branch of the service. Our means have been shamefully inadequate, but who would listen to that? Heywood, who, by the way has, I think, covered himself with glory,* was the most fortunate selection after all for that trying and most unfortunately established post. If he had been what we call a "fire-eater" out here, that is, headlong bravery, without calm discretion, the post would have been lost in successive and useless *sorties*. Heywood made two from proper motives, and losing one man, shot dead, he then set down to defend and maintain his post. He had been invested for twenty-one days; his supplies cut off,—bringing him to inward resources,—the enemy increasing around him daily. He had sixty-two men; twenty of these California volunteers. Finally the enemy took possession of most of the town, the church, stronger than the cuartel, and buildings facing him; having three or four hundred men, they could relieve their parties, and for the eight days and nights previous to our arrival the attack was incessant. Not a man could show himself without being instantly shot at. Finally they had to close everything, and the only air came from their own loops or holes to fire musketry through. He was sending messengers to La Paz, to Colonel Benton. None reached; and finally, on rumors, I sent McRae down in a small vessel, who, at the risk of his life, got ashore and communicated with him, and as I had told him if things looked bad to keep on to Mazat-

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**C'est couvert de gloire.*

lan (which he did), and tell the commodore he might get the Southampton to La Paz,—she could do nothing here,—and let me come. Heywood was then only threatened; he was still getting a few cattle, etc. It was deeply interesting to see him, and when we got alone, the high tension gave way, and nature had sway for a moment. His gratitude and appreciation added to the pleasure we had experienced. His first misfortune was the cutting off of Warley and Duncan, valuable passed-midshipmen, now prisoners, with five marines. Then his provisions began to give out, for he had fifty women and children shut up in that cuartel, families of those friendly to our cause. Fever and dysentery reigned within. Being reduced to fifteen barrels of beef, and three of pork, he issued short allowance. The Californians wilted under this diet, and two of them deserted to the enemy, greatly alarming and discouraging the rest. Then came the most appalling, and generally the *coup de grace* in a siege. The enemy with skill and stealth threw up in the night two excellent breastworks, made of hogsheads, boxes, and the leather bags of the country filled with sand, and commanded his source of *water!* He had supplied himself to the amount he could procure casks, for four or five days at furthest. He commenced a well instantly, and had got nine feet through mostly rock, and this without blasting, that the enemy should not know it and annoy the workmen. He had no bread; salt beef alone, a half pound per day. After the moon would set, by stealth they would crawl and get a few buckets of water to make up in part for what they took from their stock. Then came a heavy blow, which he told me for a moment stunned him. On the 11th, three days before our arrival, his mainstay and prop, Passed Midshipman Tenant McLanahan, of this ship, who landed with our quota to this garrison (ten marines), was struck down by a rifle ball while on the roof of the cuartel, which he commanded, always exposing himself too much. The ball passed through his neck and into the shoulder. (No surgeon at the post; two went home in the Portsmouth.) He lived two hours in excruciating torments, praying Heywood in mercy to shoot him. Yet in his last moments he sent his remembrances to his mother, a widow, to his sister, and to the officers of the Cyane. About the hour he fell we were using kedges and hawsers, hauling our ship out of La Paz for want of wind. We arrived three days too late. We could not but think with what joy and exulting *ship sympathy* he would have seen these very friends working their way up to his relief under the fire of the enemy!

They buried him in the cuartel yard,—such a place! in a concealed drain; the very refuse thrown over the spot, that if taken, the enemy might not discover the grave, for they always rifle them. But Heywood rallied from this; still he felt the end was coming. "Sail ho!" finally saluted his eyes. At three o'clock we hove in sight. He saw the royals,—that was good; but he could not allow himself to hope until he could make out the *white streak*. Then came doubts. He was past saving by a sloop-of-war; a frigate now alone could do it. Captain DuPont could not land over fifty or sixty men, he ought to have two hundred, etc., etc. And this was the calculation of the enemy. The latter, occupying the neighboring houses, could be heard in their execrations, using awful language, particularly to the poor women shut up within; threatening death by slow torture to their countrymen, gloating over their certain fall in a few days; and actually saying, "You need not look for relief, the Cyane cannot come; and if she does she dare not land; we can keep off three hundred easily," etc.,

etc. Nor is this all. The condition of the cuartel beggars description. In any other atmosphere than this, plague or typhus, or something of the kind, would have closed the business before. You could not walk for the women and children. A man would stand on the bed of a sick man, to put his gun through a loop to shoot at the enemy. There six men with fever and dysentery, with six loops over their beds; the priming would fall in their eyes. Our sergeant of marines was the doctor.

After we had knocked open the doors and windows, I could not stand it even in Heywood's room ten minutes. A dead house smell beyond description; the fleas too, were *swarming*, fairly. Dr. Maxwell came to me to have air got in as fast as possible, and some cleaning done, or an epidemic would rage yet. Heywood himself had not had his clothes off for fourteen days.

I slept up there that night,—that is, passed the night; we were flayed alive, and the dead smell gave me a headache. I kept off infection, I believe, by smoking. We all stayed up, and marched down the 16th, in the morning, some of the garrison coming with us to bring back provisions. We are now employed at this work, but have no animals. I had fifty men to escort the train. We have to contend with surf and petty difficulties, but all goes on well, the crew and officers doing well and zealously. The enemy has fallen back two leagues, and to-day we hear has gone to San Antonio. They are the lowest *ladrones* of the country, and the *rancheros* are with us, but we have no force to protect them. Miserable war, and miserable means! still I think they are breaking up. If forces arrive, their presence will suffice. If forces do not come, then plundering must go on in the interior, as in Mexico. We have no forces to spare from the ships anyhow.

22d February.

I must close this letter, though I have a thousand things to say, having been interrupted all day. On the 17th I got your letter of the 17th November, from the Howlands, and sent by Mr. Bissell.

Captain Rudd and Mr. Christian are here,—came in a whaler; wound up their peregrinations about the Pacific by a shipwreck above Magdalena Bay, west coast of this peninsula, on a sand beach without water, and miraculously saved by a whale boat chasing a whale twenty miles from their ship, a thing unheard-of;—with Captain Rudd, Mr. Talbot, and Mr. Mott, the latter having escorted Mrs. Mott over here on her way to the Islands. They all return to Mazatlan. I lose Mr. Price with extreme regret. I have asked him to call. Treat him as a friend of mine. He thinks he can get through Mexico.

The last note from the commodore is most disconsolate. If he does not get over this state of mind he will not live to get home. In great haste, etc.

Cyane, off San José, Lower California,
Sunday, March 5th, 1848.

A good opportunity has just presented itself of writing you a note-letter at least. The Grampus came in yesterday to fill her water, and leaves to-morrow night for San Blas. Captain Martin tells me he will go himself to Tepic, and deliver my letter to Mr. Bissell, whom he knows well. I must take up things since my last closed, 22d February; but because I would give much if that letter could reach you soon, it may be delayed, and I must therefore recapitulate a little first. After two very dull months at La Paz, yet not thrown away to me, having read a good deal, etc., I came down here just in time to save the fall of the garrison of San José, under Lieutenant Heywood, of the Independence. The service we rendered was opportune, was well done, attended with personal hazard, was crowned with complete success, and, thanks to a kind, and to m[illegible]er-protecting Providence, was attended with no loss of life. The incidents and extraneous circumstances, which I will not repeat here, threw a certain glare, over the thing beyond its real merits; it may be, therefore, that all will be published at home. To-day after service I had read to the crew, according to the commodore's orders, his reply to my report and that of Lieutenant Heywood, together with his letter to the Secretary, enclosing both our reports, which went to Washington by Mr. Brinsmade via Central America. The latter said he would be in Washington in forty-five days from the 25th February, the day he left Mazatlan. The commodore's letters were the fullest and strongest commendations.* I would not read them to the crew and officers myself, but made my clerk, the old major, do so. They were all much gratified. We received also from our friends in Mazatlan showers of congratulations yesterday. The commodore's to me was most warm and affectionate.

The whole squadron sent their thanks to the Cyane and the garrison for the laurels they have won for it. This is all pleasant enough, but I hope things will not be overdone.

In my previous letter I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November, from Philadelphia. It came the day after our return to the ship from the cuartel. Two days after that we had Captain Rudd and Mr. Christian making their appearance, having been finally wrecked on the opposite coast, coming down from San Francisco; the mail bags all wet, and two of them lost. By them I got your 13th June letter from Philadelphia. Very interesting, too. A whaler, the "Edward," that brought Captain Rudd here, carried him off to Mazatlan, with Mr. Price, who was relieved by Mr. Christian. I was very sorry to part with Mr. Price. By the return of the "Edward" yesterday, I heard from him; he has already left in a launch for San Blas, and is going to attempt the perilous adventure of going through Mexico, but though I am anxious about him, I think he will succeed. Mr. Bissell of Tepic, through the Forbes, has arranged it all. I gave him my letters to send through Mexico to forward to Mr. Bissell, or through De la Torre, or Mott & Talbot.* In his note he does not specify what he did withit, saying only, "Part of the letters entrusted to me, I have sent by Central America." The others were to go in six days, via Panama. He has promised me to call and see you, and I think if he gets through safe he will drop you a line saying what he did with my letter, etc. He will not dare to take any on him,—passing for an Englishman from the Sandwich Islands. I fear most his falling into the hands of the *ladrones* that swarm the road. Mr. Christian is a quiet person, in shattered health. Besides our other letters above alluded to from Mazatlan, what should be my joy and good fortune yesterday to get two more from you. The first (No. 60), from sister's, August 31st, sent to Chagres by the ship Washington, and then via Panama and Callao. How they came from the southern coast I know not. And which do you suppose was the other? No. 67, from Dr. Smith's! from 9th to 16th December, sent through Mr. Aspinwall, endorsed by him 28th December, New York, sent by Mr. Bissell of Tepic to Mott & Talbot, and by them to me here in this rolling *trou* of San José. You express regret at not knowing Mott & Talbot were Howland's agents. They are not properly, only they are Mr. Bissell's now, who is an American and could not stay there. But I have always regretted your not writing altogether through W. D. Drusini, though the Howlands is even better than this. I think you could not have got my letter, where the directions were special, otherwise you would have noted my injunction not to use yellow envelopes, known now to the Mexicans as our official paper. Your letter was most interesting. I dread your hearing of our fighting, but it is now all over.

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*See Appendix.

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* Messrs. Mott & Talbot, an English firm.

I hope you will receive Henry Turner, even for a few hours. I remember the circumstance of young Elwyn, though I had forgotten it. Is it possible the old lady is still living? I was under the impression she had died some years since. I did not know until your last letter whom Jane Breck married. I am glad she has so clever a man as Mr. Aspinwall seems to be. I have not yet heard from Dr. Wiley, but will try and write him by this opportunity.

Tell dear Eleuthera that I have it on my conscience that I owe her a letter, for a most kind one, written too when all was hurry and bustle with her, before her departure for France. She will see by this I have not forgotten it at all events, and if I do not accomplish my desire to write, she must not suppose I do not fully appreciate her kindness. To tell the truth, I am and have always been a little overworked in this way. I wish you could see the mail I got yesterday from Mazatlan. I have almost a trunk-full of letters received from individuals on the stations on the Pacific, officers, merchants, and others. I have kept them all, thinking some day if your eyes were well, many would interest you, and some amuse you. I am so thankful your eyes are improving. You tell me you look older, you think, but you know *to me* you are ever twenty-three, and look like the picture with the blue shawl.

I have been much interested, lately, in some July and August "Intelligencers," sent by good Mr. Smith; they escaped a wetting in the wreck. Reviews of new books in them, some very interesting letters from Europe, etc., besides the general tone of things at home, through the respectable medium of that journal. We have a file of the "Mexican Star" up to the 8th February, received yesterday; but I have not had time to look at them. The doctor and the major are reading them at the table. The most interesting item they write us from Mazatlan is that preliminaries of peace are now signed; Mr. Trist gone with them to Washington; and some hopes are entertained all round that it will result in something. Our joy at the fact has been greatly alloyed here by finding Lower California is not included in the ceded territory; a great want of faith to the best people of this country, who, when we leave, will have a vengeance wreaked upon them that makes one shudder. I did all I could to keep the commodore from issuing his proclamation, fearing this very circumstance. We leave Lower California for England, if she does not prefer the Sandwich Islands. I am no *Whig* on the war question, though no one can hold war in greater horror than I do; how few know where its horrors extend! The silly craving for peace procrastinated the war a whole year; together with the contemptible means furnished by the administration for carrying it on. Always men enough, and no more, to shame the poor Mexicans into a fight, and into resisting overtures of peace.

One shout of indignation came from Mazatlan about the orders to the Congress. It appears the Secretary in his report says Commodore Geisinger goes out to take the Congress for the "remainder of her cruise" to the East Indies. A ship that should now be steering for Cape Horn, most of her crew's three years expiring in August,—all in September,—who have been overworked to a degree; short in their complement. They will arrive in China to lay up during the hot and typhoon months, where they will die like sheep. The third "tail end" cruise for Geisinger,—the Brandywine after Bolton, the Columbus after Edward Shubrick. Oh, Mr. Mason, Mr. Mason! all "*suaviter in modo,*" but no "*fortiter in re.*"

I got letters also yesterday from my friends the Turrills, at the Islands. The judge warmly congratulated me on the course I adopted there, saying after mature reflection its wisdom and good effect have been more and more evident. Dr. Judd writes Dr. Maxwell the course of the officers of the Cyane set people to thinking. Merchants are ashamed to have lost so much time in bickerings, etc. Mr. Turrill says he has written to Mr. Polk and Senator Dix about our visit, expressing a hope that I might be consulted on the policy to be pursued by our Government in their relations with the Hawaiian nation, etc. Mr. Brinsmade goes home, however, for the commissioner, Mr. Ten Eyck, a most improper person, and a great enemy to the Sandwich Island government; but I hope Mr. Price will be there as soon to counteract this baneful influence.

March 5th.

Captain Martin, of the Grampus, dines with me to-day. He is the son of Sir Bryan Martin (Vice Admiral of the United Kingdom.) Though of my age, he has been twenty years as post captain. He is said not to have much heart, but he has shown a good deal to me, and I like him,—but I have a faculty somehow or other with Englishmen; and, strange to say, my intercourse has never been so satisfactory with the French. If it were not for the veneration for the memory of our parents, and all that concerns them, I should greatly prefer the English to the French. I have just sent a train to town to carry letters, etc., to Heywood. Twenty of my men are up there, with McRae. The devotion of my crew and officers is all I could wish; their rugged endurance, with Dr. Maxwell's unrivalled skill and painstaking care, keeping them proof against green corn, tomatoes, hot sun, surf duckings, etc. If you could see the doctor's watchful care of me, you would be touched, the more so as he has nothing of a courtier about him. He actually watches to see if I have changed my boots, etc., after getting wet!

I could run on all day and thus talk to you, but I must write to Mr. Bissell, the commodore, and many others. A whaler goes to-night to the Islands, another home, and Captain Martin sends me word they are getting on so well watering, thanks to our directions, that he will get away to-night. Half of his crew (a fifty-gun ship) are at work, and pass us hourly. The more I see of the British navy, the more I am impressed with its efficiency and improvement. They worked all day yesterday, for which he apologized, from force of circumstances. They observe strictly the Sabbath, as a general rule. I do in this ship always, to the extent the nature of our life will permit. I think it would be worse than useless or silly to read the ten commandments every Sunday to one's crew, and then go on as if it were a week-day. We do enough, in all conscience, though with no wish, to violate them.

I am glad to hear Julia is better, also Irvine. My love to them, and continued sympathies. I knew Edmund S. had been to Cherubusco. I am glad you told me about Colonel H.'s speech; I will write it to the commodore, whose spirits are dreadfully low. Our affairs here, and the prospects of peace, seem to have roused him, however, and his last private letters are more cheerful, though he is dreadfully put out at the idea of going home without his *pendant*. He never asked for this, but to return when the Congress did; Geisinger's coming puts this out of the question, though I cannot believe Jones will permit that arrangement to take place.

All you tell me of Mr. Clay's visit, in your August letter, was very interesting.* I cannot conceal from *you*, however,

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* Extract of the letter, 31st August, 1847, above alluded to:

"I cut out of the papers some account of the reception of Henry Clay at Cape May and in Delaware, to send you. * * * Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm, the true, *heart-warm*, earnest tokens of love and esteem and admiration, that have been showered upon him. He was literally being 'killed with kindness,' and was compelled to hurry away home to Ashland, by the unavoidable multitudes that thronged from all sides to see him, and do him honor. At Philadelphia, where he stopped one night on his way to Cape May, after being received most enthusiastically by crowds on the wharf, and going through a great deal of fatigue seeing hundreds of people; when he had retired, crowds surrounded the house and called for him repeatedly. One of his friends opened the window and said he had gone to bed. 'Well, throw us out a boot then!' cried they. Mr. Clay could not resist this, but jumping out of bed, threw on a wrapper, and appeared at the window, amid loud cheering. He stayed about a week at Cape May, where deputations came from New York, Philadelphia, and other places, to urge him with every inducement and persuasion to visit them. He declined all, with that happy courtesy that made him always so popular. He came to New Castle in the boat, on Monday, August 23d; stayed that night at Mr. Kensey Johns's. Crowds went there to see him—many ladies, among them Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Connel. From Mrs. Boyd we had a most interesting description of the scene. He was very much fatigued and desirous of rest. A crowd surrounded the house and called for him repeatedly. The doors were locked, and they were told he was so weary, and desired rest. They then called for 'Clayton.' He went out and addressed them a short speech; after which he came in laughing, and said he had wound up by telling them he knew they *must all be very anxious to return home*, that he would not detain them, as he was sensible they *must be impatient to disperse*, etc., etc., that I am sorely disappointed at his being again a candidate, if he is so. He *cannot* be elected, and it is hard he should not release his party and devoted friends from a second and exhaustive and fruitless effort in his favor. Besides, his age is now an objection. Mr. Clayton would be my first choice, General Taylor the second. Mr. Crittenden I like less and less. I *roared* at the Aux Cayes business of the "Blue Hen," and could see your sides shaking when you discovered my name in such a connection. Do send an elementary geography to that youth.

I hope you will, soon after your last date, 16th December, have got some letters from me. Crabbe could only have reached in January, as we know the Preble missed the 25th November steamer, and consequently Jones at Panama. The

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though they evidently had no such idea; but this was by way of hint. Nevertheless, they lingered about the house till a late hour. Mr. Clay had gone through so much that day that he was much exhausted, and scarcely fit to receive the crowds of ladies who could not be refused admittance to see him. The next morning early, he went to John M. Clayton's, visiting Mr. Reybold on his way. At the latter's farm were assembled the six sons and five sons-in-law, with their wives and children, and many persons from the neighborhood (among them Dr. and Mrs. Couper). At John M. Clayton's again he was in a throng of enthusiastic friends. Our brothers here did not go, excepting Charles, who went with his son Victor and Frank Shubrick; but I have not seen them since. Alexis told me Charles made a speech, in which he told Mr. Clay he was very sorry he could not come to the Brandywine. Alexis says he should have *invited him to come*, and *taken no denial*; but this would have been really unmerciful; the poor man was being crowded to death by the devotion of his friends! Alexis said *he* would have crawled on his hands and knees to New Castle rather than not have seen him, if he could have left home, but they had undertaken a contract of powder to be done in an incredibly short time, and that very day was the most important for Alexis to be at his post. Henry had meant to go, but was prevented by the arrival of Dr. Gerhard with a medical friend, to dine with him. I know not why Alfred did not go. I was delighted with the feeling shown Mr. Clay; not the mere glorification of an idle rabble for a successful hero, or a possessor of power, but the hearty enthusiasm of thousands of the usually staid and cool and superior part of the population."

Preble has been gone five months on this delightful excursion of hunting up commodores. When she gets back with the Ohio it will increase our chance of getting away, especially as Colonel Mason seems stirring himself to get garrisons for Mazatlan and Lower California. They have sent to Oregon for recruits, and Lieutenant Warner (topographical engineers) has gone to the Great Salt Lake after the Mormons. We smiled at the news through Mrs. Rowan to Mrs. Henderson that the Cyane's relief would sail *in the spring*. You never told me how and where poor Dr. Wiley is stationed, whether as medical director, fleet surgeon, on board or on shore, but I will get Mr. Bissell to send my note to Vera Cruz to some person who will naturally know.

My love to Amelia, Ella, your sisters. Tell the Bidermans of my pleasure at hearing of their increasing links to James. How this queer business will end, I often speculate about; in a re-emigration to the land of our parents, probably, by brother and Lina.

Love and remembrances to all. I have all in my mind. To all who inquire,—Miss Black, Mrs. Connell, Dr. Gerhard, are mentioned in your last; the Coupers, Mary Simmons, Mrs. Waterman, Jim, Brattan, Armstrong. P. Brenan. In the family make no exception; Charles and his children, Ann, your Uncle Charles, the doctor, especially Bishop and Mrs. Lee. Did the former ever get my letter? It went by Howison a year ago this month. To the Hendersons, and District friends. A word to Connie; how glad I am to hear of her improvement. We all were struck here how little the marine corps seems to figure in Mexico,—your allusion to poor Col. Watson accounts for it. It is true the sympathy with the corps has been much weakened out here by this war, through no fault of theirs; yet we cannot remind ourselves of this always. Tacked on to the navy, and swelling by half a million the navy estimates in time of peace, the moment a war breaks out they are handed over to the army. Our sailors have been drilled without their assistance, and wherever we have had fighting, it was just there, with one exception, there were no marines.

Cyane, San José, Lower California,
17th March, 1848.

* * Since leaving Mazatlan on the 2d December, I have written you every fifteen days.

To-day I have been reading over your last received;—August 31st, October 21st, November 16th, and December 16th. these of course are not consecutive, there being four missing letters between. But I have pondered with joy the slow, interrupted, yet still progressive improvement in your health, and my heart is full of thankfulness. Yet I confess I can scarcely realize it. The idea of your having walked to Meta's from sister's! I felt, on reading this, as a person might feel who was watching another moving with difficulty some rich crystal ornament from one place to another; that it would surely get broken. To think of you and me walking about together! It seems almost too much to realize.

My last note went by Captain Martin, of H. M. S. Grampus, who dined with me on the 6th of March; sailed that evening for San Blas, and promised to put it himself in Mr. Bissell's hands in Tepic. I hope you will get it and all its predecessors, which are full and minute of my doings from the taking of Mazatlan to the raising of the siege of San José. And now I want you to get this, because I believe I can assure you of the beginning of the end. Since our encounter with the enemy they have been much broken up, and the chiefs have been quarreling, etc. The friendly Californians are also more ready to vent their indignation upon them, for they have been vastly plundered, and the enemy are evidently fearing that reinforcements will arrive. Sure enough, the first installment appeared yesterday. A gun from us brought to a large ship passing by. On boarding her, we found her to be the Isabella, bringing a detachment of one hundred and fifty men from Monterey, where the Isabella had brought a portion of them from Philadelphia, I believe. Naglee's company was with them. He came on board to see me; he commands the detachment. They pushed on to La Paz. This force will enable the colonel to take the field, but my impression is he will find no one. The moment he moves out, the whole of the *rancheros* will join, and the enemy will scatter in all directions and break up. It is very timely, this arrival; two months more and the seeding time will be over, and a horrid famine would have prevailed in 1849. The Indians, like all such allies, are no longer restrained, and are doing harm on the ranchos; but it is all over now. I have been corresponding with Piñeda about our prisoners. We have gathered ten of them from different directions,—three officers; one now on board here, brought from Magdalena Bay by the whalers, where he was taken by one of our allies. Two, the Dale's boats took near Guaymas, etc., so we have enough to exchange for our two officers and five marines. I should have had an answer to-day. I had a very polite one from Piñeda's secretary, saying he had forwarded mine,—I would have an answer in five days. The Isabella left Monterey on the 5th March. The day before, a brig, the Lady Adams, had sailed for San

Pedro to land a portion of the recruits the Sweden brought out, and was then to come to Mazatlan. A brig in sight this morning we take to be her, and I have sent two boats out to stop her and get her to come in, as we much want supplies, which she is bringing. My crew are almost naked; no shoes, no woolen clothing; and Joseph Hobson, William's brother, is said to have brought a good assortment in the Lady Adams. But the brig has passed on, and the boats are returning, having been at least ten miles out to sea. She had all the letter bags for Mazatlan, and though I can have no *late* one, it will be a treat to get the others. You mention in one of your letters writing by the Isabella. The latter ship met Commodore Jones at Valparaiso 3d January, going to Santiago with an immense suite! Jones directed the Warren's letters to remain at Valparaiso, saying she had been out a *good while*, and must probably be on her way home!! The Warren sailed from Norfolk in 1843,—a pretty good while! but had not the Savannah arrived in October when Commodore Jones left home, and could he be ignorant the Warren's crew were in her, and therefore of course the Warren could not be coming! I suppose the letters were for poor Purser Ware, still detained at Monterey on board the old hulk.

Since my last letter we have had arrivals from Mazatlan, with the usual kind attentions of our friends there;—from the commodore and others. The commodore writes in a little better spirits. He had had a letter from Jones saying he would be at Monterey on the 28th February; (of course going to the wrong place,—this is the hardest squadron to find!) But he was not there on the 5th March. The Ohio arrived at Valparaiso on the 23d January.

The "Mexican American Star" sent me, are up to 13th

February, with *letter news* from home up to 1st February, received in thirty-four days at Mazatlan. A most kind letter from Mr. Green, purser of the Independence, posts me up in all the leading items, congressional and others. Things look more and more like peace, and that is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Mr. Calhoun's speech is a prodigy of wisdom, equal to Mr. Clay's abstract view of the war, its uselessness and perhaps wickedness,—yet it looks at the present condition of things with the eye of a practical statesman. To suppose, as Mr. Clay seemed to believe, that the country could entirely retrace its steps, retain nothing, because the means through which territory had been acquired were unjust, was to believe that the twenty millions of people in the United States had suddenly changed their nature;—that man *there* was different from what he had been for five thousand eight hundred years! I was therefore not surprised to see that even a clergyman and a Whig had taken altogether different views in his own neighborhood (Mr. Breckinridge).

Mexico agreed to the arbitrament of the sword; she resisted force by force, and manfully for her, and I respect her the more for it; but she failed, and must receive terms from her conquerors. This has been the law of nations. The American people sustained the war, sustained the administration, — Whigs voted the supplies. That blood should have run in rivers and money rolled out in millions, and no indemnity come from it, is most absurd. If we were to withdraw our armies and give up all we now hold, I believe Texas would be invaded by a Mexican army in less than two years, and a second war would be begun. Then well may Mr. Calhoun say that the *fiat* has gone forth; take we will, let us therefore take that which will least injure us,—"a line of occupation," etc. I have read no speech for years that I liked so much, where I felt so much the difference between *genius* and *talent*. Where the former is linked to practical sagacity, as in this case, one is greatly impressed, and feels his own insignificance. In setting forth the advantages of his position, he says, "It will at all events disentangle us. We are now 'fastened to a dead corpse.'" This idea is a whole volume on Mexico, and the Mexicans, and the war. There is no concentration or condensation in Carlyle equal to it. We *are* tied to a dead corpse there is no doubt of it. To my conception I remember nothing in Fox, Burke, and Macaulay that so came home to me as that figure. But all this part of the speech is great, where he alludes to "the national desire now to impress the world with our military reputation and power, instead of the superiority of our civil and political institutions." Then again, about those institutions, he says a combination of circumstances brought them about, and not alone the wisdom of our forefathers. For years the doctrine was inculcated that ceaseless vigilance alone could preserve them—"power was stealing from the many to the few," but now we are settling down fast to the opinion that we hold them by divine right, it is our mission to propagate, etc.

People looking at the same objects and scenery from different points of view of course are differently impressed. I am well aware what influence my life for the last two years, to say nothing of my profession in itself, must exert on my judgment,—perhaps, alas! my humanity. But there are theories which must yield to existing circumstances; plans that are wholly impracticable have been proposed. For instance, there is no evil in the world that would be as great as the attempts to give back Upper California to Mexico again. But it could not be done; the people would not go back, and would slaughter every Mexican who crossed the line with such a purpose, and who would wish it? That country is already teeming with industry and commerce, mining associations, agriculture, municipal schools, churches. A steamer built of iron in Sitka is already running about the Bay of San Francisco. In a year's time, if not already, you will not sit in Carlos Castro's house on a wooden bench, rickety and dangerous. His beautiful rancho will now bring him something, instead of one-half going to the Mexican government, and the other to the Yankee hide droghers, enjoying, through Mexican venality, an entire monopoly; making the poor man slaughter ten head of cattle, to get a common gown for his old wife. Mr. Appleton and some other *gros bonnets* of Boston ought to give liberally to the poor, for some of their gains have made people poor over here.

But where am I running to? The boats have returned, having chased the brig thirteen miles to sea. Instead of the Lady Adams, it proved to be the brig Eagle, last from Monterey, having made a passage from Canton to San Francisco in forty-six days, so you see how far the Celestial Empire will be from the U. S. I was a little interested in this brig, and had her dimensions in my portfolio. She was going to China at the same time I was, and was much spoken of in the papers. She is far superior to the Perry, and would be an excellent vessel for this station. She has moreover six guns, having been an opium smuggler. There is always trouble in China now; we hear of six respectable Englishmen having been murdered. The Eagle had only flour and potatoes. I bought some of the former the other day and paid $20 a barrel; not even American flour, but Chili. $4 a barrel for potatoes, and so with everything. $6 for miserable shoes, and for cloth worth $3 a yard, we gave $8.

I have sent Midshipman Allmand in a whale boat to cruise off the cape for the Lady Adams. All the letters brought out by the Isabella and Sweden transports were put on board the Lady Adams, and just now one of the officers said, as Commodore Jones met the Isabella and gave directions about letters, etc., the mail he brought out would also be put aboard of her, and the Lady Adams would have it also. I would then have your October letter, written before the 21st October; one at New Castle. You mention a long one sent the day before to Washington to go by Commodore Jones.

Sunday, March 19th.

We have had our little service, and things are more quiet than they have been. I went up yesterday to the cuartel to regulate matters with Heywood. The Yaquai Indians, or Yacas as we call them, have suddenly disappeared, and we hear of quarreling among the chiefs; Moreno having "pronounced" against Piñeda, etc. My impression is confirmed that the enemy is in complete dissolution. We have also a report that a party from La Paz has released our prisoners.

The walk up to town did me much good. We came back by the road we took the morning of our conflict. It was quite interesting. The cactus too are in bloom, beautiful creepers also, and some bright flowers. The surf, however, has been high this moon, breaking our boats terribly. We always land in company yet, because it would be dangerous for a few persons to venture alone, though now there seems a total disappearance of the enemy. (Eleven o'clock P.M.) Just think of it! I have your letter of New Year's day, closed the 12th January. I cannot go to bed without telling you. I am so happy!

A schooner arrived this afternoon from Mazatlan with

Captain Rudd on board, bound to Guaymas to take the command of the Dale, with articles, etc., for us, and a budget of letters with all the news, from the commodore, who never forgets me; Mr. Green, with all the home news; Chatard, who has just got back from blockading Manzanilla, etc., etc. They all write I am the only lucky man,—no one gets letters across but me.

Mr. Beale has not yet appeared,—but I only took the pen to pour out my thanks, and not to reply to-night to a single item. It is one of the most interesting letters I have received. People hope for peace still at Mazatlan, and that is good.

21st March.

Captain Rudd has just left me this afternoon; his visit was an agreeable incident. He is a quiet, excellent man, well informed in his profession; was celebrated as a first lieutenant. We sailed together in the Franklin, and you may remember him at the Sweet Springs, Virginia. He has pious feelings, if not a member of the church. So many things interested me in your last letter, and we seemed in one or two things to have hit on the same subject. You allude to Mr. Calhoun's speech, the very one I have been writing about.

I was very glad to find my account of James Heywood was opportune. I thought when writing that in all probability my letter would get home first, and this idea induced me to speak more at length of him. I have not heard from him, or of him, since we left the upper coast. If I were he, I would go home by India and Suez; and Mr. Jarvis, of the Islands, now in Monterey, is going that way, I learn. A passage can often be got to Canton. Our relief being ordered was of course a great item,—if we really *believed* that we would have to wait her arrival, we would be in despair, knowing the endless delays attending our ships. If she had sailed the day you wrote, she would not be here until July; then we are to meet, etc., throwing us certainly into 1849. But in spite of all appearances we hope for better things, and I still cling to May, though prepared for the worst.

I could not but remember in reading about Charles meeting with Mr. Beale, and being a week without seeing you with such information to give, of what you and I have often remarked of our good family's incomprehensibility of my life and profession. After the health of you all, no item in the public world could compare in interest to *us all* with any definite news of our relief. It is the pervading thought of the third year, and no one can tell what men suffer under unusual delays in such cases. But I daresay poor Charles, when worried about business, if he thought of me, was likely to consider me a lucky man on board my ship, without notes to pay. But people in the profession do the same. The Savannah's, who were nearly demented at their protraction, could have helped us by jogging the Department; but I suppose a man never thought of the ships behind them.

About building, I felt exactly what you did as to the year's break in our domestic comfort, etc.; but I thought I might get Huber's house and live there, and I walk over to superintend. But we can discuss this when we meet, if God grants us such happiness in this world! But I have no idea I will be ordered to sea for five years after this cruise. In due course of service, I could not for ten. I doubt not, on a conclusion of peace, when the debts are to be paid, that "peace establishments" for army and navy will be organized that may make a great difference. The navy cannot be decreased, but there will have to be great revision in the *personnel* of the navy. In a few years more, officers will not reach their commands before they are sixty. My first lieutenant, Mr. Rowan, must be nearly as old as I am,—many think he looks older; yet he is one hundred and thirty from the head of the list of lieutenants. Passed-midshipmen should be made lieutenants at twenty-one or twenty-two, commanders at thirty, and captains at forty. There should be a retired list on half pay; captains to retire at sixty, commanders at fifty-five, lieutenants at fifty. We have many passed-midshipmen on the list who are thirty years old! It is an increasing evil; and a boy of fourteen entering now could not be a lieutenant short of forty years of age!

This station of San José has much more life than La Paz, though debarred from communicating so freely with the shore; and being a roadstead and surf beach, we are rolling, rolling, like off Mazatlan; the ship is never quiet; but we have frequent arrivals,—launches, coasters, whalers watering, and almost a weekly communication from Mazatlan, our headquarters. From precaution we still communicate under escort. For the sake of the exercise, which I much need, I go up every other train or so; always once a week; being now responsible for the post. The enemy are always hovering round, but dare not approach. I think they are breaking up. This morning the surf has been prodigious; our boats have been knocked to pieces, but a whale-boat I purchased for the ship is excellent and safe. We never have any accidents. I never knew so lucky a crew. The wounded men we left in Mazatlan have been sent back to us, but they went right on the list here, both having the fever, and one yet a ball in him. They pretended to be well, in order to get back to the ship. There have been several more deaths in the frigates. Their crews have not the ruggedness of this one; and Dr. Maxwell knows them so well! He seems to know where exactly to *drive a nail* or tinker them up. He says they have used the quinine too freely over there, and the first thing he did here was to commence treating the men for its effects. He is a wonderful doctor.

I wrote you, I believe, about two officers, Passed-Midshipmen Duncan and Worley, with two marines and one sailor, and a California volunteer, being cut off in January in coming to the beach here from the cuartel, and being made prisoners by a party of one hundred horsemen. Getting information at La Paz that there was but a small force at San Antonio, where Piñeda himself was, a party of thirty-two mounted men of the volunteers there, under Captain Steele, with Lieutenant Halleck of the engineers, started at nine o'clock one evening, rode the fifty-six miles, had the good fortune to escape the notice of the *avansadas* and *vigias*, and at eight o'clock in the morning dashed into the square of San Antonio with a yell, taking the place completely by surprise, liberated the prisoners, took two Mexican officers and three privates, killed four (losing, however, a fine sergeant), mounted their horses, and were in La Paz at two o'clock that night, having been absent thirty hours and ridden one hundred and seventeen miles. Piñeda escaped through a blunder. The moment the Americans appeared, Downing, our sailor sergeant (one of the prisoners from the Independence), knowing where Piñeda slept, rushed after him, caught him, and was securing him, when one of the volunteers rushing in, and taking Downing for a Californian, drove him out; Downing, unarmed, expostulating in vain. He had a serapa on, and hence the volunteer's incredulity. While these two were making each other out, Piñeda escaped, and mounting a horse, galloped off in his *drawers*. We were glad of it, for the volunteers would have killed him in cold blood doubtless; but the affair was most successful. I know nothing better of the kind during the war. To-day the prisoners came to us from La Paz in a very small boat. We were rejoiced to see them. It will accelerate the conclusion of things very much.

23d March.

I am going out with an expedition of some importance, on which I had intended to send Rowan, but I think it best to go along. I apprehend but little risk.

25th March.

We got back back at sundown last evening, having encountered no enemy and won *no laurels;* but the expedition was useful, creditable, and perfectly delightful to the fire-eaters, as I call them. I will now give you a little account of its origin and results. The enemy, for the last months, have been here and there venturing around the cuartel and San Vicente; some thirty or forty were round the last hamlet, between the ships and San José, and a shot fired from the last fell among them, but only killed an unhappy woman who had got there by following some of the Indians who had taken off her daughters. War, war!

We always communicate with an escort. I have represented the state of things to the commodore, telling him if a hundred men were sent over, with what we could furnish here they would enable us to finish the business at once without loss, and in the time only required to march through the country; that the people would rise at our approach. He got all ready to come over *himself*, with some thirty marines and seventy seamen; but so soon as this was known it created such an agitation at the Mazatlan cuartel,—the enemy was so soon reported as increasing in strength,—that he had to give it up.

On going up on the 23d to the cuartel, I heard that the enemy had fallen back to Santa Anita, about seven miles up the valley. From two of the deserters I learned their force at that camp, seventy Indians and sixty Mexicans, under Navarette,—in all about one hundred and thirty. Judging at that distance that they would be careless, our operations since leaving San José having been confined to night scouting in the environs (in one of which McRae had a sharp encounter, when he killed two and wounded five Yacas), I thought the moment favorable,—that we *might* surprise him,—at all events shake their sense of security, create a good effect among the rancheros, the enemy beginning to say that we dare not go far from the ship or cuartel, etc. I thought at first of only sending Rowan, that he might have the satisfaction of a separate command, and not liking to leave the ship under the master, for I have Harrison arrested (more elsewhere), and I was determined to let Selden go this time. But, on reflection, I did not like to send men so far, particularly for night work, and with a mixed party, where lieutenants are bad to command, where there are so many of the same rank; and thinking I could perceive Rowan seemed to prefer that I should go, I determined at once to do so; though Heywood had wished me to send Rowan. Accordingly I said nothing, left the company in town that had gone up with me, returned with an escort from the cuartel, left word with McRae, who had strengthened Heywood with twenty men at the post, to gather a few horses and two or three mules, and say nothing. At sundown we landed with another company and our little piece. Arrangements were matured at the cuartel, and about eleven o'clock we moved out, with as fine a body of the kind as I ever saw, and about one hundred strong, with a few California guides, etc. The moon was bright, the night pleasant and cool, making a poncho agreeable; and I had a horse. We had a small advance guard, then came the field-piece well guarded, and then myself at the head of the column, with Dr. Maxwell on one side and my aide Vander Horst on the other. Heywood went with us; the cuartel men and the ex-prisoners perfectly crazy to get out, so that it was very difficult to get a garrison to remain at the cuartel; they wanted to have their *satisfaction*, as they termed it. We moved along noiselessly, the bright muskets however, shining like strips of mirrors, giving a terrible advantage to a concealed foe. Avoiding the pueblos and ranchos, from whence information could be carried of our approach, with scarcely a single halt, fording the arroyo which meanders through the beautiful valley some dozen times, we reached the immediate vicinity of Santa Anita by half-past two o'clock. We here halted to wait for daylight, to avoid *self*-destruction. The men laid down among the bushes in line, and were soon asleep on their muskets. We could hear the dogs in the village. After consulting and arranging with the guide about our entrance by different sides, etc., I laid down in the sand on my saddle cloth, and was in a doze under a bush, when I was aroused by an alarm; got up; found every one on his feet. Two horsemen had been seen. Fortunately no one fired, and all was quiet. We moved just before dawn; sent McRae to cut off the retreat by getting in town one way, while we pushed on the other. Everything went well, but the bird had flown—an Indian spy had carried out word. But for this I believe we would have taken the whole party. We destroyed a forge they had for repairing their arms, took their gunsmith prisoner, etc. They seem to have been panic-stricken on hearing we were coming, for they could have done us immense damage. The town is on a steep *gripo*, pretty difficult to climb, houses and huts to fire from, and all kinds of cover. The whole road, however, offered them this advantage, though it was more open than I expected—their camp-fires were burning, etc. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the view from the town—fields of sugar-cane, of corn, banana hedges, running water, white cattle, groves of tall palms swarming with goldfinches and orioles chirping in the morning sun; enclosed between high and arid ridges of mountains, with broken cliffs and projecting peaks; a rugged frame to set off by contrast the lovely picture within it.

We killed a bullock, made fires, roasted it on sticks,—the best way in the world,—and had a hearty meal. Some breakfast was prepared afterwards in a house, where the people were cold but civil. We heard afterwards one of the daughters was engaged to Navarette, the Mexican chief who had fled a few hours before. This did not prevent her from preparing near us the fowls for cooking; a most peculiar process, done with immense nicety. She washed her hands forty times during the operation, and washed the chickens themselves *three times* with *soap*. The dish, a fricassée with Chili peppers, was perfect, and the chickens, though killed an hour or two before, were as tender as though they had been hanging a week. With the exception of two houses, the village is one of huts, poor. Yet the women were very handsome and modest, and seem to mature at fourteen or fifteen at furthest; with large frames.

At eleven o'clock we got under arms to return. The sun was hot to intensity, but after getting fairly into the valley the sea breeze came wafting along, charged with the odor of aromatic herbs and shrubs.* One of the latter the horses graze

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**Chargé de l'odeur.*

upon, which gives them their extraordinary powers of endurance. We took the usual road back, and we then could see the skill and judgment of our guides, in avoiding most dangerous passes. One of these guides was an old acquaintance, having been with Frémont at San Diego. He is from San José; has been a volunteer in the cuartel; Batista Peralto by name, and the best Californian I know;—light hair, light whiskers, blue eyes,—very rare here,—perfectly brave, and the best horseman and horse breaker I ever saw. It would amuse and astonish you, if you could have an idea of the strange and mixed characters this kind of service for two and a half years has brought us in contact with. I hope some day to tell you of a thousand things and people which, however minute my letters have been, yet I have never touched upon for want of time and space. We passed through San Bernabé, San José Viejo,* Rosario, thus scouring the whole valley. It was hot, dusty; the men drank often at the streams; were tired and sleepy. The excitement was gone, and compared with the night march, when from every bush a volley was looked for, it was all tame. The more I see of sailors, the less I consider them fit for such service. My crew is a veteran crew, are disciplined and contented,—yet they are reckless and stupid, and put you out of patience. For instance, after our arrival at Santa Anita, so soon as we had taken breath and rested, I ordered Selden out with his company to scout around, for I did not wish to be surprised ourselves, while trying to surprise others. He went a mile or so. and there met three of our men *without an arm*, who had already straggled that far. The enemy had retreated to Santiago, sixteen leagues. We brought in some horses, made a prisoner of the alcalde of San José Viejo, who had been using his authority to press men for Piñeda. We got back to the cuartel at half past three, having on my part greatly enjoyed the expedition. It had a good moral effect, cleared the valley, pleased the men and officers, all having seemed much gratified that I had gone with them. We expected warm work, but the fire-eaters were disappointed in this, though glad that the enemy could no longer say that we dare not leave the ship or cuartel. After a good dinner with Heywood, we marched down to the beach. The surf was low and we got aboard dry. The Lady Adams had arrived, and on my table were your letters of July 12th and 15th, August 17th, and September 9th, from Philadelphia. Was not this pleasant? to find a smile as it were from you greeting my return.

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* San José Viejo, old San José.

26th, Sunday.

Our little service is over; it is a quiet Sunday. I wish to add a few words to this to say that probably in my next I shall be able to write something definite as to the return of this ship. That is, the Ohio may have reached Mazatlan, and we may be informed of the intentions of the "*new régime.*" The commodore will let me know immediately, and I have hosts of the most attentive friends over there.

I heard from Mr. Price. He left Tepic on the 4th of March—had narrow escape in getting there; my mind is greatly relieved. His letters to me breathe sincere friendship and regard. I shall long to hear of his safe arrival in the capital. My letter, containing the account of our fight, he sent from Tepic. It may thus reach you before the accounts by Brinsmade through Central America; who, however, said he would be in Washington before 11th April. Our dates are up to 24th February, from Mexico. Scott's recall, and his last general order, in exquisite taste, all received here. Mr. De la Torre, writes me peace is at hand. Parrott was to come with the armistice, etc., if not with the treaty, as I have already mentioned. All seems chaos at home—so many Richmonds in the field. In a "Sandwich Island Friend," I see the account of a horrid Indian massacre in Oregon, by the Cayuse tribe, on Mr. Whitman, wife, and nine others, at their missionary station at Wailoptu. The account is to Mr. Castle, from Mr. Douglass, Hudson's Bay Company. Great apprehension prevails for the safety of Mr. Spalding and his family, at the next station. The details are horrid. The governor has called out an armed force. I will send you the "Friend" by the Whitton Bark, when she starts, though you will have the particulars doubtless before.

William L. Hobson, in his brig Helena, was wrecked on Christmas Island, having as passengers Tom Stevens, wife, and child, Miss Johnston and Mr. Ten Eyck's little girl, and Mr. Christie, Stevens' brother-in-law. A whaler wrecked two weeks before had saved water and provisions, or they must all have perished, having saved nothing from the brig. A vessel was to leave Honolulu on the 3d of March to take them off. I see J. Heyward's name as arriving at the Islands in the ship Charles, from Monterey, March 1st. Perhaps he is going round the world by China, which I certainly would do if I were he, but the ship may be going from there to Valparaiso. Passed Midshipman Duer, who dined with me yesterday, with Mr. Joseph Hobson, is in the Lady Adams, having come across New Mexico. I believe he left in December, 1846. The prize would seem to be who can be longest *in reaching a squadron.* Jones, with all his knowledge about the Pacific, bids fair to rival Captain Rudd and Mr. Christian. Mr. Duer is a cousin of Mrs. McKenzie. But I *must* stop. The Lady Adams sails to-morrow for Monterey. I have official reports to attend to.

March 27th.

I alluded to —— within. He has been my *cross* in this ship,—the thorn in my flesh,—though I only reaped where I sowed. Employed for eighteen months in nursing and sustaining him, yielding to his infirmities, doing justice to his few merits and capacity; reported by a midshipman for oppression, by men for striking them, I have always poured oil on these troubled waters—but in vain.

He treated me with great disrespect on duty. He did not intend it, he says, and therefore did not do it. This is a sample of his logic. The affair wound up by his committing himself irretrievably. I reported him to the commodore, and sent him a copy that he might send his explanations. In these he *came down* wonderfully. I told the commodore I cared not particularly for a trial, if —— apologized to the service and its discipline. But one thing was absolutely necessary, that he leave the ship; which he has applied to do, and where, I suppose, the matter will stop. Unhappy man, I pity him. But a more perverse one I never knew. He does not speak to half his mess.

On the other hand, I ought not to fret about this, for all others on board are so devoted to me, so kind, so considerate. While writing this very page Fairfax has come to know what I want from the Lady Adams, and says he will get them for me. (Patterson is sick.) I never spoke much to you of my aide, Midshipman Vander Horst, and must do it. He always accompanies me to town, on all expeditions, etc. I could not help remarking on the difference which gentle blood *will make*. Without the slightest approach to courting or wishing to gain favor, there is no attention or little service that he is not always on the watch to render. Calm, unobtrusive withal, sagacity instead of talent, judgment beyond his years instead of genius, are his characteristics. When I was going to town the other day, the first lieutenant had him busy, and he had had the morning watch, but he got relieved that he might go; picking out the best horse, seeing the bridle and saddle secure, a thousand nameless things which in the present day would be considered highly derogatory, but which in truth showed blood and breeding. He is as brave, and, moreover, *cool* too as the bravest and best informed in his profession. His parents are living. I know not who his father is. His mother was a Miss Morris, Mrs. Butler's aunt (the sister of Mrs. B.'s father).

Thank you for the Delaware papers, the first I have seen. I read the ceremonies for poor Thomas with sympathy and tears. Love to all at home. Please send a message to Elizabeth Maury, who you say in your August letter is particular in her inquiries for me. Say that I thank her very much, etc.

Cyane, March 28th, 1848.
Off San José, Lower California.

I wrote and dispatched to you only last evening a long journal letter. It had hardly left here in the Lady Adams for Mazatlan, when we received information of considerable importance, which I hasten to transmit to you, for I know that you must be very anxious for me until the termination of this Lower California war. The Padre Gabriel has written to Passed Midshipmen Warley, whom he knew when a prisoner, that the enemy had dispersed not to return. To quote his own words, "*Y a la hora de esta, esta en marcha la tropa Mejicana retirandose adonde salieron, para no volven mas.*" The padre is the highest authority, having been one of the early instigators of the movement, but heartily sick of it, I believe, for the last two or three months. The object of his letter was to ascertain his position, having become alarmed lest his property should be confiscated. I have sent him word to come in, as the wisest course. He was very kind to our prisoners, and is the most shrewd and cunning man in Lower California, as well as the most dissolute.

The above cheering information I received last evening, and this morning have been up to the cuartel, where everything seems to confirm it; indeed, I have not a doubt of it. The Indians retreated upon the Todos Santos road. I have dispatched a courier to Col. Burton to advise him of the fact, and if he be, as I think he is, in San Antonio, a party debouching on the coast road might cut them off and take their arms; the carrying off of which is the only part of the break-up I do not like. Our expedition the other day was most opportune. I was telling Heywood this morning he and I were certainly lucky men, if this news was true, of which he has not a doubt. If Burton should march through to San José, I think he will relieve our naval garrison by giving the post to Naglee, who is well fitted for the command. Should this be the case, I would take Heywood and his men on board, carry them over to Mazatlan, distribute them where they belong, and then, if our "home stock" in the Cyane has not risen fifty per cent., I shall be greatly disappointed. McRae was out scouting this morning as far as Santa Anita, and all confirms the departure of the enemy. He had orders to go only to Solano, but went double the distance,—perfectly uncontrollable if there is any chance of "a fight."

The cheering idea of getting away from here naturally made me think of those whose fate it had been never to leave this beautiful valley. I have selected a beautiful and commanding mound upon which to place the remains of poor McLanahan. It is midway between the beach and San José, overlooking sea and valley; will be a conspicuous landmark for navigators. Altogether a fitting spot for a young seaman and a young hero. The transition will be made with proper ceremonies, and I will then write to his widowed mother. Heywood has already written, and Commodore S. to his uncle, the Hon. John Nelson,—but as he belonged to my ship, it will be a fitting occasion for me also to add my word of sympathy. I believe Charles knows his uncle well. It will be out of the question to send his remains home, or even to Upper California, which was first thought of. What a scene his first burial was! The enemy were firing upon them all the time of the ceremony; the men laid flat to avoid being shot. Heywood, like a man, stood erect and read the service calmly through, the balls whizzing close by him all the while. It was at night, too! I never heard these particulars until to-day.

I only took the pen to tell you that all danger was over here so far as the war was concerned, a fact I could not and would not state positively before, but which I lose no time in now doing. A schooner goes over to-night, and you will probably get this with the one sent yesterday.

Cyane, April 2d, 1848. Sunday.
San José, Lower California.

On the 28th I forwarded to Mazatlan a note letter to you, though only the day before I had sent off a long journal one, but between the two we had news which I thought would relieve your mind as to myself, which, after hearing of the active hostilities in this peninsula, must have been greatly disturbed. All the good news of the dispersion of the enemy continues firm, and I have a party out now, going as far as Santiago to welcome Col. Burton. I thought of going myself, but as it was rather a *pleasure* party, I let Selden have the command. I expect them back to-morrow. I have cause to be very thankful, as an *officer* and as a man, for the successful winding up of affairs here. Since December, when I left Mazatlan, I have been, as you are aware ere this, on detached and responsible duties,—duties at times very trying, physically and mentally; but all has gone well with me, and I think my last dispatches to the commodore, informing him of our last expedition having cleared all our portion of the country, by good management and display of force at suitable times, however limited our means, will greatly please him.

For all this my heart has been full of thankfulness all day, which has been a quiet Sabbath on board. God has wonderfully protected and sustained me. I have prayed to Him constantly for support and direction this cruise, and He has heard me. We have had our little service, thirty-five men were absent. I have been reading my Bible, Sacra Privata, etc., and your last letters again, and I felt like beginning a letter. * * *

We have had two arrivals from Mazatlan since my last dates to you, and the budget of news from our kind correspondents of the Independence was considerable. I had letters from the commodore, Mr. Green, Chatard, up to 27th ult., from Mazatlan, with a file of "American Stars," City of Mexico, up to 16th March. Mr. Green had letters from Washington, in twenty-seven days to Mazatlan, to Talbot & Co., through Drusini. But it got, somehow, into an English express, which accelerated it some. The Congressional news is down to 25th February, I believe; the treaty being discussed in the Senate;

death of Mrs. Adams, etc. The armistice is also received, and I have a copy sent me officially by the commodore; though General Butler never thought of sending him one. He writes me the central government is so weak, that we must be governed by the *state* condition of things. If the Governor of Sinaloa accedes to it, *he* will of course. Here in California there is no civil authority whatever to make any arrangement with. My old friend, Palacios, the ex-governor, has borne arms with us, and would not be recognized. I am too glad the armistice did not get here until the troops had broken. It would have kept them in the country, to the great detriment of the people, and I sent my expedition off as if nothing had occurred, lest they might hear it and return to be a nucleus for future operations after the truce. Piñeda, I hear, has asked to give himself up. He remained alone at San Antonio, wounded by one of his own officers.

Burton will relieve Heywood by Naglee; the Southampton will bring them round from La Paz if they go back with the colonel, which seems to me very foolish if they get as far as Santiago. The last news of the Ohio was brought by a French vessel from Valparaiso. She (the Ohio), with the commodore, sailed on the 28th of January, for Callao. Jones writes to Commodore Shubrick he will leave Callao direct for Mazatlan 17th February, but he had not arrived 17th March, ten days over time. The commodore thinks he will have gone to Monterey; it is barely possible. The Preble, being at Callao, will deliver Commodore Shubrick's letters, which he took to Panama for Jones, and in *these* he made the rendezvous at *Monterey*. But I hope he will come direct, or come down immediately from there. He has had now time to do the latter very nearly. I wish he might be delayed two weeks yet, however, for I would like to be at Mazatlan when he comes, for many reasons, and from present appearances I think I shall be there in about that time. I have written to Thorburn to be spry; but there is no need of this, for the saving of an hour's contact with these volunteers is a matter which calls for every exertion. Naglee has the best of them. One of his officers, young Moorhead, son of the Senator, has been staying some days on board, having come in the Lady Adams, and left yesterday for La Paz. He is a mild youth, gentlemanly,—without health. He dined with me yesterday.

Some one asked the French captain of the vessel above alluded to, what detained the Ohio? He said, Commodore Jones was by order of the Government examining into the potato rot of Chili! Captain Glynn into that of Peru! This is the last *coup de grace*, and when taken in connection, that the Department had not answered Commodore Shubrick's dispatches, has nearly used up Mr. Mason in my opinion. I wonder if they have yet ascertained whether the Dead Sea is salt.

The news which really pleased me most was the result of Frémont's trial, and his complete condemnation on every charge and specification, and the President's approval of the sentence. Every one condemns, of course, the remission; but the President approved before remitting, and besides, the responsibility for this must rest on the court. Yet the moral effect is not lost, and discipline has gained on the whole. Indeed, to me it is quite refreshing, as an officer, to find that Frémont's astuteness, and Benton's political influence and tremendous energy, and Stockton coalescing with the two, have not been able to put down honesty and truth, as represented in this business by General Kearney. I am rejoiced for the latter, and would give a good deal to see him for a few minutes. I can see him throwing his arms on my shoulders and exclaiming, "Du-Pont, my good fellow, I am delighted to see you,"—a favorite salutation of his.

They say Frémont has resigned, and Benton is furious. The barque Whitton brought us over all this news. Captain Selfridge came in her. He is going home around the Cape. His wound is improving, but he cannot yet put a foot to the ground. It is a long time to be without a surgeon, for she does not stop between this and New York. She sailed last night. I helped them to fill their water, gave them some powder, etc., etc., services which were greatly appreciated by the captain, who is as fine an old fellow as I have ever seen. His name is Gelston. He is a temperance and religious man,—has nightly prayers with his crew. They are the best men I ever saw. This is the ship Chatard had at San Blas and Manzanilla, while Captain Gelston remained in Mazatlan. Chatard said if he had such a crew he would always leave the ship in their charge. He tells an anecdote of the mate. When they landed to spike some guns, he said to Chatard, "I will go with you, Mr. Chatard, and stand by you, but don't ask me to kill any one." Many a man in a high station might envy that man in his humble sphere.

I saw much of Selfridge, and spent several hours with him on both days they were here. Mr. Talbot also goes a passenger, and Captain Barker, an excellent man also. Selfridge is a Christian man, but from some cause is very unpopular with his officers. It is hard to please the masses now-a-days. This is ascribed to new notions, etc; but I think it springs only from the desultory nature of the service. I am constantly reminded of the history of the Buccaneers,—it resembles their life much more than a regular war service.

Speaking of this reminds me of a terrible item of news which has reached us, of a post captain having behaved unbecomingly in the trenches at Vera Cruz, said to be ——. I have been greatly distressed at this, for the man himself and for the corps,—neither will I believe it yet. He is the most unpopular officer in the navy, always arrogant,—one of the "incurables" as I call them. His last command worse than the others; want of tact and judgment; no yielding to circumstances and the modifications of the *times*;—yet a good officer, and *making* good officers, to my own knowledge. So I would believe that what would have been unheeded in others, may have been noticed in him, and a wrong construction put thereon. I had only seen the day before, in a June "Intelligencer," his letter to Mr. Mason on the subject of the rumors, and Mr. M.'s reply, which, though exonerating; struck me unpleasantly; and now it seems, in a letter to Commodore Perry, officers have confirmed the rumors. What a blow to a proud man, one who has always been dogmatic and pompous, rather. This will greatly distress Dr. Wiley, who is a friend. It is a singular fact, the only men in the navy who have ever had such a thing attached to them, have been arrogant and overbearing.

Mr. Christian says he heard the subject spoken of before he left the Gulf. Among other things, that he kept himself in a shot-proof bastion or place, and complained when a wounded man was brought in there. This last is perfectly characteristic. To obtrude a wounded, or even a well man, into his presence was terrible. Yet one cannot reconcile this with a man who thought he was getting out of harm's way, or what would be more likely to be asked in retort than, "What is he doing there? getting out of danger?"

April 4th.

An opportunity offers to send this to Mazatlan, which I may as well embrace, though I had more to write. Selden is not in yet. He has taken Mauricio Castro, the political Gefé of the movement, the most unprincipled of the leaders, with ten other prisoners. Burton came upon the scattered forces at Todos Santos; the Indians stood a little, but are now in full dispersion, and the business is entirely over. I think I shall get to Mazatlan in two weeks.

Cyane, April 10th, 1848.
Off San José, Lower California.

I have only a single moment to write a word, not wishing to lose an unexpected opportunity to Mazatlan, to assure you of the continued good news from us here. The enemy driven by us from this valley, falling back on the other coast, at Todos Santos, was met by Col. Burton, who finally dispersed them, killing ten of the Indians. Our party at Santiago under Selden picked up some of the fugitives, and we have taken over thirty-five prisoners; among them the commander-in-chief (since Piñeda resigned the latter office), Don Mauricio Castro, whom I am sending to-night to the commodore, that he may be sent for a while to some distant country. Burton's party took the Padre Gabriel, the next most important personage, and the most double-faced old sinner I ever knew,—both of them men of great influence with the lower classes. The padre, to console himself for his capture and loss of his *cavallada* of forty horses, got royally drunk. Captain Naglee comes here in the Southampton, after which I shall sail with Heywood for Mazatlan, where I hope to be certainly by 1st May, and from whence I shall write to you our fate as to getting home. With an armistice, probably peace, and an increase of force, and the war concluded over here, I hope to get off. If Jones is not arrived, but gone to Upper California, Shubrick may start us off.

The Admittance is in from Monterey (the prize the Portsmouth took), and goes over to Mazatlan. She called to land two field-pieces,—the day after the fair.

We are two weeks without news from Mazatlan, the longest we have been since lying here. I hope for a letter from you by the next arrival.

Cyane, *at Sea*, off San José,
Lower California, April 26th, 1848.

Here we are at sea once more! bound to Mazatlan, from whence we have nothing later than 8th April, and know not what awaits us—home, or prolongation of an arduous cruise. Be this as it may, we have cause to be thankful to our merciful Father for His gracious protection during the last two or three months. The Lower California war is closed effectually, I believe, and the part this ship took in it I hope creditable and beneficial to all concerned, particularly to many people we have left behind us. Since my last journal letter (8th April), and a short note (10th April), things have been gradually quieting down. Of some of our expeditions I have spoken to you. We followed them up, and kept picking up prisoners. I accompanied one of the last myself, and went as far as Santiago, about forty miles up the valley of San José. I went principally to see the alcaldes and rancheros as to the best course to secure the continued peace of the country; they were greatly pleased at my visit. It was interesting to me to see more of the peninsula, of which I will give you descriptions when we meet. I had a mounted party of only twenty sailors and marines, with Dr. Maxwell, Vander Horst; Heywood also went with us. It was very pleasant; but the sun was very hot, and as I could not spare myself more than three days from the ship, we had occasionally to travel for an hour or so in the heat of the day. The night of our arrival at Santiago, having drunk some milk after eating a greasy California dinner, I was taken very sick for a few hours; but Dr. Maxwell soon arrests such things by his kindness and skill, and probably "headed off," as we say, a bilious attack, which would have been rather inconvenient just then. If you could see the devotion to me of Vander Horst, you would love him as a son. He gathered wood (not an easy task), made a fire, boiled water, made tea, and brought it to my bedside, all with his own hands; with a thousand other attentions; while his companions had all gone to a fandango. He moreover, knows *how* to be attentive, and his quiet manner gives it a great charm. I hope he will turn out well; but the young officers have been exposed to great temptations on this station, and it is an alarming fact that, while temperance is on a steady advance among the seniors, drinking is on the increase with the young men. Vander Horst has met with an associate from his own State, at the cuartel, who has been of no service to him. But he is so honorable, so truthful, so brave, so much principle and character, is such a *gentleman*, that I have great confidence in his being able to avoid the quicksands of the profession.

I was well in the morning, and returned to the ship quite invigorated by the trip in body and mind, effectually shaking off a cold in my system, which had been troubling me since December; a kind of incipient rheumatism (which you had feared for me, as said in one of your letters), producing some debility of limb. But it has now entirely left me, and I can stand and walk with the same enduring power as before.

On the 20th April the Southampton arrived with Naglee's command, one hundred as dirty ragamuffins as ever I laid eyes on, but in rather better discipline than other portions of the regiment in Lower California,—Naglee being a good officer. We had gathered many prisoners, and the cuartel was crowded. Those who could find security among the people of the country I paroled, others especially notorious I sent over to Mazatlan in the Southampton, twenty-seven in number,—as they would do less harm there than in California. Don Juan Argulo and Pedro Navarette, two leaders, the first a Californian, the latter a Mexican, we have on board here. Our scouting parties took them both, so that every chief has fallen into our or Colonel Burton's hands, except Moreno and Manuel Castro; neither of them important. Piñeda and Padre Gabriel have also been sent to Mazatlan. The commodore will have his hands full. The moral effect of sending them over to get their paroles there was very great. The marching down of the prisoners from the cuartel to the beach was a sight. Women followed and cried. The prisoners were obdurate, and inwardly pleased at going over. On the night of the 22d the Southampton sailed, taking the Congress's and Independence's marines over to their ships, while we received those of our guard who had garrisoned the post; one forever disabled by a gunshot wound,—also ten transferred from the Portsmouth. Except six at Mazatlan cuartel, we are all once more on board the Cyane again. Heywood is with me in the cabin.

On the 23d April, Sunday afternoon, we disinterred poor McLanahan from the corral (stable yard) of the cuartel, and placed him on a beautiful mound overlooking valley and sea. All the officers, one hundred sailors under arms, and the marines (all of his own ship) made it impressive. Many Californians on horseback followed. Women in crowds, wading across the arroyo, also joined us. I read the service. At the close of it the native population rushed forward to throw in some earth. Three volleys were fired by our column with the precision of regulars, and they were marched off to the beach to gay music and colors unshrouded, making a contrast to the slow and solemn dirge, with which we had approached the ground. Our carpenters on the following day placed a handsome railing round, painted it white, and it was one of the last objects which faded from view yesterday evening when we got under way and stood out of the bay, after having been rolling on its unquiet waters for two months and ten days. Its high barren mountains are still in sight. Its rich valley with its many associations to us, and peculiar aspect, deeply impressed upon our memories. I feel calm, thankful to God, humble in spirit. I thanked Him in my prayers much last night and this morning. I have much to tell you of my life in San José and Lower California, but will not put more on paper.

Mazatlan, Sunday, 20th April.

Night before last (Friday night) we came to anchor here between the Independence and the Congress. The wind became light, and we had to grope our way after dark, no very agreeable task in a crowd of ships.

On Friday, at the hour when we came in sight of this place (three o'clock), the mail coming in town, had among its contents your letter the 10th and 12th March. I got it at ten o'clock at night on board the Independence, it having just reached her from the shore. At ten o'clock on the night of my arrival I went on board the Independence, taking Heywood with me. On crossing the gangway, I saw the whole crew on deck; I knew what was coming, and the moment Heywood landed upon her decks they gave three hearty cheers, which made the port fairly ring again in the stillness of the night. Heywood said a half a dozen words in reply, which were responded to by another cheer. As a general rule, I am greatly opposed to these things, but this I excused, for the crew of the Independence really felt proud, and thankful to an officer who had handsomely sustained their pride of ship. Of course the officers were all up, and the greeting cordial all round. All followed the commodore in, and a glass of champagne enlivened the meeting. The officers then all retired, leaving the commodore and myself alone; he then gave me the news, my letters, the papers, etc., all by that day's mail. The ratification by the Senate of the treaty, the appointment of Mr. Sevier, a letter from Mr. Price to the commodore, dated 30th March, Vera Cruz, who had seen Commodore Perry, Captain Mackenzie; the death of Commander Wilson (who had married a Hulme, I think), of Dr. Powell, and poor Neil Howison, the man of all others whom I thought most likely to bury all his seniors and reach the head of the list. When I met him *after* the loss of the Shark, though subdued, he looked as young as fourteen years before when master of the Brandywine in the Mediterranean.

But the most astounding news of all was the revolution in France, contained in full in a New Orleans Picayune of the 25th March. I am greatly interested in this event, and would have given so much to have been with you, to comment on it together. I was amazed, having been one of those who *believed* in Louis Philippe's sagacity, only equalled by that of his minister, Mr. Guizot. I can guess more easily at what passed in Louis Philippe's mind when he found himself crownless, than in that of Mr. Guizot, when he read on the walls of the foreign office, "*Grands appartements à louer,*"—an *affiche* and epigram so exquisitely French. These two great men managed to shock the *feelings* of the French people, and with them especially, *feeling* is stronger than reason or judgment. Louis Philippe evidently has been declining in mental vigor; why Mr. Guizot so blundered, it is impossible to say. It must be admitted, however, the French are unrivalled at getting up a revolution; with a *bon mot*, or a patriotic and happily worded refrain, they overturn a throne, and render powerless a hundred thousand bayonets. The quiet dispersion of the royal family shows progress upon the preceding revolutions. But I greatly doubt if France is yet prepared for a republic. The composition of a new government strikes me as singularly visionary. I mean the choice of individuals. I don't believe in poets turned politicians, nor in astronomers either. Dupont de l'Eure must be very old, if he be the one I take him to be, who figured in the revolution of 1830. I should have had more faith in Odillon Barrot, and in Mr. Thiers,—the latter more for his political knowledge than for his honesty.

We have the treaty of peace as ratified by the Senate. Perhaps it will surprise you, if not *shock* you, when I tell you that nothing but the knowledge of the transcendent evils of war, brought home to me in our limited sphere out here, joined to my moral repugnance to it in the abstract, as every sane man must view war, that can reconcile me to such a treaty. I consider it disgraceful, and only less bad than war itself. Mr. Trist was determined to be *the* commissioner who made the treaty, at all costs; but I doubt if he succeed. The pusillanimity of its spirit will make the silly Mexicans reject it, persuaded we will beg still harder and take less if they hold out d

another year. Indeed, we hear by to-night's mail that thirty of the deputies have declared for war. If they do reject such a treaty, they deserve to lose their country. It is because I *want peace*, that I get so impatient at the ignorance displayed of the Mexican character. I see Mr. Clayton *bolted* on the vote. I hope Mr. Spruance's vote (negative), which I approve, was for the same reason that I would have voted against the treaty, but I fancy it was not. The tone of the armistice is still more objectionable than the treaty. The commodore and the governor of Sinaloa could not of course agree, and things remain as they were, neither war nor peace.

1st May, Monday.

The Ohio is the "great unheard-of,"—speculation is at an end; neither she nor the Preble can be placed. Some one suggested Tehuantepec (by the way, the treaty is silent on this grand scheme). Others think she is in Upper California. If there be no men sent here by Colonel Mason, and no peace, this port will have to be abandoned in June. The commodore's letters have all been received at Washington, but no answer from Mr. Mason.

I have now only time to thank you a thousand times for your last letter, deeply interesting in so many particulars,—the extracts from Grandpa's letters, etc.

The greater our blessings, the more we covet. I have been longing for your other letters; but I have not allowed a murmur to escape, though your repugnance to write through Mexico is perfectly inexplicable, after getting my letters and knowing me in Lower California. I have a letter half written to Eleuthera for next mail. I was amazed at Vic's engagement, and pleased.

Good-bye. Love to all. I am happy, cheerful, and contented, and something tells me I will yet see you from 1st November to Christmas, certainly. I had one omen of peace the other night; in getting into the boat in returning from the Independence, the coxswain contrived to throw my arm up in such a way, that the blade of my sword went overboard—my faithful duty-sword, that I have had several years. My first exclamation was, "That's good luck, we will have peace." With any but wretched Mexicans, I should be sure of it. But again, good-bye.

Cyane, Mazatlan, May 4th, 1848.

Haven't I had a nice pan of coals poured on my head the day before yesterday! I had hardly dispatched my preceding letter, in which I could not keep from giving vent to a selfish and ungrateful growl about not receiving *all* your letters. I had one of the 12th March, the latest in the squadron; but because I fancied all those of January and February had gone to Valparaiso, I must grumble a little at their not being sent through Mexico! Well, having seen my No. twenty-two safely enclosed by Mr. Mott's clerk, and having taken possession of a luxurious chair in his parlor, I was deep into a "Britannia," giving a full and consecutive account of the French Revolution so far as received in England up to the 29th February, when Lewis, my nice and intelligent coxswain, came into the parlor with a huge mail for me, saying a small vessel had just arrived, he did not know where from. I saw at a glance it was a mail that had missed us at San José, and been sent back. One or two orders from the commodore, a letter from Mr. Bissell, speaking of Mr. Price's progress, Mr. Mott, etc. Finally, seeing Mr. Greene's handwriting, and knowing how good he is at news, I opened this as likely to contain something which might have escaped his telling when we met the day before, and what should drop from said letter but yours of 23d January up to 1st February! * * * I was alone and thus had a chance of fairly revelling through it. I was so happy at many things it contained, that I had an honest, quiet little *cry* to myself, and felt invigorated afterwards; cheerfully resigned to this cruel detention, by finding you in a measure prepared for it. Do not be like my crew, if you can help it, however. They are cheerful and resigned, never dwell on the detention involved to them in the long passage of five or six months home, until they reach the day of their three years expiration; then they droop at once, and realize the hardship of their case. So I fear, when you get a letter dated in May from the west coast of Mexico, that you too will be like them; it will come home to you,—when that letter cannot even give you a guess as to the future. I have just written a strong letter to the commodore, enclosing a return of the crew, agreeably to his order, asking all the consideration for them which the service will authorize; and now my duty is done *to them*,—all must submit. I will have no Savannah, no Warren, no Levant, and no Portsmouth business here; the ship must be a man-of-war. The law is an infamous one, because it turns out that it is a law which lends itself to cruel and outrageous abuse from its vagueness,—but *I* did not make it. It is for my superiors to decide upon the application of it.

6th May, Saturday, 7 P. M.

This has been a *great day*; fuss and excitement, salutes, guns, visits, swords and chapeaux out, etc. At daylight I was awakened by the orderly (a marine, Irish of course), coming in, and with his Hibernian accent, "There is a large sail in the offing, sir; can't make her out, the officer of the deck says." I was sure it was the Ohio, but knew she would be some hours before getting in. I took it easy; on going on deck at seven, I saw the broad pendant distinctly, though no one else had made it out. After breakfast I went on board the Independence.

The Ohio soon answered the numbers from the ships, showed her *two* white streaks, and at two o'clock anchored off the Independence. On her approach the latter fired her salute. At the first gun she hauled down the blue and hoisted the red broad pendant. At her last gun, the Congress instantly fired, and at *her* last, we continued and fired our thirteen; it was a very gracious reception, and more than the strict usage.

The commodore (Shubrick) then called, and Captain Lavallette and myself followed. I was received by old Captain Taylor, the commander, Long; and the first person I saw among the quarter-deck gazers was our friend *Beale*, delighted to see me, looking well, but pale and thin after all his sickness, coming to join the Congress, not the Portsmouth.

Commodore Jones's reception was very gracious indeed,—more cordial than I have ever known him. I saw Stribling and Geisinger, old Dr. Washington (it was a shame to send him so far from home), and many other kind friends among the younger navy. Poor little Kennon came up and made himself known. I found a letter-bag for the Cyane; Beale had put his in with the parcel; had written me a most kind letter, in case I was not here, as he had heard,—a very interesting one, too. I went and dined with Shubrick after, with Lewis his aide *en famille*. It was very pleasant on the whole. A tin with black cake was opened, and Mrs. Shubrick's health drunk.

I had a tremendous "haul" of letters, which I had in my pocket; six from you, thick ones too, not one of which have

I yet opened. I can't open them in a crowd,—I like to be alone and quiet. After dinner I read those of my general correspondents, one from Ogden, Mackenzie, General Kearney (20th January), Missroon (Valparaiso), and now I have come back to my ship, must write this word first. I am going to get my tea,—my boy with awful patience waiting for me to stop,—and then I am going to square up to the table with a light coat, and go through your letters.

Nothing of course transpired, except that Mason in honeyed words tells Shubrick he cannot let him come home in the Congress, as no men could be found to give Geisinger a frigate; neither can he let him bring home the Independence, as her crew have too long to serve, but she can take him to Panama! Geisinger is in a stew at being received "*comme un chien dans un jeu de quilles* by the worn-out Congress; and so matters stand. The commodores are to meet to-night and talk matters over. We will know more to-morrow. *En attendant*, Jones has already addressed an order confirming all Commodore Shubrick's. Shields has gone home, and Glynn has the Preble now at Monterey; but enough for the present. I am so glad and happy at having so many letters from you! I see one from Julia among them. You may imagine the peculiar interest I felt in finding myself on the Ohio's decks again, where I had *bellowed* many an order. What reminiscences rushed upon me!

Sunday, 7th May.

It was two o'clock last night, or this morning, before I got to bed, and then I had to put away two long letters without reading them. The doctor came in first, and we had a good talk. Then came our restless, erratic, but devoted friend, Beale, who sat until the above-named hour. He gave me a good deal of information about what he calls *the three parties;* Stockton, Kearney, and Frémont. By the way, your slip was the first time I ever saw the latter's letter, calling for a trial, etc.

Your letters received yesterday are July and August, September and October, and Christmas day,—filling up most important gaps, and probably the most deeply interesting letters for their number together that I have received. I was glad to hear of the receipt of all mine, and of course happy that they produced so much happiness *to you.* I wanted to hear of the Savannah's mail reaching you and my letter to Bishop Lee, etc. I cannot touch upon all the points I would like to write you about, but nothing in your letters is lost upon me. Oh, will God only crown His earthly blessings and mercies by letting us meet once more!

Not a word out to-day of news. I wrote a note to old Dr. Washington to come and take a family dinner, but he was previously engaged with Commodore Shubrick. His note in reply was very friendly, and I was glad I had thought of him so early. He was the only old messmate there,—has always been kind to me in Washington; besides, does not belong to the stuck-up surgeons, who, with Mr. Mason's weakness, are likely to injure seriously the navy, merely because we have so few captains capable of grasping the condition of things, and the tone and temper afloat, or rather as yet, fortunately, more ashore than afloat. With a man well drilled in his profession and with some brains, the whole party, including a silly Secretary, could be always put in their right places. I want to talk to you a little of politics, for I do not want you to class me as a *war man* in the general acceptation. Where we *differ,* arises from the necessity of judging from a practical view. For instance, the remarks of the "Intelligencer" on General Kearney's proclamation are all true. But General Kearney was in California, and had to govern it, and he did it in the best way; did good, and prevented evil. Another item: the Mexicans have no patriotism, not one bit, hardly an individual, let alone the whole nation. They are not worthy of your sympathy, because I doubt if there is a virtuous man in the nation, certainly not one *in office*, because there is not one above a bribe. It is impossible that a nation governed as it has been can have patriotism; in the absence of this feeling, what can it be as a nation? I am aware want of worth in others does not justify wrong in us. As for the *territory*, they literally *never had it*; no power or authority representing the nation, or government, or people, or what you please, has exercised the slightest rule for several years in New Mexico or California. They did not even protect the inhabitants from Indian depredations. The people of these countries are delighted with the change. Their property is already enhanced in value, and all are prospering comparatively. The difficulty about the ratification arises doubtless from those who wish a longer occupation, in order to prevent the reassembling of the army, and its political depotism, under their favorite maxim of "Diosy Libertad." An army living for twenty years upon the life-blood of the country, five to one of their foes, allowed the latter to invade their soil, and take their capital. How could this be? They are not deficient in bravery, and their organization very good. The truth is the country is not with them. They had not the slightest assistance from populous towns and districts. Santa Anna's energy alone created them. Mexico has been so governed that it was impossible for patriotism or nationality to generate and flourish.

(Nine o'clock.) I dined with Commodore Shubrick; went to see him after service, knowing he wanted society, and feeling always more disposed to be civil to declining power than that newly assumed. Old Dr. Washington was there, and on the whole pleasant. Nothing is yet determined on. Things look favorable to our return. The disposing of the Congress and Geisinger, not less of Shubrick, are stumbling-blocks for Jones; the south-easter season, the holding of this place, are matters which will give him other fish to fry than to be issuing orders about whiskers, which he did on the way up! I have about a million of things to write about, but must close this to-night.

Cyane, May 13th, 1848,
Mazatlan, Saturday.

I mailed a long letter last Monday, and I had a much longer *in my mind* for the mail of after to-morrow, but unfortunately did not commence it in time. Within five minutes I have been ordered *to sea*, and can only write a hasty note. The details on many subjects I will give you in a journal letter, next week. Now for items only. The one which will interest you most is, that my intercourse with Commodore Jones has been as cordial and satisfactory as any of his predecessors. He visited my ship officially on the 11th, and I have received to-day the most flattering letter to myself, officers, and crew, that I have ever read, most eloquently expressed.* It occurred to Rowan and myself to receive him and show the crew in a way to set forth the nature of their past services on this station; in other words, as "infantry." This, without giving you the details, took him literally "by storm," as it surprised all on board from the Ohio, an enormous *suite;* proving to us, as that ship had been in the Gulf, that this squadron had been far ahead of anything there in the way of soldiering. After inspecting the ship in every part, and partaking of a pretty collation in the cabin, he told me he had never been so gratified, and as he could not make speeches, he would address me an official letter, etc. This I shall read to-morrow after service.

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*See Appendix.

One dreadful night did I pass since my last. It was at one time decided that I should take Geisinger to the East Indies, and he too to hoist his pendant on board of me. The Congress's crew could not be sent for fear of a mutiny, but mine (out three months longer) would go willingly if I said so. Very complimentary, but *very killing*, and a queer way of rewarding insubordination, by sending the good to die in their place, in the Canton river, where either crew would go off like sheep with the rot. But Jones is a just man; and the Preble goes,—now here; her commander, Glynn, and all on board pleased of course, for to them it is a great relief to have that variety in their cruise. I was near being sent to Guaymas, and then to Monterey, and now have to run over to San José, where Naglee's command is in a state of mutiny, open. I had a long letter from him, but I find he wrote officially to the commodore. He has secured the ringleaders, and wants to send them over here. I will be back in a week; am not very sorry, for my crew have all been on shore, and are very sick with influenza. The change will stop it. But what precious people to leave to hold a country!

And now for the best news I have to give you. I shall, unless some very unforeseen event occur, leave for home the 15th June. So soon as I get back we go to La Paz to pilot the Ohio there for the south-easter season, and the commodore told me he would dispatch me from there. He desires me to tell the crew in the above order that they will be on their way home by the 15th June. Of course disappointments may be in store for us, but I am happy and hopeful, and I have received so many blessings this cruise, and been so fortunate in my connection with my superiors, that I ought to be resigned to any *contretemps;* and I am sure you will be. I was very glad to meet Captain Glynn, who has thrown no eye of envy on this ship, though sent here for the Portsmouth, and that to take her to the East Indies!!! The particulars of this last arrangement he gave me, most discreditable to Mr. Mason, and honorable to Glynn, who spoke for the crew, etc. Glynn said to me, "You look thin, but your face and eye are full of intellect, showing your mind has been healthfully excited for the last two years." I told him I thanked him. He said, "I could not help telling you so, for you look so bright and happy." As when I receive a compliment, my thoughts jump thousands of miles to *some one*, whom I know would be pleased, I could not keep from writing you this, as Glynn is a sincere though blunt man.

I believe I did not tell you Major Miller had left me for the Islands. I have an excellent clerk with me, however, who came out with McKean, and whom Rudd, by bringing out a clerk, threw out of employ. His name is Ashton. I have missed Mr. Price beyond measure. Mr. Christian has no health, no energy, and is a dead weight, though mild and gentlemanly; but my patience is sorely tried.

The news of peace is good. I will have a long letter ready for you on my return from San José. Yours of November 11th, 1846, by barque Whitton, came by Preble from Upper California.

Cyane, Mazatlan,
May 21st, 1848, Sunday.

Last mail day (the 15th), my preceding note left here for you. It was written on Saturday, the 13th. On that night I sailed, as I told you I would, for San José, to bring off some mutineers from Naglee's command. I got back this morning, and find I must go to San Blas, perhaps, to-morrow, with as little reason, so far as I can learn, as there was for my going to San José, where Naglee was very sorry to find I had come, having only asked permission to *send*, not to *have sent for*, his men. Still, I am promised positively that I shall get away in *all June*. So much lengthened already from "before the middle," as I was made to tell my crew. But I am content and resigned. I wish there were better reasons for the detention even to June, that I could make others more patient. I return immediately, I believe, from San Blas, or by the 5th June, and as I understand it, am then to go to La Paz. The winds are so light at this season that these distances, however short, consume much time, which *new comers* will not understand. If they only would let us stay quiet here until we can be spared; but they seem to think the crew will be more satisfied if kept moving, while the reverse is the case. Every time the anchor is hove up now to go anywhere but towards home, there is great despondency. Yet as I am hopeful, and our passages are always good, I feel confident of getting away by the 1st July. If so, God willing, you will see me the 30th November. Five months is only a *fair* passage home; you seemed to think it would require *driving* to accomplish it. The arranging of this squadron now is a most difficult task, and I feel so thankful it is decided (almost the only that *is* decided), that the Cyane goes home, that I cannot but feel resigned to any little *contretemps*, and the delay even of a month would not sour me. The Preble has sailed with Geisinger, calling at San Blas, and then to the Islands and China. That party is disposed of, anyhow.

Now, after their services are no longer required, we have a crop of surgeons arriving, which is going to result in our losing Dr. Maxwell, at which I would fairly weep, if I had not been prepared for this before, by the doctor always intending to remain behind, to commence business at Honolulu, and then go for his wife. Dr. Edward is ordered here. I had intended writing you a journal letter, but during our run over to Lower California I wrote long letters to General Kearney, Captain Mackenzie, and Captain Ogden. All have been most attentive correspondents, and I thought it would be well to wind up with a good letter to each before leaving the station, and I knew you would not begrudge the time taken from you. If I did not write to you, I read, however, all your letters from No. 59 to 74 (three excepted, 71, 72, 73), twice over,—a nice consecutive pile, which did me a heap of good, and I noted several things to write in reply. This I still hope to do from San Blas, if I go there, through Mr. Bissell. Letters have been received here as late as 10th April, from home. Oh, if you had only written once more. But I will not complain, you have been so good in writing so much to me. Mr. Price, I see, got to New Orleans on the 10th April. I wish I had him here, for his poor sick substitute is of no account, and I have to leave him behind me half the time, when his steward, a very smart fellow, always chooses that moment to get mania-à-potu; but still all goes well with me, our merciful Father so protects me. I attended service on board the Ohio to-day; Mr. Clark is the chaplain.

I slept but little last night, as we run close in before daylight, so I must stop. I will go to Valparaiso and then stop at Pernambuco. Stribling has recommended this strongly, and it will save at least two weeks in the passage. The Cyane came *out* to Mazatlan (two stoppages, though very short), in five months. Going home is much easier, the wind is fair to double Cape Horn from the Pacific. Write me a letter to Pernambuco, if a vessel be advertised. I will try and get a letter down to Callao to have my letters there sent to Valparaiso instead of Callao.

(22d.) You do not seem to have been aware that Capt. Pendergrast's disease was paralysis, a disease almost unknown twenty years ago in the navy, and now very common. I hear of Captain Saunders, Armstrong, Shields, poor Irvine, all within two years. I have to mail this at twelve o'clock to-day. I have so much to write you! but I think it probable my letter by San Blas will overtake this one. Excuse this very hurried one, but I know you will, for you can guess the thousand things that occupy me and monopolize my time. Then in addition, as the doctor says, everybody runs to the Cyane, and we seem to be kept busier, and at the same time have more irons in the fire than any one else.

I am in hopes when you hear from or see Mr. Price, you may be tempted to write once more through Mexico. I would jump for joy* to have an April letter before I left the coast. When I think of our getting away certainly by 1st July, and hear the tone of the letters from home, I cannot but feel thankful, and we both should. For instance, Mr. Marcy writes to his son on board the Independence (a very fine fellow, by the way), "If there is a peace, we will hope to see you *some* day," — the opinion at home evidently being that no one can expect to come during the war. How little can such people appreciate the feelings of a crew like mine, who have been so worked ashore and afloat for three long years! An order from Mr. Mason says, "Mazatlan *must* be held at all hazards, its importance is fully appreciated," etc. They did not know until they got Commodore Shubrick's letters whether it was a fishing hamlet, or a rancho, or a city.

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* "Je sauterai de joie."

Cyane, May 26th, 1848,
Off port of Mazatlan.

Last mail day, just as I had closed my preceding letter, and had allowed myself barely time to reach Mr. Mott's counting-house, your letter of 2d and 6th April was put into my hand. I pushed on without breaking the seal, only taking a spare envelope with me, in case I had time to tear off the one already sealed, to add a word if the letter I held in my hand proved a late one. On giving the letter, I asked how much time I had to spare. The answer was, "Not a minute;" so I could only put a short endorsement of its reception on the 22d May, though, very provokingly, it had been two days in Mazatlan. That letter was the greatest of joys to me, and a just punishment a *second time*, for the little under growl about your not writing again across Mexico, uttered in the letter barely sealed.

To think of my San José letter so far outstripping Mr. Price, that you had it in your hands ten whole days before he landed in New Orleans! though he took it with him from San José, and mailed it in Mazatlan. Do you know I was specially wishing that I might hear of your reception of that letter before I left the coast, and so it has been. To think too of *all* my letters reaching you, while so many have been lost through Mexico! My last letter was hurried; neither can this one be very composed—and I believe I shall not again be able to write you a good journal letter and bring up some "leeway" in the chronicle of events out here, with my direct or indirect part or lot in them, until I get away into mid-ocean again, steering south for the equator, etc. This I will do; for we have had all the excitement attending the change of commander-in-chief in the squadron, and the last week has been one filled with rumors as to the changes, etc., etc. Twenty different—not so many—ten different plans have been started for the Cyane. I was always quiet and resigned, suggesting, when the opportunity was fitting, what *I thought best*, but cheerfully acquiescing in the decision of those above me. Nothing had been quite decided, when Captain Stribling came yesterday to inform me that Commodore Jones had sent him to say the Cyane would sail for home on the 30th instant, Tuesday next, touching at San Blas,—to get ready for that day! Joyful orders! A gain of two weeks over what I had most fondly hoped, but hardly expected! We are congratulated on all sides, every one saying it is right, and lauding Jones for his decision. It has had a happy effect on the crews of the whole squadron. The people on shore, captains of coasters, traders, etc., all stop me and say, "Well, captain, we hear the Cyane is going home,—well, you must be glad,—you have been out here a long time, but you have a good name on the coast," etc., etc. A man stepped up to me yesterday, whom I did not recognise in his check shirt and merchant rig, saying, "Captain DuPont, I want to shake hands with you. I am going off in the Admittance." I said, "I do not remember you, my man." He said, "I was one of the men left by the Portsmouth, and belonged to the garrison of San José, that you relieved; yes, sir, you relieved me, and I felt as if I would like to shake hands with you before I left the coast." I felt this much more than if it had come from a much higher source, or had been more eloquently expressed, and shook him heartily by the hand. He was a sober New England seaman, Cleary by name.

May 28th, Sunday.

I had the commodore yesterday, to dine with me, with Captain Stribling, Mr. Mott, Mr. Talbot, and some lieutenants. I had asked my old friend Captain Taylor, but he could not come. Things went off most pleasantly and Jones seemed highly gratified, and when he left said, "Well, you will not sail Tuesday, but must come and dine with me that day." I could not but feel how gladly I would have dispensed with his hospitality to have been a day sooner on my way home; but I believe some little delay is involved from other causes. Shubrick lingered some time after the others, and with Schenck, who always throws life and wit into all *re-unions*, he got quite in spirits, so that he left in a very different moon from the one he came in.

I think it hardly worth while, when, God willing, I shall see you in some five months, to go into all details as to movements here. We have been busy in preparing for sea. To-day is the last day that we, who have been many months together, will spend on board. Some twenty-five of my crew, and the marines, whose enlistment only expires in 1849 (they enlist for four years), leave me to-morrow for the Ohio. These men are those only that I have shipped in the Pacific. They are nice fellows mostly, and having as yet but little money due them, are willing to remain. Several who wanted much to get home have found substitutes in others who preferred remaining out,

—so nearly all have got exactly what they want, not easy to be said of sailors; but Commodore Jones, most kindly, gave me a *carte blanche* to arrange this, and it has been done with happy effect. We shall have abundance left to take us home, and the *élite* of the ship. Indeed, I believe we get back from other ships nearly as many marines as we sent out. We have also sent our *spare arms*, the muskets that had done us such good service, shot and shells, etc, and our little artillery field-piece (three-pounder). This little gun was brought back by Mr. Rowan and the crew from the Pueblo de los Angeles, as a present to me. In sending it, which I did without being asked for it, I said to Captain Stribling, "The little piece is a great pet on board, where it was mounted, but it is too valuable and handy to take away before peace is *quite* ratified." I received the most gracious reply from the commodore, who said it should be left to my order on the return of the Ohio; that he would have anything engraved on it I wished, etc., etc. I returned a message saying we were proud to have sent it, where feelings connected with such things seem to be appreciated.

We take home four midshipmen, who go for their examination, and Lieutenant Carter has joined me to-day, an excellent officer. He came out in the Portsmouth as master. Schenck goes with me to Valparaiso, and then takes the steamer.

I cannot but revert to the happy prospect of getting home once more. Yet the opportune moment, the way it has been done, the general satisfaction it gives to every one around us, the name and fame of the ship, all make my heart overflow with thankfulness. Page, in writing to say his cold was so bad he could not dine with me yesterday, says, "I give you great joy at so early a departure for home. I shall miss you terribly, I am well assured. No one can return home this war with more to be proud of than yourself, and I sincerely hope you may have a pleasant run to *Norfolk*, but you may naturally prefer some other place. What a delightful season to get home in—November—just as the evening firesides commence." As he underscores Norfolk I suppose he has heard that to be my destination, at which I am perfectly satisfied. Indeed, the ship should go to Norfolk or Boston, as she must be docked—and keep me from the latter, except in midsummer! Chatard, in a note also of yesterday, says, "I shall miss, with your other friends, those pleasant talks and your society, but I can't but feel happy that you are returning to your home and those who are so dear to you. You have had a glorious cruise. This is a hasty word from your old friend, and a sincere one, etc." "May our merciful Father watch over me and let me see you once more," is, as you may suppose, a constant prayer with me.

Cyane, bound to San Blas,
Off the Isabella Islands, June 3d, 1848.

My preceding number will have informed you that our prospects for home were growing from hope into a certainty of getting away in a very few days. That joyful event took place on Thursday, the 1st June. Our exit was graceful, and gave a crowning cause of thanks to us all around. The ships, a week before, had all hauled out. We got under way, and passing first close under the stern of the Ohio, we gave three hearty cheers, the men lining the rigging, dressed in white, from the topmast heads down. This was responded to by the Ohio's enormous crew returning the salutation, and their band struck up "Home, Sweet Home." We continued, passing close to her, and so soon as ahead fired a salute of thirteen guns. The Congress had also manned her rigging. We then squared away for the Independence, lying a mile to the southward. The same cheering was there exchanged; her men in blue frocks and white trousers, dressed for the occasion, looked magnificent. Her band also played, and we passed so close that the ships only did not touch. I could see the commodore, evidently affected with contending emotions. The Juno, English frigate, was in the roadstead, and some merchantmen. It was altogether a picturesque and spirited scene. Mr. Joseph Hobson, who, with Dr. Maxwell, still clung to us, having got a boat from the Congress to take them back, said he would have gone twenty miles at sea in a skiff to have witnessed it. There was a good working breeze, the ship was well handled, and all went right. I had boarded her while under way, having gone to the Ohio to take leave and get my final orders. I was touched by one incident. My late crew, those who had been transferred I mean to the Ohio, assembled around the gangway to see me off, and I stopped and shook hands with them. Six of the old crew had volunteered to take the place of men more recently shipped; these were foremost to see me off, and said they were dreadfully homesick, and wished it could be all undone again. In two hours we were out of *signal distance;* some not considering themselves safe until then. I must now tell you that not the least happy circumstance of my cruise has been this getting away part. All have complimented me upon, as they term it, how admirably I had *managed* it. This is wrong, so far as that word might convey *one* of its meanings. Everything was done fairly, openly, frankly, and graciously, and so far as secondary matters like these can effect a measure, they did, and with the uncomplaining and resigned spirit of the crew, and my own sincere readiness to abide patiently, matters were further helped. Something detained us on the 31st. On that night we heard the ratification of the treaty by the House of Deputies, the Senate being considered certain. All were delighted we had not weighed our anchors that day. Out here before the war, the anchors were not lifted until peace was restored. You understand this feeling.

I never shall forget my intercourse, professional and social, with Commodore Jones. He did but right in sending home this ship; but from beginning to end all was conducted with a graciousness and consideration that has made me feel very warmly towards him. I have been fortunate, and have only thanks to return to all his predecessors, from Commodore Sloat down,—not excepting Stockton, for I forgive him freely one or two ill-tempered things, and only remember his many kindly acts.

I have Chatard on board, who goes to San Blas to relieve the captain of the Lexington, Lieutenant Bailey, who was anxious to go home. I offered to take him with me, thus accelerating Chatard to a command, who is profoundly grateful. We met the Lexington coming up to Mazatlan yesterday, and turned her back. Lieutenant Schenck is also on board, and lives with me, as well as Chatard. They keep me in a broad laugh day and night, and their society, so very sprightly and witty, has done me much good and given me a *répos d'esprit* as it were, or rather, a pleasant variety. Schenck will leave me at Valparaiso. Bailey, I expect, will go round with me. He is an amiable old fellow, knows a good deal in many things, has served ten years in the Pacific; will not inconvenience me, though Chatard thought it was great kindness.

At San Blas I shall take in some water, get fowls, fruit, etc., communicate with Bissell, and be off in about forty-eight hours, or three days at furthest. Every day now the winds are lighter, and more from the southward, and I hardly hope to get to Valparaiso under sixty days. Jones in my orders was as gracious and liberal as in everything else. I *have* to go to Valparaiso, but after that I can stop at any port in Brazil I please, and then it is left to my option to go into Norfolk, New York, or Boston. I should prefer personally to go to New York, of course; but the ship should go where there is a dry dock, and as the season is too late to go to Boston, I will go to Norfolk, as the best port to subserve the public interest. I will not stop at Rio, unless something now unforeseen should make it necessary, such as the scurvy among my crew, which I do not anticipate.

4th June, Sunday.

We have had a foretaste of the light winds we have to encounter. We are yet some twenty-five miles from San Blas, which it will take us all day to reach, making three days passage from Mazatlan, that is only one hundred and twenty miles,—some forty or fifty miles per day only. This will last for some four or five hundred miles from San Blas. This passage to Valparaiso from the northwest coast of Mexico is one of those much discussed among the navigators of the Pacific. I have never yet made it, but am perfectly familiar with all the theories. That which I prefer is to cross the equator in 100° longitude, or thereabouts, avoiding the calm regions in the vicinity of the Galapagos Islands. You then take the south-east trade wind, and sail close as these will let you, until you cross the southern tropic and nearly reach the latitude of Valparaiso, when the trades cease, and you get the counter wind, or southwesterly breezes, with which you turn your head from south to east, and thus reach the coast of Chili.

I have just had our little service; when I read the closing prayer at sea, I found my voice disposed to falter a little. All the ship is right. The crew were very nice and clean, and seemed happy. Chatard said, "Well, you have a man-of-war here." I put an order in the book to prevent any relaxation, for I have always disliked to see things go to wreck on the plea that the ship was going home. We gave away to the squadron all that we could spare,—two boats, sails, etc.

I acknowledged the receipt of your 6th April letter, last mail from Mazatlan. That letter was a great treat. I was almost sorry, however, that you had gone to housekeeping so soon, lest you might fatigue yourself, though it is a happy thought, too, to think you there again, where we have spent so many happy hours. Poor Jim! I do hope he will live until I get home. Will you ask Harry to keep his eyes open for a fine horse for us; though I believe I have already asked you to tell him. A good family horse; with some spirit and action, however.

Dr. Maxwell has given me his badger, which we got on one of our expeditions. It is a very curious animal. The most amusing thing is, every one *imagines* he knows what a badger is,—I suppose from the illustration, "Gray as a badger;" but in reality they are very little known,—between a small bear, a raccoon, a little of the opossum, too. The doctor, knowing that Mr. Mott had disappointed me by not getting me a pair of Chihuahua dogs, wanted to leave me his also, but this I declined, and am going to take it home to his little girl. I miss the doctor beyond expression; his successor is very attentive, however, and I of course am kindly, lest he might suppose my preference for another might influence me.

I wrote to Eleu at last. I take good care to pay all my debts before leaving a station. Commodore Shubrick has written to his brother. I told him of the death of poor Mrs. Bradford. It is really a great blow to Mrs. Heyward; but Mrs. Bradford always struck me as having no constitution.

You must excuse this letter, particularly the chirography. Like many of its predecessors, it is very badly written; this was owing to my having a touch of rheumatism in my right arm, which comes and goes, but which in holding a pen I always feel a little. The damp air of the coast has produced this, but it only annoys me in the way I speak of, and is passing off. I am gaining flesh again, persons having found me very thin on my return from California. This was produced, as I have told you before, by a cold in the system, caught *shelling* at Pichilingué.

The breeze is springing up, and we are approaching San Blas, where we have not been since 1846. I must dispatch my courier to Tepic immediately after anchoring.

Cyane, San Blas, June 6th, 1848.

My courier has returned from Tepic. There is nothing in that quarter to detain me, and I am off to-morrow morning, as I shall finish filling my water to-night. Mr. Bissell says my letter to you was forwarded on the 6th (to-day). The Mexican Senate have ratified the treaty, and there is a peace! Happy event! and a fortunate termination to a contest which, however wrong in its commencement, cannot yet be judged by man. The folly of not including Lower California is hard for us here to get over. An envoy extraordinary has passed through to Mazatlan from the American Commissioners, directing the evacuation of that city, of Guaymas and La Paz.

We have late news from the United States and from Mexico. I see Mr. Clay's name is to go before the convention of the Whigs, to disturb their deliberations, or, if nominated, to insure another destructive overthrow to his party and friends. General Taylor is also blundering. He has departed from his lofty position of belonging to no party, and I see now he says he is a Whig, but not an ultra one. I wish the convention would set them both aside and take up Mr. Clayton. I shall probably reach Norfolk about election day,—7th November. Please have a letter for me at Norfolk on 1st November. I am sorry there is no telegraph at Norfolk; but the comfort of going to a southern port in *the fall* makes up for this and more, for it will spare us the wear and tear of the coast. I am afraid you will find me very sensitive to the cold after my long siege in the tropics and temperate climes. Is is burningly hot here to-day, cloudy withal and damp, though something of a sea breeze is blowing;—this, if you exclude for a moment by shutting a door, you will find yourself in a profuse perspiration.

I see the whole army is *brevetted*. What pleased me most was that of General Kearney.

I landed yesterday the first time, though I had been off here so much;—or rather, twice,—and am very glad I had the opportunity, for I should have gone away with a wrong impression of the topography, etc. A pretty river runs up, which makes a harbor or anchorage for small vessels. The lower town is on its banks. Some enormous trees are there, rank vegetation, reptiles, etc., in abundance, and miasma and fever "sticking out" of every swamp, to use a sailor phrase. On the high eminence a mile back stands the old town of the Spaniards, with its custom-house, town hall, church, plaza of stone, with piazzas, etc., uninhabited but by a few squalid people, and going to decay. From there, however, the view is very fine, inland and seaward. I wish you could see a flower Patterson brought off this morning,—pink, in thin fibres, hanging over a large tumbler with gorgeous effect. I think it is an air plant.

Chatard took command of the Lexington this morning, and old Bailey's luggage has come on board, crowding Schenck a little; but we will get along very well.

I do not anticipate much cutting down of the navy on this peace. The condition of Europe will prevent this, and our extended coasts on the Pacific. The doctors and pursers are flourishing in their epaulets; but if the other part of the navy be true to itself, this will not matter much, though these two grades are no longer part or lot of one corps; but a kingdom within a kingdom, bitter and hostile. Our friends in the District, you must remember, belong to a *branch* of the service also, and their true feelings are not very navy. My own have undergone a great change about the corps. If we could only insure sobriety among seamen, I should like to see them cut adrift from us. Remember me to poor Jim, if alive!

Cyane, at sea, *June* 27th, 1848.
Latitude 10° S., Longitude 114° W.

Though the ship is rolling deep, and gives now and then an ugly twist, what we call lurching, making it pretty difficult to hold on, yet I cannot let this day pass without saying a word to you. * * * We are dashing along towards you (from you in one sense), at a fine rate, and all is cheering and promising for a fair passage to Valparaiso,—as fifty days is considered,—with some hopes that it may be less, and come under the denomination short, forty-five days being so held. My letters of 18th and 29th May from Mazatlan, with my two of 4th and 7th June from San Blas, will have put you au courant of all the circumstances attending the last change of commodores and our getting off for home, owing to Commodore Jones' consideration. All these circumstances were of a gratifying character to me, some of them in the highest degree; and our departure, a happy and graceful one in itself, seemed to have been detained a few hours, that we might go off with the knowledge of peace, leaving us really nothing to ask for.

July 1st.

I was compelled to stop writing after finishing the above half page, so rough was the sea. It has so continued, and is still far from smooth. We are doing well, however, and everything goes to my satisfaction. This passage from the northwest coast, or west coast of Mexico, to Valparaiso, is one of a good deal of speculation among navigators and traders. It is very variable in its length, ranging from eighty-six days, that of the Columbus to Valparaiso, and eighty-five days, that of the Erie to Callao, to passages of forty-five days, such as the Portsmouth's last, one of the Dale's in 1843, forty-seven days, another of forty-five days by the Savannah in 1845; from Acapulco, however. These three tracks, the shortest I know of, I happen to have; for I long ago commenced collecting information about this very run, knowing I would one day have to make it. I will take occasion by the way to tell you, because I know it will please you, that the habit of procrastination which I have had at home, and which I know you have often lamented, though you kindly spared my feelings about it, never has, and still less this cruise, prevailed with me in *professional* matters. I am always thinking of the future and providing for it, and many a good turn has this foresight saved me. That I may have equal forethought for *another future*, and be equally prepared for the tremendous issue involved, is my daily prayer.

But I was speaking of this passage,—not very interesting to you I fear,—but still a subject you can take some interest in for my sake. One of the points most discussed, is the longitude at which the equator is to be crossed, the general opinion being that the 100° is the preferable place; but this is not always optional. After leaving San Blas we steered to the southward, and had a fine run for several days, and were beginning, with the usual shortsightedness of mortals, judging of all by the passing moment, to speculate about beating this ship or that one, etc. But in 10° north we took a southwesterly wind, which drove us but by slow degrees to the eastward, making all the time but very little southing. We reached 98½°, and still five degrees north of the equator, when I began to fret, lest we got into the calm regions encircling the Galapagos at many hundred miles. There was nothing else to be done, though, and east we had to go. All were anxious lest we were *in* for one of the *long* passages, while in truth the very best thing was happening to us, for on the following day, still in 5° north, we took the south-east trade, and having more southing than easting in it, drove us away to the westward, crossing the equator on the 23d June in the longitude of 107° west. For several days previous we have had much rain, with occasional squalls,—indeed, more rain in a week than we had seen for two years. We are sailing finely along, crossing the trade wind, and though sailing as close to it as we can, we have reached the 150° of longitude, but the last day we have got a little eastward of south,—the first *inclination*, though a very slight one, towards our port. We are up with the headmost ship whose tracks I have put down on the chart, and is a matter of great interest to all on board to compare *the runs*, the winds, etc., which each had. It is a kind of companionship on this desert and gigantic waste of waters; for not a sail have we seen. Two boobies and a boatswain bird (noddie), are the only objects in animated nature we have seen, except some curious floating substances,—medusæ, whale feed, and the like. These birds, by the way, were six hundred miles from the nearest land known *to us*. They were around the ship for several days.

July 2d, Sunday.

A fine day; that is, clear and bright, the wind is fresh and *fair*. The sea is high, however, which with our press of sail makes us roll and pitch a good deal. Still I had our little service, though the dash of waters alongside would almost drown my voice. But I felt we had so much to be thankful for, that I could not bear to defer it. Indeed, I have never permitted anything but imperative causes to interfere with it. It is very short, but read in *earnest;* could I have had a single officer or man to take any real interest, I would willingly have made it longer. Still I was determined that every one should see that I remembered and respected the Sabbath, and, together with the fact that no man on board of her ever heard me swear or utter an improper word, may have had some little effect. I must say, however, that all are attentive and not irreverent. I have been reading, since, the first chapter of Paul to Timothy, and was struck with the strength and truth of many of its verses, in a way I had not felt on previous readings. There seems very comprehensive grace in the verse where Paul says, after being a blasphemer, etc., "But I have obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly, in unbelief,"—though this will not apply, I presume, to those who sin against light.

July 4th.

Since I parted with you, all my Fourths have been passed at sea. This day is very pleasant, the weather being more settled and clear, and we are going at a famous rate still. I passed rather a wakeful night as we were passing near Pilgrim's Island, which I am sure does not exist but in name. Easter Island we left far to the south. It is inhabited; with nothing known of it but what we have from Captain Cook; his account and Foster's are curious.

I have been reading Darwin (which Captain Bailey happened to have among his books), and liked it; of course, a thousand times the more enjoyed because you had read it. I think he is a reliable author. I have also had a file of Intelligencers of November up to 23d of December, with two sent by you, of Henry's, of 25th and 28th December, which gives me Fremont's trial up to those dates. As a matter of duty, and to freshen my own memory of the events involved, I have read the evidence and all the documents, but have thrown down nearly every paper in disgust.

The Intelligencer has matters of much more interest in it, and is a refreshing paper, though I do not agree with all its war news, because they were not practical, however right in the abstract.

I wait with impatience, and hope to hear at Valparaiso the nominations by the two parties of their presidential candidates. I am very sorry General Taylor did not do thoroughly and emphatically one of three things:

1st. Refuse all nominations on high and patriotic ground, which would have made him a hero, second to Washington only.

2d. Stand firm where he started; be no party man, have no lot or part in any movement having his elevation in view; give no pledges, and make no promises.

3d. Come out frankly with his evident and strong political sympathies, and be the Whig candidate from the first.

I judge his son-in-law, Colonel Davis, may have prevented his doing this. His last letters are *very Whig*, and it is a little painful to see, as I do, that "*l'appetit vient en mangeant.*" I believe he was really indifferent at first, hence his no-party tack. Finding this did not take, and probably ambition roused, he is sliding into the Whig ranks evidently. *En attendant*, Mr. Clay I see is again forward, and I fear the two will, between them, destroy the Whig party. If Taylor should be taken up, he will not run as he would have done had he yielded to the first nomination. If Mr. Clay be again nominated, I trust another tremendous effort will be made to elect him. I feel my own enthusiasm, quieted down as it has been by other scenes and other sympathies rather than political ones, revive with the mention of his name as a candidate. Still I am very doubtful of the possibility of electing him. So many men are committed against *him*, and have been so for years, that they cannot assist his friends, or come round. A new name would reap this advantage. Many a leader from the other side would join the Whigs, who would not join Mr. Clay.

July 12th.

A change of prospects has come over us, so far as a quick passage is concerned. Our fine breeze left us on the 5th of July, just when we thought ourselves most safe, and with certain winds. Since that day we have had calms and easterly winds, and we could only go *south*, and not a mile nearer our port than we were this day week. We are in 33½° south latitude,—that is, south of our port (Valparaiso) some thirty miles. Yesterday we had a most perfect day, with an ocean without its usual long swell; cool, but not cold,—such a temperature as often prevails in October at home. In the night a gentle breeze sprung up from the westward, and we were moving on, slowly however. Thirty-five days out to-day, and fifteen hundred miles from Valparaiso. But we have had good weather and much to be thankful for. During the calms, if we had had the ordinary southwest swells, we should have rolled unmercifully, and flapped out our sails, which we can ill spare, having generally one on deck mending all the time. As I have often said, it is a desert ocean, this Pacific. Not a sail have we yet seen. Within a few days, however, we have had pleasant little companions, a flock of Cape pigeons, the prettiest of sea birds,—white breasts, brownish purple heads, not to say black, beautifully speckled back and wings. When on the water, much like a pigeon; when on deck, more like a duck. Strange to say, I never saw them before, I think. Though generally in large numbers at the Cape, we did not see them in the Congress. My passengers and messmates, Bailey and Schenck, are pleasant companions. The first, quiet and unobtrusive; the latter, inexhaustible in humorous anecdotes, and well informed on general subjects. I believe we must get in by the 15th, for him to *hit* the steamer. If he should miss his chance, he will doubtless continue with us round the Cape, for he would only gain, as it is, some twenty days on us, there being a delay at Jamaica; this too at a very unhealthy season, and he is not very well.

Some are calculating we may meet the St. Mary's at Valparaiso. We shall not hear much later news than we have had through Mexico. The condition of Europe is deeply interesting. Indeed, what an era we are living in! The progress in the physical sciences, and the convulsions and throes of the world, make a stupendous epoch. Political and social fabrics of ages are crumbling to pieces, while space and distance are annihilated by electricity. The wonderful events in the old world have certainly had the effect to place our own country in the first position among nations. It is to be hoped we will not abuse this important station, calculated to produce so much good or evil. Is it not strange, amid these contending events, that the Popedom rears its head in pristine vigor, showing, as it were, that the corruptions of man were not able to undermine entirely the solid rock of faith upon which it was built. America may yet purify that church. I was amazingly struck the other day in reading an account of Bishop Hughes attending a celebration of the "Pilgrim Society"! How much I wish to speak with you about all these things,—to discuss these great passing events. It is one among the greatest blessings I look forward to. I have been associated with but very few persons who take an interest in these things.

Saturday night, 22d July.

Since my last on the preceding sheet we have had those changes and extremes to which navigators are liable. The wind continued most adverse, always from the eastward, with one single day's exception, until the 16th, when, having reached the latitude of 33½ degrees south, we took a gentle breeze from the west, which gradually increased and got to south, until it reached half a gale in strength, and we have since come with tremendous speed, the ship never sailing so well. In these seven days we have come nearly fourteen hundred miles; with wet and blowy weather, however, my sternposts in for the first time for nearly two years, and making it unpleasant to write, or I should have taken the pen before. Yesterday we passed an English brig, the first sail for forty days,—our only companions being the faithful Cape pigeons, joined recently by an albatross or two. We all regretted, on getting so far south, that we could not steer for Cape Horn, and go to Rio instead of Valparaiso. But my orders to stop here are positive, whereas it is optional to stop or not, and where I please, on the other side. To make a quick passage home from the north-west coast it is better to sail for Rio direct, for you can go to Cape Horn in the same time you can go to Valparaiso. We are now approaching the latter place with a *little* greater speed than I wanted. To-day at noon we were one hundred and seventy miles from it,—which was just what I wanted,—*more* than we could accomplish before daylight, at seven or eight miles an hour; but she must take it in her head to be going ten or ten and a half, and now it is just ten o'clock, we are only twenty-seven miles from the land, and have eight hours yet till daylight, for this is the winter season in the South Pacific. Fortunately we got good observations to-day, and I have confidence in Fairfax, particularly in his honesty and conscientiousness. He would acknowledge an error rather than run any risk. Yet these are nights at best which banish sleep, and I shall not close my eyes,—beginning to look out myself after midnight, and *heave to* in time with proper discretion. The moon rises at twelve, which is very favorable. If it were day and clear we would already see the Andes,—

the Bell of Quillota, and Aconcagua, beyond Mendoza, and higher than Chimborazo.

I hope we shall have the good fortune to get in to-morrow, making a forty-six days' passage,—very good, after all; and we are all well; sick list much diminished, though Vander Horst is on it. The weather has been cold,—that is, to our thin blood. The thermometer is only down to 47°, yet we are cased, all of us, in flannel. I sleep under two blankets, cloak, etc., and am cold at that; or have been, but to-day is warmer. It will be a good preparation for Cape Horn. We have all cause for thankfulness. I hope to get away by the first of August. But more of this when we get in. Rowan and I have made all our plans for getting the ship snug and substantial in every way, while we get in our water and supplies. Good night.

23d July.

We are snug at anchor in Valparaiso. Yesterday at twelve we were one hundred and seventy miles off, to-day at eleven we were in. I run on last night till three in the morning, furiously, for I could not stop the ship; taking sail off seemed to have no effect. At three, I judged myself twenty miles off; at daylight we saw the land, and on we pushed, making a beautiful landfall, the light-house being right ahead. The chronometers were right, though I was anxious lest the change of temperature from the hot coast of Mexico to the South Pacific might affect their rate, which is the most likely thing to do it. The approach was magnificent; the Andes covered with snow and gilded with the rising sun. We had many visitors so soon as we anchored; found the dates about equal to our latest received through Mexico. We brought the news of peace, giving great satisfaction. William Hobson came on board with your letter of end of February and 1st of March,—a very interesting letter; it was a great treat to find it here, though I had received later from you. I landed about two, dined on shore, saw the new consul and his wife, very clever people, and went in the evening to attend service with them at Mr. Trumbull's, who was delighted to see me. A small, evangelical looking little chapel, with about fifteen people in it. I enjoyed it very much, though having been up the whole previous night, I feel now very tired, and my hands so cold that I can hardly hold my pen, having just come from shore. You know they allow no Protestant churches in this country, though Bishop Hughes is a great apostle of civil and religious liberty in the United States. Protestant places of worship are on *sufferance* only, and no knowledge of them *soit disant*. If you were to attempt to rear a steeple there would be a row quick enough.

The steamer comes in to-morrow, and they expect dates up to 20th May. The St. Mary's we know nothing of.

July 24th.

The weather is very fine, though cold. This place is improving, market good, and though it is neither the season of vegetables nor fruit, yet both are to be had, with excellent beef, milk, eggs, and butter; you can hardly conceive the relish with which such things are enjoyed, after a California and west-coast cruise. Everything is exorbitant, however. We hope to escape the northers; are busy getting ready, and will do it effectually before we leave.

William Hobson gives a terrible account of his shipwreck. He was delighted with your letter, which he is to show me. I have not seen his new wife, but will call to-day. I dine with Mr. George Hobson to-day. A visit interrupts me.

July 25th.

I took a family dinner with Mr. George Hobson; he is well posted up in European affairs, and gave me many interesting items of the French and other revolutions in Europe. La Martine seems to be one of those men of genius whom circumstances bring forward, or who know how to seize the passing moment and events to reach the highest eminence. His firmness so far in maintaining a moderate policy is beyond all praise.

We have delightful weather for our refitting, and are doing our best; caulkers hard at work. A ship (English) put back here yesterday from Cape Horn, having met south-easterly gales, which, being heavily laden with guano, she could not stand, and was much injured. These easterly winds will be all over by the time we get there, and every one of the experienced persons on shore say we shall have a rapid and fine run round, and meet no ice.

The weather here is finer than in summer,—flowers are in bloom. There are grapes and apples; the former, hung up, keep for a month yet. Mr. Hobson has promised me some seed of the red Datatura. How did you know it had seed? the white has not. The red species come from the interior of Bolivia, and is not the Bengal plant. I am getting some seeds of different kinds, though Mrs. Hobson says there is literally nothing worth taking.

I have been returning calls this morning in the bay, to the English guard ship Nereus; the schooner Cockatrice, which came through the straits of Magellan, that from all that I can learn has much more dangers than Cape Horn. I went then to the *Heroine*, French corvette. They have been four years out; have been all over the Pacific,—Society, Samoan

Group, Caledonia, and New Hebrides; buried thirty-four men at sea, from scurvy, and landed one hundred in cots at Tahiti, all broken down with sea service. Their visits to these islands were altogether connected with the French missionary enterprises, which greatly disgusts the officers, who say the missionary priests are most exacting. The French squadron is principally occupied about them. Some *Sœurs Grises* and Jesuits arrived yesterday in a French bark from France. The French revolution astounds all the French in these parts, who, however, are mostly *Republicans.* This is steamer day from Panama; she did not come yesterday. All are looking for news. I am sorry I wrote you I would go to Callao; I might otherwise have had a letter by her; but I was greatly delighted with the one I did find, which I have been reading over.

I have been looking over March and April files of papers; have seen with great pain Mr. Clay's announcement of himself as a candidate, which must, in my opinion, annihilate the Whig party, and probably secure Mr. Polk the nomination by the other party. I am too sorry he left the dignified retirement which he had commenced. The Whigs are always doomed to self-destruction.

The mountains are beautiful to-day. I wish you could see them. The smoke is slightly curling out of Aconcagua, twenty-three thousand feet high and upward, but four thousand short of the highest peak of the Himalayas. The snow is low on the former. The sun is bright, but it is quite cool. Two ships are off. You can't conceive how much I enjoy our delay here of a few days. I was not aware, and could not realize until getting back here, to what extent our past two and a half years have been spent in semi-barbarous countries. This is an Eldorado compared with the one supposed by many to exist in California. I saw yesterday Mrs. William Hobson,—pleasant and amiable,—but I presume was an elder sister of his first wife. Mr. Ward has a little girl running about since I was here.

26th July.

The steamer is in, and I have just received Commander Johnston's card from there who came in her, and says he has a large number of letters for this ship. I am going presently to see him, being detained for a moment on board. By the way, I have got my box containing cigars at last. It had remained in the custom-house here. So I have just read Henry's note of September, 1846. Thank him for it. The cigars would have been a wonderful treat in California. I smoke now much less than I did, yet they are very welcome still. (5 P.M.) I have your letter of the 27th April. Am I not a lucky man? Johnston, the scamp (one of my Ontario messmates), sent me word he had it, but would not send it off,—that he could not come on board, and I *must* come after it, for he wanted greatly to see me. I thought I would get a letter by that steamer, somehow or other, but selfish-like, I am longing for your letter sent to Mr. Price, which of course is now missed, as it was doubtless fuller than this one on all subjects. I suppose he enclosed it to Mr. Bissell through the Howlands. Thank you a thousand times for writing so often. Poor Jim, I see he lingers still. I am glad his spiritual condition is satisfactory. I am very sorry I shall not find him on my return. I regret greatly you missed your visit to Washington, because I believe it would have done you good in many ways, and carried joy to our friends there; yet you decided like yourself in staying.

I am glad all the family are well. The gentlemen I presume are by this time merged in the political campaign. You will find on the previous page my opinion of Mr. Clay's being a candidate again. Your letters recently had been so filled with admiration of Mr. Clay, that I forbore expressing my opinion of his letter to which you have alluded. The same internal evidence of a decayed mind had struck me. There seems no doubt he will be the candidate, or is now. I believe any new man might succeed; Mr. Clayton for instance. It is a thousand pities now General Taylor did not accept the Whig nomination at first. Had he come out a Whig, Mr. Clay must have yielded to him, and then tens of thousands of Locos would have gone over to the Whig ranks, with many leaders. How can men who have acted, spoken, electioneered against Mr. Clay for year after year, compromised and committed against him in every way, be expected to turn a somersault and vote for him? Johnston, who has always been a rabid Loco, says he could have voted for General Taylor, while if at home he would consider it his duty to *electioneer even* against Mr. Clay. A Mr. King, bearer of dispatches to Colonel Mason, left after Johnston, and brings dates to 27th May. He tells us the Democratic convention had been in session two or three days, but no nomination had been made, owing to the delay in regulating about the divided party from New York. I have always thought that Silas Wright being dead, they would a second time throw overboard their chief men and fall back upon an available one; and it struck me no better available would present himself than Mr. Polk, having the power and patronage of *place* already in his hands. Mr. King says this is most probable,—that Buchanan, the most prominent man, will not succeed. I think the whole Democratic party will unite on Mr. Polk again,—if so, of course

Mr. Clay's second defeat will be more humiliating than the first.

I never got, as I told you, Dr. Wiley's letter. I am very sorry the doctor suffers so; and what can he do without his eyes, poor man? I did not know James Forbes was dead; it must have been a great blow to his sister; though it will doubtless promote and extend her own life, for I believe she was much confined by her brother's infirmities. If when you get this you have time and your eyes are well, pray drop the doctor a little note, and tell him how I am, etc.

Johnston is a capital fellow to have fallen in with, being a great talker, and pretty well posted up in all naval and other matters. He says the Portsmouth arrived at Boston the 9th May, two days before he left New York, so she had seventy-eight days from here,—a good passage, which so fast a ship must always make, yet I do not look to have a day longer than that ourselves. Apropos, I had to-day a very civil letter from our *chargé*, Mr. Barton, in reply to mine, which being also civil, seems to have gratified him very much. He says he has most important dispatches, and that our arrival is very opportune to take them; some he will give to Mr. Schenck, to go across, the others he will send by me, and says I would confer a favor on him, and still more on the Government, if I could give him a day or two beyond the one I had named in my letter. I wrote him to-day that I would remain with pleasure until the 3d, and until the 5th if necessary. I believe our delay here is rather an advantage. The days are getting longer at the Cape, and the east wind *blowing out*. All tell me we shall have a fine run home. If so, you may begin to look out for me the 15th October; no accident, and God willing, we shall certainly be in by the 25th October. The ship has greatly improved in her sailing, caused principally by my putting two guns below. I am going to put two more on the berth deck, which makes her easier; but oh, she is a great hand at *rolling*,—nothing can stop her. We are making everything very efficient. The crew is behaving well; I had to punish two men to-day, the first since we left San Blas. I believe I will let them visit the shore; which I declared coming down (to myself and Rowan) I would not do. But the latter says they are so crazy about it, and this being the paradise of sailors, and to give them no excuse to behave badly on our arrival, nor to be sulky going home, I believe, after mature thought, it had better be done. But oh, what a job! there are fifty reasons against it; but not one of which a sailor can understand,—enervating them for Cape Horn; disease again, at a moment when our sick list is very small; many will be left behind, and lose their three years' wages, to say nothing of the noise and drunkenness and uproar for three days; it makes me sick to think of it.

July 29th.

Mr. Schenck goes to-morrow in the steamer, and wants to close his dispatch bag to-day. I will therefore close this letter, having nothing particular to add except that we are progressing with our preparations, but the caulking is very slow and cannot be hurried. I am still pushing to be off on Thursday, the 3d, but I see it will, in all probability, be the 5th. The weather is fine. We have had the reading of some late papers. I have a "Wilmer's European Times," containing the events of Europe from 2d to 17th of May, full of interest. The affairs of France seem to me problematical yet, though the moderate republicans seem still in the ascendency; yet you see already so much abstraction; so much impulse! Abolition of slavery pompously proclaimed, without a single *modus*, form, or even date given. When the decree reaches an island, the manacles fall, yet no protection, much less *remuneration* to the master, is yet arranged. So with corporeal punishment in the navy. That is abolished, but no substitute offered. They have so little recourse to it, however, in the French navy, it being a scarecrow there more than anything else, that it will not injure their discipline as it would ours. Ours it would utterly destroy, and produce instant mutiny and bloodshed. Yet the French officers here consider it unfortunate for them. One thing, however, must be said for the French,—they dispatch business with great energy. Their assembly is too numerous and unwieldy. The same passions evidently exist as in 1789, yet subdued by the progress and enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and therefore presaging better and more permanent results.

I have written my letter to poor Mrs. McLanahan. She knows nothing of the remains of her son, or what was done, etc. It is a letter I would rather not have had to write, but it will interest her, and I hope console her, perhaps; and I having been his commander, renders it fitting I should do it. I must now write to Mr. Price, and am constantly interrupted, to say nothing of the awful *tapage* of the caulkers. Cordial love to my sisters and yours (mine too, happy man that I am to have them!), to Charles, and all friends. If Mr. Clayton is on the Whig ticket, tell him to pay my taxes; otherwise I care not about it. I have had a Herald of 25th May, saw the turmoil of the Loco Baltimore Convention; but all dissensions will disappear from their ranks the moment Mr. Clay is nominated.

Since writing this I have had a polite message from the French captain, telling me a vessel sailed for Callao, and he would forward anything, etc. Of course I had nothing. The little midshipman I made sit down, and found that he talked like a little book about the doings in France; says the discipline of their ship is already gone; but I must stop, with a thousand things to to tell you.

Saturday night, October 2d, 1848,
At Sea, standing for Cape Henry.

To-morrow, God willing, we shall enter the Chesapeake, or get a pilot, as the wind is light. We are now crossing the Gulf Stream slowly.

We sailed from Valparaiso on Monday, 7th of August, only, not getting away the 4th, as I wrote you. We have had a splendid passage even this far, but to the equator never equalled but once. I crossed it in thirty-five days, or exactly on the 5th Monday after leaving Valparaiso. On the 11th September, we were in the North Atlantic, but since then we have hardly made an ordinary average passage. If we could have had this, say twenty-four days, we should have made an unrivaled passage. If we get in to-morrow, or even Monday, it will have been but very rarely equalled. I mention these things because they are the staple *malheureusement* of seamen's thoughts. To me I can say they are very secondary; I have so much to be thankful for, that no *contretemps* of winds, etc., can affect me. To get home at all, causes feelings of overwhelming gratitude.

The passage from San Blas to Valparaiso, though good, was to me very tedious; it was so uncertain, and did not seem like a start for home. This one has been the most agreeable I have made. Not an hour has hung heavy. I have occupied myself systematically and profitably. All my affairs are arranged, papers filed, etc., and I have written a synopsis of the cruise of the Cyane, with no special view in relation to it. I wish you to see it. I made the cruise of this ship the thread upon which to weave the operations of the squadron in the Pacific, from the beginning to the end of the war, in a consecutive and not elaborate form; a subject which no one has yet understood, the Department less than any. The service out here was honorable to the navy, but the changes of heads, the selfishness of some, and the partial operations of others, have let all fall flat and profitless. Of course I know the day has gone by when any interest can be revived in these affairs. Yet histories will be written, and nothing could be more false and unjust than for any one to attempt to give a statement from present materials. The navy itself should know too what a portion of it has done. Justice is done to all so far as I could,—injustice to none, most certainly. My own name only appears once,—where I took command of this ship. But I meant to keep all this until we met, and only alluded to it to give you an idea of my occupations.

Cape Horn treated us most kindly. The truth is the winter season there is the pleasantest. We saw no ice. We came down the west coast to the Cape with awful speed, before the north-west gales, scudding before seas that make a man's hair stand on end, under a close reef main topsail,—but this is the finest ship I ever saw for that most dangerous operation. We did not suffer from the cold, and so soon as we rounded Western Patagonia the wind moderated. I went outside the Falklands,—averaging from Valparaiso to the equator one hundred and seventy-eight miles a day. I never tacked ship until yesterday.

In the southeast trade, we saw and spoke an English ship, bound for Ceylon. Mind ye, our last dates were 25th May from New York, no regular file at that; and 22d May from Europe. I lowered a boat and boarded. The man had not a paper! left London about 10th August, said there had been bloody work in Paris, and this is all we know yet on that head. On the 22d September, in 13° *north*, we fell in with an unfortunate creature, another Englishman, who on the 1st September had been dismantled in a twinkling of an eye; his masts taken clean out of him by a gust of wind, before the vessel had had time to lay over to it. He was under jury masts, making for Barbadoes or Demarara. He was seventy-three days from Buenos Ayres. I furnished him rigging, spars, provisions, and sent him away quite relieved. From *him* we got two Glasgow papers of 15th and 18th July, quite a treat. The putting down of the Chartist meeting in London, a glimpse of French National Assembly, etc., just enough to be totally in the dark. Finally, this morning, I boarded a small pilot boat craft, bound for the West Indies, forty-six hours from New York; he had four Heralds, from 30th September to 4th October. We were ignorant of even the nominations. We were astounded to find incidentally that Mr. Taylor and not Mr. Clay was running; General Cass, the most insignificant and mean of the Democrats, being *their* nominee. What does all this mean? Some scraps from Europe gave me an *aperçu*, so you see how much you have to post me up.

One thing I perceive, there has been a heavy equinoctial gale. You must have thought anxiously about us if you thought us so far on. Further, there seems to have been a hurricane in September. While all were complaining at the light winds after crossing the line, "spoiling our fine run," as they termed it, I frequently said, "Take it easy, gentlemen, we are perhaps escaping a gale or hurricane on the coast." We saw in the Herald the squadron was at La Pas on the 28th July. Independence had sailed for home. Congress still out there; she will arrive in the dead of winter on the coast. Commodore Biddle's death, too, and General Kearney's illness.

But of all the news, the political appearance of things has taken us most aback. You will see by my last letters from the Pacific that I was greatly opposed to Mr. Clay's coming forward again; his letter to that effect actually giving me great pain. Yet, had I been in the convention, I never could have voted for General Taylor against him, unless General Taylor had avowed full Whig principles, and not then, probably. It would have been better to have run Mr. Crittenden or Mr. Clayton. To me there seems an utter dissolution of the Whig party; but you cannot judge from the Herald.

October 8th, Sunday.

It is a lovely day. The coolness is very exhilarating after our roasting in the tropics; but it is a dead calm! The Gulf Stream swept us some to the east, and we are one hundred and ten miles from Cape Henry; but I am patient, though it would be very delightful to have a fair breeze for a day. If it does not come on, bad weather is all I care for. The ship is very nice, painted outside, and everything in beautiful order to hand over. I should be sorry to have her knocked to pieces in a gale. Yet, as I am saying every hour of the day, how silly to *think* even of these things, when we should only be dwelling on countless mercies!

To-day we had our little service, which I read with additional earnestness, thinking it might be the last on board. While reading the Commandments, a man fell over in a fit, but recovered partially; they did not move him, and the doctor was by him, while I continued. So soon as I was through the Commandments, I turned to the prayer for a sick person, and read it aloud. Just as I concluded it, the man lifted himself up; the incident was a solemn one. The fit was epileptic, the first the man has had on this ship; he is now in his cot. I have been thinking where you are to-day,—if in Wilmington to church.

I see the hurricane was on the 28th of August, in the Bahamas, and many vessels were wrecked or dismantled.

October 9th, Monday, 9 o'clock.

Two hours after the last paragraph was written, I was going *ten knots*. At 12 I had the good fortune to get a pilot, forty-five miles out,—the *only one* that was *out*. I am past Old Point Comfort, and will be at Norfolk in three hours. It generally takes three hours to get there from Hampton Roads. Nothing but good fortune! So soon as we passed the light-house, this morning, I went to my room, and on my knees poured out my thanks. My mind is in an intensity of excitement until I hear you are well, but I am hopeful. Captain Bailey promises to telegraph from Baltimore, as he passes through to New York, that I am well. It will be a few hours in advance of this letter. Write by return mail, if you can.

Cyane, Navy Yard, Norfolk.
Wednesday, 11th October.

I did not write yesterday because I thought I would wait till I heard from you this morning, forgetting I only could do so to-morrow. We are at the yard, having been allowed to anticipate the order to lay up, in getting things out of the ship. I am fearful the money will not be sent to-morrow from Washington to pay off the crew, but so soon as the order comes to lay up the ship, I will let the crew go ashore, to return and get their discharge on the day the money will be ready. I will not keep them an hour longer than I can help, for they have behaved in a manner to excite astonishment and praise from every one, who say never has a crew, whose time was out, behaved in so noble and orderly a manner. I am perfectly astonished myself, and they have made a return to me which I can never forget. I told them exactly how things were; that I had left no stone unturned to hasten their release, and hoped they would be patient and leave a fair name to the last. There has not been a drunken man. The pilot grounded the ship here, and they came aft to say to-night they would work all night to get off, if necessary. Everything has gone to my entire satisfaction.

I am very much afraid the delay in the funds will delay my return to you. I will stay with the purser and see the men paid off. It is fitting I should do so. Others would appoint a deputy, but it is right a captain should stick to his crew to the last, and I will do so, certain that you will approve and be patient. I shall know, probably to-morrow, which the day will be, and will let you know before closing this. I can hear nothing indirectly of home, except that Sam Barron tells me there has been a wedding in the family, which I said was a sign that all was well. So I suppose that Victorine is now Mrs. Peter Kemble.

A schooner is now going home from here in a few days, to the Philadelphia navy yard, which will take all my luggage, the most convenient opportunity.

I have seen many navy friends, and am getting posted up in the news of the day, and for some months past. I heard only to-night of Beale's return across Mexico. To-morrow I break up my cabin, and if the crew can get ashore, which I hope we can make out for them, I will send my trunk to Farragut's in the yard, and stay with him until I leave. My connection is now drawing to a close with the Cyane, a ship that will ever be in mind as the theatre of my happiest and proudest professional existence. Our passage makes a great talk. It appears it is the shortest one ever made, except the Essex, under Commodore Porter, of sixty-one days, or some other vessel, nearly thirty years ago.

Thursday, October 12th.

I have your letter. I am delighted. I have letters from Mr. Price at Washington. The funds have been sent and everything expedited.

I will be with you probably Monday; almost certainly, God willing, Tuesday. Poor Jim![*] I am sorry.

The men go ashore to-night, the pendant comes down,—my responsibilities end,—a lucky man with a thankful heart!

Friday, 13th October, 1848,
Norfolk Navy Yard, at Captain Farragut's.

The "detachments" have arrived. I struck my pendant yesterday at one o'clock. To-day Mr. Marcy, Acting Secretary, writes, "You are hereby detached, etc." So I am a free man once more. On Saturday we pay off, but as the crew is now ashore, there are always stragglers, and I think everything will be better done to stay till Monday.

I am rejoiced to tell you everything went right to the end; and the conduct of the crew has won for them quite a reputation, and for me many congratulations. I could hardly make Farragut believe their times were out; he said he had not seen men from a short cruise, shipped only a year, behave in this manner before. As Farragut belongs to the *blunt* tribe, I take this as a compliment indeed.

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[*] The faithful colored man, James Numbers, whom his parents had brought up, and who was the same age as Captain DuPont and devoted to him. He died of consumption in July, 1848. During his illness, his one earnest desire and prayer was to live to see "Mr. Francis" once more!

The men left with three hearty cheers, and some men whom I had punished the most came aft and said they were ready to sail with me again. I made them a short speech of thanks for their good conduct, before telling them they could go ashore. To-morrow, as I said, I pay off with the purser. The officers can go, and will leave probably to-morrow. I am comfortably at Farragut's; enjoyed last night's rest in a *shore bed* beyond expression.

It seems the Whigs are carrying all before them. I am going over to town to call on Mrs. Rowan, and have a good deal to do.

I have been in such a whirl of excitement that I have not said a word of the shock I received on landing in the yard here on Monday last, to hear of Mackenzie's death! His poor wife and children!